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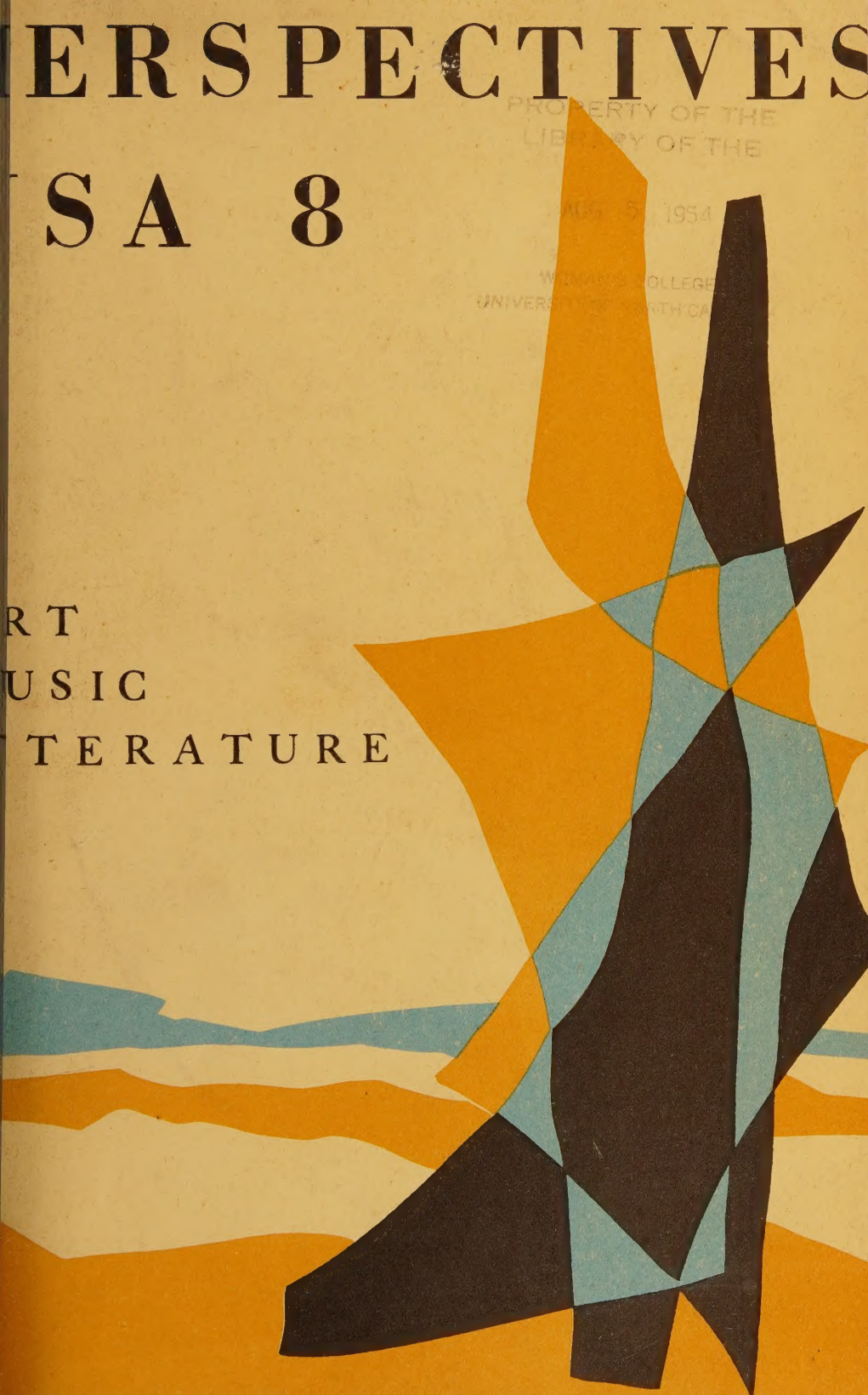

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Samuel Eliot Morison

THE YOUNG MAN WASHINGTON

Washington is the last person you would ever suspect of having been a young man, with all the bright hopes and black despairs to which youth is subject. In American folklore he is known only as a child or a general or an old, old man: priggish hero of the cherry-tree episode, commander-in-chief, or the Father of his Country, writing a farewell address. By some freak of fate, Stuart's Athenæum portrait of an ideal and imposing, but solemn and weary, Washington at the age of sixty-four has become the most popular. It has been placed in every school in the country; so we may expect that new generations of American school children will be brought up with the idea that Washington was a solemn old bore. If only Charles Willson Peale's portrait of him as a handsome and gallant young soldier could have been used instead! His older biographers, too, have conspired to create the legend; and the recent efforts to "popularize" Washington have taken the unfortunate line of trying to make him out something that he was not: a churchman, politician, engineer, businessman, or realtor. These attempts to degrade a hero to a go-getter, an aristocrat to a vulgarian, remind one of the epitaph that Aristotle wished to have carved on the tomb of Plato: *Hic jacet homo, quem non licet, non decet, impiis vel ignorantibus laudare* (Here lies a man whom it is neither permissible nor proper for the irreverent or the ignorant to *praise*).

Perhaps it is not the fault of the painters and biographers that we think of Washington as an old man, but because his outstanding qualities—wisdom, poise, and serenity—are not those commonly associated with youth. He seemed to have absorbed, wrote Emerson, "all the serenity of America, and left none for his restless, rickety, hysterical countrymen." The Comte de Chastellux, one of the French officers in the war, said that Washington's most characteristic feature was balance: "the perfect harmony existing between the physical and moral attributes of which he is made up." Yet Gilbert Stuart, after painting his first portrait of Washington, said that "all his features were indicative of the most ungovernable passions, and had he been born in the forests, it was his opinion that he would have been the fiercest man among the savage tribes." Both men were right. Washington's qualities were so balanced that his talents, which were great but nothing extraordinary, were more effective in the long run than those of greater generals like Napoleon, or of bolder and more original statesmen like Hamilton and Jefferson. Yet as a young man Washington was impatient and passionate, eager for glory in war, wealth in land, and success in love. Even in maturity his fierce temper would sometimes get the better of him. At his headquarters in the Craigie House, Cambridge, he once became so exasperated at the squabbling of drunken soldiers in the front yard that, forgetting the dignity of a general, he rushed forth and laid out a few of the brawlers with his own fists; and then, much relieved, returned to his office. Under great provocation he would break out with a torrent of Olympian oaths that terrified the younger men on his staff. Tobias Lear, the smooth young Harvard graduate who became Washington's private secretary, admitted that the most dreadful experience in his life was hearing the General swear!

It was only through the severest self-discipline that Washington attained his characteristic poise and serenity. Discipline is not a popular word nowadays, for we associate it with schoolmasters, drill sergeants, and dictators; and it was certainly not discipline of that sort that made the passionate young Washington into an effective man. His discipline came in a very small part from parents, masters, or

superiors; and in no respect from institutions. It came from environment, from a philosophy of life that he imbibed at an impressionable age; but most of all from his own will. He apprehended the great truth that man can only be free through mastery of himself. Instead of allowing his passions to spend themselves, he restrained them. Instead of indulging himself in a life of pleasure—for which he had ample means at the age of twenty—he placed duty first. In fact he followed exactly that course of conduct which, according to the second-hand popularizers of Freud, makes a person "thwarted," "inhibited," and "repressed." Yet Washington became a liberated, successful, and serene man. The process can hardly fail to interest young men who are struggling with the same difficulties as Washington—although, I am bound to say, under more difficult circumstances.

Whence came this impulse to self-discipline? We can find nothing to account for it in the little we know of Washington's heredity. His family was gentle, but undistinguished. George knew little of his forebears and cared less, although he used the family coat of arms. Lawrence Washington, sometime Fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford, was ejected from his living by the Roundheads as a "malignant Royalist." His son John came to Virginia by way of Barbados as mate of a tobacco ship, and settled there. As an Indian fighter, John Washington was so undisciplined as to embarrass the Governor of Virginia almost as much as did the Indians. His son, Lawrence, father of Augustine and grandfather of George, earned a competence in the merchant marine and settled down to planting. Love of the land was a trait which all Washingtons had in common: they might seek wealth at sea or glory in war, but happiness they found only in the work and sport that came from owning and cultivating land.

Usually the Washingtons married their social betters, but the second marriage of George's father, Augustine, was an exception. Mary Ball, the mother of Washington, has been the object of much sentimental writing; but the cold record of her own and her sons' letters shows her to have been grasping, querulous, and vulgar. She was a selfish and exacting mother, whom most of her children avoided as early as they could; to whom they did their duty, but rendered little love. It was this sainted mother of Washington who opposed

almost everything that he did for the public good, who wished his sense of duty to end with his duty to her, who pestered him in his campaigns by complaining letters, and who at a dark moment of the Revolutionary War increased his anxieties by strident complaints of neglect and starvation. Yet for one thing Americans may well be grateful to Mary Ball: her selfishness lost George an opportunity to become midshipman in the Royal Navy, a school whence few Americans emerged other than as loyal subjects of the King.

There is only one other subject connected with Washington upon which there has been more false sentiment, misrepresentation, and mendacity than on that of his mother, and that is his religion. Washington's religion was that of an eighteenth-century gentleman. Baptized in the Church of England, he attended service occasionally as a young man, and more regularly in middle age, as one of the duties of his station. He believed in God: the eighteenth-century Supreme Being, a Divine Philosopher who ruled all things for the best. He was certain of a Providence in the affairs of men. By the same token, he was completely tolerant of other people's beliefs, more so than the American democracy of today; for in a letter to the Swedenborgian church of Baltimore he wrote: "In this enlightened age and in the land of equal liberty it is our boast that a man's religious tenets will not forfeit the protection of the law, nor deprive him of the right of attaining and holding the highest offices that are known in the United States." But Washington never became an active member of any church. Even after his marriage to a devout churchwoman, and when as President of the United States the eyes of all men were upon him, he never joined Martha in the beautiful and comforting sacrament of the body and blood of Christ. Considering the pressure always placed on a man to conform by a religious wife, this abstention from Holy Communion is very significant. Christianity had little or no part in that discipline which made Washington more humble and gentle than any of the great captains, less proud and ambitious than most of the statesmen who have proclaimed themselves disciples of the Nazarene. His inspiration, as we shall see, came from an entirely different source.

Washington gained little discipline from book learning; but like

all Virginian gentlemen of the day he led an active outdoor life, which gave him a magnificent physique. When fully grown he stood a little over six feet, and weighed between 175 and 200 pounds. Broad-shouldered and straight-backed, he carried his head erect and his chin up, and showed a good leg on horseback. There is no reason to doubt the tradition of his prowess at running, leaping, wrestling, and horsemanship. The handling of horses, in which Washington was skilled at an early age, is one of the finest means of discipline that a youngster can have: for he who cannot control himself can never handle a spirited horse; and for the same reason fox hunting, which was Washington's favorite sport, is the making—or the breaking—of a courageous and considerate gentleman. His amazing physical vitality is proved by an incident of his reconnaissance to the Ohio. At the close of December, 1753, he and the scout Christopher Gist attempted to cross the river just above the site of Pittsburgh, on a raft of their own making. The river was full of floating ice, and George, while trying to shove the raft away from an ice floe with his setting-pole, fell overboard, but managed to climb aboard again. They were forced to land on an island and spend the night there without fire or dry clothing. Gist, the professional woodsman, who had not been in the water, froze all his fingers and some of his toes; but Washington suffered no ill effects from the exposure. For that, his healthy Virginia boyhood may be thanked.

His formal education was scanty. The colonial colleges provided a classical discipline more severe and selective than that of their successors, but George had none of these "advantages." There were no means to prepare him for William and Mary, the college of the Virginia gentry; his father died when he was eleven years old, and as a younger son in a land-poor family, his only schoolmasters were chosen haphazardly. Endowed with the blood and the instincts of a gentleman, he was not given a gentleman's education, as he became painfully aware when at adolescence he went to live with his half brother at Mount Vernon.

In modern phrase, George was "parked" on the estate which would one day be his. Evidently there had been some sort of family consultation about what to do with him; and Lawrence good-naturedly

offered to take his young brother in hand, if only get him away from the termagant mother. Lawrence Washington, Augustine's favorite son and fondest hope, had been sent to England for his schooling, had served under Admiral Vernon in the war with Spain, and had inherited the bulk of his father's property, to the exclusion of George and the four younger brothers and sisters. The proximity of Mount Vernon to the vast estates of the Fairfax family in the Northern Neck of Virginia gave Lawrence his opportunity. He married a Fairfax, and was admitted to the gay, charmed circle of the First Families of Virginia. He was already a well-established gentleman of thirty when the hobbledehoy half brother came to stay.

George was then a tall, gangling lad of sixteen years, with enormous hands and feet that were continually getting in his way. Young girls giggled when he entered a room, and burst out laughing at his awkward attempts to court them. He was conscious that he did not "belong," and made every effort to improve his manners. About three years before, a schoolmaster had made him copy out one hundred and ten Rules of Civility from a famous handbook by one Hawkins—a popular guide to good manners already a century and a half old; and George was probably glad to have this manuscript manual of social etiquette ready to consult. One of the most touching and human pictures of Washington is that of the overgrown schoolboy solemnly conning old Hawkins' warnings against scratching oneself at table, picking one's teeth with a fork, or cracking fleas in company, lest he commit serious breaks in the houses of the great.

These problems of social behavior no doubt occupied much space in Washington's adolescent thoughts. But he was also preparing to be a man of action. At school he had cared only for mathematics. He procured more books, progressed further than his schoolmaster could take him, and so qualified to be surveyor to Lord Fairfax. This great gentleman and landowner required an immense amount of surveying in the Shenandoah Valley, and found it difficult to obtain men with enough mathematics to qualify as surveyors, or sufficient sobriety to run a line straight and see a job through. So George at sixteen earned as Lord Fairfax's surveyor the high salary of a doubloon (about $7.50) a day, most of which he saved up and invested in land. For he had

early decided that in the fresh lands of the Virginia Valley and the West lay the road to position, competence, and happiness. His personality as well as his excellent surveying earned him the friendship of the Fairfaxes, liberal and intelligent gentlemen; and this, as we shall see, was of first importance in Washington's moral and intellectual development.

That friendship, not the doubloon a day, was the first and most fortunate gain from this surveying job; the second was the contact which it gave young Washington with frontiersmen, with Indians, and with that great teacher of self-reliance, the wilderness. He had the advantage of a discipline that few of us can obtain today. We are born in crowded cities, and attend crowded schools and colleges; we take our pleasure along crowded highways and in crowded places of amusement; we are tempted to assert ourselves by voice rather than deed, to advertise, to watch the clock, escape responsibility, and leave decisions to others. But a hungry woodsman could not afford to lose patience with a deer he was trying to shoot, or with a trout he was trying to catch; and it did not help him much to bawl out an Indian. If you cannot discipline yourself to quiet and caution in the wilderness, you won't get far; and if you make the wrong decision in woods infested with savages, you will probably have no opportunity to make another. What our New England forebears learned from the sea, Washington learned from the wilderness.

His life from sixteen to twenty was not all spent on forest trails. This was the golden age of the Old Dominion, the fifteen years from 1740 to the French and Indian War. The old roughness and crudeness were passing away. Peace reigned over the land, high prices ruled for tobacco, immigrants were pouring into the back country; the traditional Virginia of Thackeray and Vachel Lindsay—"Land of the gauntlet and the glove"—came into being. Living in Virginia at that time was like riding on the sparkling crest of a great wave just before it breaks and spreads into dull, shallow pools. At Mount Vernon, on the verge of the wilderness, one felt the zest of sharp contrasts, and one received the discipline that comes from life. On the one side were mansion houses where young Washington could learn manners and philosophy from gentlefolk. He took part in all the sports and pastimes

of his social equals: dancing and card playing and flirting with the girls. When visiting a town like Williamsburg he never missed a show; and later as President he was a patron of the new American drama. He loved shooting, fox hunting, horse racing, and all the gentlemen's field sports of the day; he bet small sums at cards, and larger sums on the ponies, and was a good loser. He liked to make an impression by fine new clothes, and by riding unruly steeds when girls were looking on; for though ungainly afoot, he was a graceful figure on horseback. He belonged to clubs of men who dined at taverns and drank like gentlemen; that is to say, they drank as much wine as they could hold without getting drunk. Tobacco, curiously enough, made George's head swim; but he learned to smoke the peace pipe with Indians when necessary without disgracing himself.

On the other side of Mount Vernon were log cabins, and all the crude elements of American life: Scots-Irish, Pennsylvania German pioneers, and other poor whites who as insubordinate soldiers would prove the severest test of Washington's indefatigable patience. The incidents of roughing it, such as the "one thread-bear blanket with double its weight of vermin, such as lice, fleas, etc." which he records in the journal of his first surveying trip, were not very pleasant, but he took it all with good humor and good sportsmanship. A little town called Alexandria sprang up about a tobacco warehouse and wharf, and young Washington made the first survey of it. There was a Masonic Lodge at Fredericksburg, and George, always a good "joiner," became brother to all the rising journalists and lawyers of the northern colonies. The deep Potomac flowed past Mount Vernon, bearing ships of heavy burthen to the Chesapeake and overseas; you sent your orders to England every year with your tobacco, and ships returned with the latest modes and manners, books and gazettes, and letters full of coffee-house gossip. London did not seem very far away, and young George confessed in a letter that he hoped to visit that "gay Matrapolis" before long.

It was probably just as well that he did not visit London, for he had the best and purest English tradition in Virginia. When Washington was in his later teens, just when a youth is fumbling for a philosophy of life, he came into intimate contact with several members

of the Fairfax family. They were of that eighteenth-century Whig gentry who conformed outwardly to Christianity, but derived their real inspiration from Marcus Aurelius, Plutarch, and the Stoic philosophers. Thomas, sixth Lord Fairfax, was a nobleman devoted to "Revolution Principles"—the Glorious Revolution of 1688, in which his father had taken an active part. Of the same line was that General Lord Fairfax, commander-in-chief of the New Model Army, who of all great soldiers in English history most resembles Washington. The ideal of this family was a noble simplicity of living, and a calm acceptance of life: duty to the Commonwealth, generosity to fellow men, unfaltering courage, and enduring virtue; in a word, the Stoic philosophy, which overlaps Christian ethics more than any other discipline of the ancients. A Stoic never evaded life: he faced it. A Stoic never avoided responsibility: he accepted it. A Stoic not only believed in liberty: he practiced it.

It is not necessary to suppose that young Washington read much Stoic philosophy, for he was no great reader at any time; but he must have absorbed it from constant social intercourse with the Fairfaxes of Belvoir, neighbors whom he saw constantly. At Belvoir lived George William Fairfax, eight years Washington's senior, and his companion in surveying expeditions. Anne, the widow of Lawrence Washington, was Fairfax's sister, and Sally, the lady with whom George Washington was so happy (and so miserable) as to fall in love, was his wife. Books were there, if he wanted them. North's Plutarch was in every gentleman's library, and it was Plutarch who wrote the popular life of Cato, Washington's favorite character in history—not crabbed Cato the Censor, but Cato of pent-up Utica. At the age of seventeen, Washington himself owned an outline, in English, of the principal Dialogues of Seneca the younger, "sharpest of all the Stoics." The mere chapter headings are the moral axioms that Washington followed through life:

"An Honest Man can never be outdone in Courtesy"
"A Good man can never be Miserable, nor a Wicked man Happy"
"A Sensual Life is a Miserable Life"
"Hope and Fear are the Bane of Human Life"
"The Contempt of Death makes all the Miseries of Life Easy to us"

And of the many passages that young Washington evidently took to heart, one may select this:

> No man is born wise: but Wisdom and Virtue require a Tutor; though we can easily learn to be Vicious without a Master. It is Philosophy that gives us a Veneration for God; a Charity for our Neighbor; that teaches us our Duty to Heaven, and Exhorts us to an Agreement one with another. It unmasks things that are terrible to us, asswages our Lusts, refutes our Errors, restrains our Luxury, Reproves our avarice, and works strangely on tender Natures.

Washington read Addison's tragedy *Cato* in company with his beloved; and if they did not act it together in private theatricals, George expressed the wish that they might. At Valley Forge, when the morale of the army needed a stimulus, Washington caused *Cato* to be performed and attended the performance. It was his favorite play, written, as Pope's prologue says,

> To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
> Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold.

Portius, Cato's son, whose "steddy temper"

> Can look on guilt, rebellion, fraud, and Cæsar
> In the calm lights of mild Philosophy

declares (I, ii, 40–5):

> I'll animate the soldiers' drooping courage
> With love of freedom, and contempt of Life:
> I'll thunder in their ears their country's cause
> And try to rouse up all that's Roman in 'em.
> 'Tis not in Mortals to Command Success
> But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll Deserve it.

These last two lines sound the note that runs through all Washington's correspondence in the dark hours of the Revolutionary struggle; and these same lines are almost the only literary quotations found in the vast body of Washington's writings. Many years after, when perplexed and wearied by the political squabbles of his Presidency and longing to retire to Mount Vernon, Washington quoted the last lines of Cato's advice to Portius (IV, iv, 146–54):

Let me advise thee to retreat betimes
To thy paternal seat, the Sabine field,
Where the great Censor toil'd with his own hands,
And all our frugal Ancestors were blest
In humble virtues, and a rural life.
There live retired, pray for the peace of Rome:
Content thy self to be obscurely good.
When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
The post of honour is a private station.

From his camp with General Forbes's army in the wilderness, Washington wrote to Sally Fairfax, September 25, 1758: "I should think our time more agreeably spent, believe me, in playing a part in Cato with the Company you mention, and myself doubly happy in being the Juba to such a Marcia as you must make." Marcia was the worthy daughter of Cato, and Juba her lover, the young Numidian prince to whom Syphax says:

You have not read mankind, your youth admires
The throws and swellings of a Roman soul,
Cato's bold flights, th' extravagance of Virtue.

And Juba had earlier said, (I, iv, 49–58):

Turn up thy eyes to Cato!
There may'st thou see to what a godlike height
The Roman virtues lift up mortal man.
While good, and just, and anxious for his friends,
He's still severely bent against himself;
Renouncing sleep, and rest, and food, and ease,
He strives with thirst and hunger, toil and heat;
And when his fortune sets before him all
The pomps and pleasures that his soul can wish,
His rigid virtue will accept of none.

So, here we have a young man of innate noble qualities, seeking a philosophy of life, thrown in contact during his most impressionable years with a great gentleman whom he admired, a young gentleman who was his best friend, and a young lady whom he loved, all three steeped in the Stoical tradition. What would you expect? Can it be a mere coincidence that this characterization of the Emperor Antoninus Pius by his adopted son Marcus Aurelius, the Imperial Stoic, so perfectly fits the character of Washington?

Take heed lest thou become a Cæsar indeed; lest the purple stain thy soul. For such things have been. Then keep thyself simple, good, pure, and serious; a friend to justice and the fear of God; kindly, affectionate, and strong to do the right. Reverence Heaven and succour man. Life is short; and earthly existence yields but one harvest, holiness of character and altruism of action. Be in everything a true disciple of Antoninus. Emulate his constancy in all rational activity, his unvarying equability, his purity, his cheerfulness of countenance, his sweetness, his contempt for notoriety, and his eagerness to come at the root of the matter.

Remember how he would never dismiss any subject until he had gained a clear insight into it and grasped it thoroughly; how he bore with the injustice of his detractors and never retorted in kind; how he did nothing in haste, turned a deaf ear to the professional tale-bearers, and showed himself an acute judge of characters and actions, devoid of all reproachfulness, timidity, suspiciousness, and sophistry; how easily he was satisfied—for instance, with lodging, bed, clothing, food, and servants—how fond of work and how patient; capable, thanks to his frugal diet, of remaining at his post from morning till night, having apparently subjected even the operations of nature to his will; firm and constant in friendship, tolerant of the most outspoken criticism of his opinions, delighted if any one could make a better suggestion than himself, and, finally, deeply religious without any trace of superstition.

When Washington was twenty years old, his brother Lawrence died. George, next heir by their father's will, stepped into his place as proprietor of Mount Vernon. At this stage of his life, George did not greatly enjoy the exacting task of running a great plantation; he thirsted for glory in war. But he soon began to enlarge and improve his holdings, and in the end came to love the land as nothing else. Late in life, when the First Citizen of the World, he wrote: "How much more delightful is the task of making improvements on the earth than all the vain-glory which can be acquired from ravaging it by the most uninterrupted career of conquests." And again: "To see plants rise from the earth and flourish by the superior skill and bounty of the laborer fills a contemplative mind with ideas which are more easy to be conceived than expressed." That was the way with all Washington's ideas: they were more easily conceived and executed than expressed on paper. Ideas did not interest him, nor was he interested in himself. Hence the disappointing matter-of-fact objectiveness of his letters and diaries.

Nevertheless, it is clear from Washington's diaries that farming was a great factor in his discipline. For the lot of a Virginia planter was not as romance has colored it. Slaves had to be driven, or they ate out your substance; overseers had to be watched, or they slacked and stole; accounts had to be balanced, or you became poorer every year. There were droughts, and insect pests, and strange maladies among the cattle. Washington's life at Mount Vernon was one of constant experiment, unremitting labor, unwearying patience. It was a continual war against human error, insect enemies, and tradition. He might provide improved flails and a clean threshing floor in his new barn; when his back was turned the overseer would have the wheat out in the yard, to be trod into the muck by the cattle. His books prove that he was an eager and bold experimenter in that "new husbandry" of which Coke of Norfolk was the great exponent. There were slave blacksmiths, carpenters, and bricklayers; a cider press and a still-house, where excellent corn and rye whisky were made, and sold in barrels made by the slaves from plantation oak. Herring and shad fisheries in the Potomac provided food for the slaves; a gristmill turned Washington's improved strain of wheat into flour, which was taken to market in his own schooner, which he could handle like any down-East skipper. Indeed, it is in his husbandry that we can earliest discern those qualities that made Washington the first soldier and statesman of America. As landed proprietor no less than as commander-in-chief he showed executive ability, the power of planning for a distant end, and a capacity for taking infinite pains. Neither drought nor defeat could turn him from a course that he discerned to be proper and right; but in farming as in war he learned from failure, and grew in stature from loss and adversity.

Not long after inheriting Mount Vernon, Washington had an opportunity to test what his brother had taught him of military tactics and the practice of arms. Drilling and tactics, like surveying, were a projection of Washington's mathematical mind; like every born strategist he could see moving troops in his mind's eye, march and deploy them and calculate the time to a minute. He devoured accounts of Frederick's campaigns, and doubtless dreamt of directing a great battle on a grassy plain, a terrain he was destined never to

fight on in this shaggy country. As one of the first landowners in the county, at twenty he was commissioned major of militia. He then asked for and obtained the post of adjutant of militia for the county. The settlement of his brother's affairs brought him into contact with Governor Dinwiddie, a shrewd Scot who knew a dependable young man when he saw one; and from this came his first great opportunity.

At twenty-one he was sent on a highly confidential and difficult thousand-mile reconnaissance through the back country from western Virginia to the Ohio, and almost to the shores of Lake Erie. This young man just past his majority showed a caution in wilderness work, a diplomatic skill in dealing with Indians, and a courteous firmness in dealing with French commanders that would have done credit to a man twice his age. But on his next mission, one notes with a feeling of relief, youthful impetuosity prevailed. Unmindful that one must always let the enemy make the first aggression, our young lieutenant colonel fired the shot that began the Seven Years' War.

A phrase of the young soldier's blithe letter to his younger brother: "I heard the bullets whistle, and believe me, there is something charming in the sound," got into the papers, and gave sophisticated London a good laugh. Even King George II heard it and remarked: "He would not say so, if he had been used to hear many!" That time would come soon enough. Washington's shot in the silent wilderness brought the French and Indians buzzing about his ears. He retired to Fort Necessity, which he had caused to be built in a large meadow, hoping to tempt the enemy to a pitched battle. But the enemy was very inconsiderate. He swarmed about the fort in such numbers that Washington was lucky to be allowed to capitulate and go home; for this was one of those wars that was not yet a war; it was not declared till two years after the fighting began. The enemy was so superior in numbers that nobody blamed Washington; and when General Braddock arrived with an army of regulars, he invited the young frontier leader to accompany his expedition into the wilderness.

There is no need for me to repeat the tale of Braddock's defeat, except to say that the general's stupidity and the colonel's part in saving what could be saved have both been exaggerated. Parkman wrote in his classic *Montcalm and Wolfe*: "Braddock has been charged

with marching blindly into an ambuscade; but it was not so. There was no ambuscade; and had there been one, he would have found it." That is the truth of the matter; and whilst Washington's behavior was creditable in every respect, he did not save Braddock's army; the French and Indians were simply too busy despoiling the dead and wounded to pursue.

Shortly after Washington reached Alexandria, the annual electoral campaign began for members of the Virginia Assembly. In a political dispute the colonel said something insulting to a quick-tempered little fellow named Payne, who promptly knocked him down with a hickory stick. Soldiers rushed up to avenge Washington, who recovered just in time to tell them he was not hurt, and could take care of himself, thank you! The next day he wrote to Payne requesting an interview at a tavern. The little man arrived, expecting a demand for an apology, or a challenge. Instead, Washington apologized for the insult which had provoked the blow, hoped that Payne was satisfied, and offered his hand. Some of Washington's biographers cannot imagine or understand such conduct. One of them brackets this episode with the cherry-tree yarn as "stories so silly and so foolishly impossible that they do not deserve an instant's consideration." Another explains Washington's conduct as a result of his defeat at Fort Necessity: "Washington was crushed into such meekness at this time that . . . instead of retaliating or challenging the fellow to a duel, he apologized." But the incident, which has been well substantiated, occurred after Braddock's defeat, not Washington's; and it was due to Stoical magnanimity, not Christian meekness. "It is the Part of a Great Mind to despise Injuries," says Seneca the younger, in the L'Estrange translation that Washington owned. The Payne affair was merely an early instance of what Washington was doing all his life: admitting he was wrong when he was convinced he was in the wrong, and doing the handsome thing in a gentlemanly manner. A man who took that attitude became impregnable to attack by politicians or anyone else. For a young man of twenty-three to take it meant that he had firm hold of a great philosophy.

During the next two years Washington had charge of the frontier defenses of Virginia, and a chain of thirty garrisoned stockades

which followed the Shenandoah Valley and its outer bulwarks from Winchester to the North Carolina line. In the execution of this command he showed a prodigious physical activity, often riding thirty miles a day for several days over wilderness trails. His letters show a youthful touchiness about rank and recognition; he sorely tried the patience of Governor Dinwiddie, who, to Washington's evident surprise, accepted a proffered resignation; but he was soon reappointed and took a leading part in General Forbes's expedition against Fort Duquesne. It was merely to settle a question of precedence that Washington undertook a long journey to interview Governor Shirley, the commander-in-chief, at Boston. Two aides, and two servants clad in new London liveries of the Washington colors and mounted on horses with the Washington arms embroidered on their housings, accompanied their colonel; for George had a young man's natural desire to make an impressive appearance. He stopped with great folk at Philadelphia and New York and gave generous tips to their servants. At New London the exhausted horses had to be left behind, and the colonel and suite proceeded by sea to Boston, where George ordered a new hat and uniform, a mass of silver lace, and two pair of gloves. But Washington never made the mistake of wearing splendid clothes on the wrong occasion. In the French and Indian War he wore a plain, neutral-colored uniform instead of royal scarlet, and dressed his soldiers as frontiersmen, in buckskin and moccasins, so that they carried no superfluous weight and offered no mark to the Indians.

As a young officer he often became impatient with the frontier folk —their shortsighted selfishness in refusing to unite under his command, their lack of discipline and liability to panic, and the American militiaman's propensity to offer unwanted advice and sulk if it were not taken. But he found something to like in them as he did in all men, and learned to work with and through them. Militia deserted Washington as they deserted other officers, despite the flogging of sundry and the hanging of a few to encourage the rest. Here is plenty of material for a disparaging biographer to describe Washington as a military martinet who had not even the merit of a notable victory; and some of the "debunkers," who have never known what it is to

command troops, have said just that. A sufficient reply to them, as well as striking proof of the amazing confidence, even veneration, which Washington inspired at an early age, is the "Humble Address" of the twenty-seven officers of his regiment, beseeching him to withdraw his resignation:

Sir,

We your most obedient and affectionate Officers, beg leave to express our great Concern, at the disagreeable News we have received of your Determination to resign the Command of that Corps, in which we have under you long served. . . .

In our earliest Infancy you took us under your Tuition, train'd us up in the Practice of that Discipline, which alone can constitute good Troops, from the punctual Observance of which you never suffer'd the least Deviation.

Your steady adherence to impartial Justice, your quick Discernment and invariable Regard to Merit . . . first heighten'd our natural Emulation, and our Desire to excel. . . .

Judge then, how sensibly we must be Affected with the loss of such an excellent Commander, such a sincere Friend, and so affable a Companion. . . .

It gives us an additional Sorrow, when we reflect, to find, our unhappy Country will receive a loss, no less irreparable, than ourselves. Where will it meet a Man so experienc'd in military Affairs? One so renown'd for Patriotism, Courage and Conduct? Who has so great knowledge of the Enemy we have to deal with? Who so well acquainted with their Situation and Strength? Who so much respected by the Soldiery? Who in short so able to support the military Character of Virginia? . . .

We with the greatest Deference, presume to entreat you to suspend those Thoughts [of resigning] for another Year. . . . In you we place the most implicit Confidence. Your Presence only will cause a steady Firmness and Vigor to actuate in every Breast, despising the greatest Dangers, and thinking light of Toils and Hardships, while lead on by the Man we know and Love. . . .

Fully persuaded of this, we beg Leave to assure you, that as you have hitherto been the actuating Soul of the whole Corps, we shall at all times pay the most invariable Regard to your Will and Pleasure, and will always be happy to demonstrate by our Actions, with how much Respect and Esteem we are,

Sir,

Fort Loudoun
Dec^{r} 31st 1758

Your most affectionate
and most obedient humble Servants

[Followed by twenty-seven signatures]

There stands the young man Washington, reflected in the hearts of his fellows. As one reads this youthfully sincere composition of the officers' mess at Fort Loudoun, one imagines it addressed to a grizzled veteran of many wars, a white-whiskered colonel of fifty. Colonel Washington was just twenty-six.

A farewell to arms Washington was determined it must be. Fort Duquesne was won, and his presence at the front was no longer needed. Virginia, the colony which had received the first shock of the war, could justly count on British regulars and the northern colonies to carry it to a glorious conclusion on the Plains of Abraham.

In four years Washington had learned much from war. He found it necessary to discipline himself before he could handle men. He had learned that the interminable boredom of drill, arguing about supplies, and begging for transportation was ill rewarded by the music of whistling bullets; that war was simply hard, beastly work. The sufferings of the border people, the bloody shambles on the Monongahela, the frozen evidence of torture on the road to Fort Duquesne, cured his youthful appetite for glory, completely. When Washington again drew his sword, in 1775, it was with great reluctance, and only because he believed, like Cato (II, v, 85):

The hand of fate is over us, and Heaven
Exacts severity from all our thoughts.
It is not now a time to talk of aught
But chains, or conquest; liberty, or death.

From one woman he learned perhaps as much as from war. Sally Cary, his fair tutor in Stoicism and the love of his youth, was eighteen and married to his friend and neighbor George William Fairfax, when at sixteen he first met her. Beautiful, intelligent, and of gentle birth, Mrs. Fairfax took a more than sisterly interest in the callow young surveyor; and as near neighbors they saw much of each other. Cryptic jottings in his diary for 1748 show that he was already far gone in love. His pathetic letter to her from Fort Cumberland in 1755, begging for a reply to "make me happier than the day is long," strikes a human note in the midst of his businesslike military correspondence. No letters from her to him have been preserved, but from the tone of his replies I gather that Sally was somewhat more of a

tease than befitted Cato's daughter. Whatever her sentiments may have been toward him, Washington's letters leave no doubt that he was passionately in love with her; yet gentlemanly standards were then such that while her husband lived she could never be his wife, much less his mistress. What anguish he must have suffered, any young man can imagine. It was a situation that schooled the young soldier-lover in manners, moderation, and restraint—a test case of his Stoical philosophy. His solution was notable for its common sense: when on a hurried visit to Williamsburg in the spring of 1758, to procure clothes for his ragged soldiers, he met, wooed, and won a housewifely little widow of twenty-seven named Martha Custis. She wanted a manager for her property and a stepfather for her children; he needed a housekeeper for Mount Vernon. It was a *mariage de convenance* that developed into a marriage of affection. But Martha well knew that she was not George's first or greatest love, nor he hers.

Thirty years later, when Mrs. Fairfax was a poor and childless widow in London, crushing the memories of a Virginia springtime in her heart, there came a letter from Washington. The First Citizen of the World writes that the crowded events of the more than a quarter-century since they parted have not "been able to eradicate from my mind the recollection of those happy moments, the happiest in my life, which I have enjoyed in your company." Martha Washington enclosed a letter under the same cover, in order to show that she, too, understood.

Let us neither distort nor exaggerate this relation, the most beautiful thing in Washington's life. Washington saw no visions of Sally Fairfax in the battle smoke. He did not regard himself as her knightly champion, or any such romantic nonsense; Walter Scott had not yet revived the age of chivalry. Women occupied a small part in Washington's thoughts, as in those of most men of action. No more than Cato did he indulge in worry or bitter thoughts about his ill fortune in love. Suppose, however, Washington had turned out a failure or shown some fault of character at a critical moment, instead of superbly meeting every test. Every yapping biographer of the last decade would have blamed the three members of this blameless triangle. Since he turned out otherwise, we can hardly fail to credit

both women with an important share in the formation of Washington's character. And who will deny that Washington attained his nearly perfect balance and serenity, not through self-indulgence but through restraint?

Plutarch wrote of Cato: "He had not taken to public life, like some others, casually or automatically or for the sake of fame or personal advantage. He chose it because it was the function proper to a good man." That was why Washington allowed himself to be elected in 1758 to the Virginia Assembly, an office proper to a gentleman of his station. He had no gift for speaking or for wirepulling; he showed no talent or desire for political leadership. But he learned at first hand the strange behavior of *Homo sapiens* in legislative assemblies. Everyone marvels at the long-suffering patience shown by Washington in his dealings with Congress during the war; few remember that he had been for many years a burgess of Virginia, and for several months a member of the very Congress to which he was responsible.

So at twenty-seven George Washington was not only a veteran colonel who had won the confidence and affection of his men, but a member of the Virginia Assembly, a great landowner, and a husband. His youth was over, and he had the means for a life of ease and competence; but the high example of antique virtue would not let him ignore another call to duty. When it came, his unruly nature had been disciplined by the land and the wilderness, by philosophy and a noble woman, and by his own indomitable will, to become a fit instrument for a great cause. There were other colonial soldiers in 1775 who from better opportunity had gained more glory in the last war than he; but there was none who inspired so much confidence as this silent, capable man of forty-three. So that when the political need of the moment required a Virginian, there was no question but that Colonel Washington should be commander-in-chief.

If he had failed, historians would have blamed the Continental Congress for a political appointment of a provincial colonel with an indifferent war record. If he had failed, the American Revolution would have been something worse than futile—a Rebellion of '98 that would have soured the American character, made us another Ireland, with a long and distressful struggle for freedom ahead. If,

like so many leaders of revolutions, he had merely achieved a personal triumph, or inoculated his country with ambition for glory, the world would have suffered from his success. His country could and almost did fail Washington; but Washington could not fail his country, or disappoint the expectations of his kind. A simple gentleman of Virginia with no extraordinary talents had so disciplined himself that he could lead an insubordinate and divided people into ordered liberty and enduring union.

I

This is where the serpent lives, the bodiless.
His head is air. Beneath his tip at night
Eyes open and fix on us in every sky.

Or is this another wriggling out of the egg,
Another image at the end of the cave,
Another bodiless for the body's slough?

This is where the serpent lives. This is his nest,
These fields, these hills, these tinted distances,
And the pines above and along and beside the sea.

This is form gulping after formlessness,
Skin flashing to wished-for disappearances
And the serpent body flashing without the skin.

This is the height emerging and its base
These lights may finally attain a pole
In the midmost midnight and find the serpent there,

In another nest, the master of the maze
Of body and air and forms and images,
Relentlessly in possession of happiness.

This is his poison: that we should disbelieve
Even that. His meditations in the ferns,
When he moved so slightly to make sure of sun,

Made us no less as sure. We saw in his head,
Black beaded on the rock, the flecked animal,
The moving grass, the Indian in his glade.

II

Farewell to an idea . . . A cabin stands,
Deserted, on a beach. It is white,
As by custom or according to

An ancestral theme or as a consequence
Of an infinite course. The flowers against the wall
Are white, a little dried, a kind of mark

Reminding, trying to remind, of a white
That was different, something else, last year
Or before, not the white of an aging afternoon,

Whether fresher or duller, whether of winter cloud
Or of winter sky, from horizon to horizon.
The wind is blowing the sand across the floor.

Here, being visible is being white,
Is being of the solid of white, the accomplishment
Of an extremist in an exercise . . .

The season changes. A cold wind chills the beach.
The long lines of it grow longer, emptier,
A darkness gathers though it does not fall

And the whiteness grows less vivid on the wall.
The man who is walking turns blankly on the sand.
He observes how the north is always enlarging the change,

With its frigid brilliances, its blue-red sweeps
And gusts of great enkindlings, its polar green,
The color of ice and fire and solitude.

III

Farewell to an idea . . . The mother's face,
The purpose of the poem, fills the room.
They are together, here, and it is warm,

With none of the prescience of oncoming dreams.
It is evening. The house is evening, half dissolved.
Only the half they can never possess remains,

Still-starred. It is the mother they possess,
Who gives transparence to their present peace.
She makes that gentler that can gentle be.

And yet she too is dissolved, she is destroyed.
She gives transparence. But she has grown old.
The necklace is a carving not a kiss.

The soft hands are a motion not a touch.
The house will crumble and the books will burn.
They are at ease in a shelter of the mind.

And the house is of the mind and they and time,
Together, all together. Boreal night
Will look like frost as it approaches them

And to the mother as she falls asleep
And as they say good-night, good-night. Upstairs
The windows will be lighted, not the rooms.

A wind will spread its windy grandeurs round
And knock like a rifle-butt against the door.
The wind will command them with invincible sound.

IV

Farewell to an idea . . . The cancellings,
The negations are never final. The father sits
In space, wherever he sits, of bleak regard,

As one that is strong in the bushes of his eyes.
He says no to no and yes to yes. He says yes
To no; and in saying yes he says farewell.

He measures the velocities of change.
He leaps from heaven to heaven more rapidly
Than bad angels leap from heaven to hell in flames.

But now he sits in quiet and green-a-day.
He assumes the great speeds of space and flutters them
From cloud to cloudless, cloudless to keen clear

In flights of eye and ear, the highest eye
And the lowest ear, the deep ear that discerns,
At evening, things that attend it until it hears

The supernatural preludes of its own,
At the moment when the angelic eye defines
Its actors approaching, in company, in their masks.

Master O master seated by the fire
And yet in space and motionless and yet
Of motion the ever-brightening origin,

Profound, and yet the king and yet the crown,
Look at this present throne. What company,
In masks, can choir it with the naked wind?

V

The mother invites humanity to her house
And table. The father fetches tellers of tales
And musicians who mute much, muse much, on the tales.

The father fetches negresses to dance,
Among the children, like curious ripenesses
Of pattern in the dance's ripening.

For these the musicians make insidious tones,
Clawing the sing-song of their instruments.
The children laugh and jangle a tinny time.

The father fetches pageants out of air,
Scenes of the theatre, vistas and blocks of woods
And curtains like a naive pretence of sleep.

Among these the musicians strike the instinctive poem.
The father fetches his unherded herds,
Of barbarous tongue, slavered and panting halves

Of breath, obedient to his trumpet's touch.
This then is Chatillon or as you please.
We stand in the tumult of a festival.

What festival? This loud, disordered mooch?
These hospitaliers? These brute-like guests?
These musicians dubbing at a tragedy,

A-dub, a-dub, which is made up of this:
That there are no lines to speak? There is no play.
Or, the persons act one merely by being here.

VI

It is a theatre floating through the clouds,
Itself a cloud, although of misted rock
And mountains running like water, wave on wave,

Through waves of light. It is a cloud transformed
To cloud transformed again, idly, the way
A season changes color to no end,

Except the lavishing of itself in change,
As light changes yellow into gold and gold
To its opal elements and fire's delight,

Splashed wide-wise because it likes magnificence
And the solemn pleasures of magnificent space.
The cloud drifts idly through half-thought-of forms.

The theatre is filled with flying birds,
Wild wedges, as of a volcano's smoke, palm-eyed
And vanishing, a web in a corridor

Or massive portico. A capitol,
It may be, is emerging or has just
Collapsed. The denouement has to be postponed . . .

This is nothing until in a single man contained,
Nothing until this named thing nameless is
And is destroyed. He opens the door of his house

On flames. The scholar of one candle sees
An Arctic effulgence flaring on the frame
Of everything he is. And he feels afraid.

VII

Is there an imagination that sits enthroned
As grim as it is benevolent, the just
And the unjust, which in the midst of summer stops

To imagine winter? When the leaves are dead,
Does it take its place in the north and enfold itself,
Goat-leaper, crystalled and luminous, sitting

In highest night? And do these heavens adorn
And proclaim it, the white creator of black, jetted
By extinguishings, even of planets as may be,

Even of earth, even of sight, in snow,
Except as needed by way of majesty,
In the sky, as crown and diamond cabala?

It leaps through us, through all our heavens leaps,
Extinguishing our planets, one by one,
Leaving, of where we were and looked, of where

We knew each other and of each other thought,
A shivering residue, chilled and foregone,
Except for that crown and mystical cabala.

But it dare not leap by chance in its own dark.
It must change from destiny to slight caprice.
And thus its jetted tragedy, its stele

And shape and mournful making move to find
What must unmake it and, at last, what can,
Say, a flippant communication under the moon.

VIII

There may be always a time of innocence.
There is never a place. Or if there is no time,
If it is not a thing of time, nor of place,

Existing in the idea of it, alone,
In the sense against calamity, it is not
Less real. For the oldest and coldest philosopher,

There is or may be a time of innocence
As pure principle. Its nature is its end,
That it should be, and yet not be, a thing

That pinches the pity of the pitiful man,
Like a book at evening beautiful but untrue,
Like a book on rising beautiful and true.

It is like a thing of ether that exists
Almost as predicate. But it exists,
It exists, it is visible, it is, it is.

So, then, these lights are not a spell of light,
A saying out of a cloud, but innocence.
An innocence of the earth and no false sign

Or symbol of malice. That we partake thereof,
Lie down like children in this holiness,
As if, awake, we lay in the quiet of sleep,

As if the innocent mother sang in the dark
Of the room and on an accordion, half-heard,
Created the time and place in which we breathed . . .

IX

And of each other thought—in the idiom
Of the work, in the idiom of an innocent earth,
Not of the enigma of the guilty dream.

We were as Danes in Denmark all day long
And knew each other well, hale-hearted landsmen,
For whom the outlandish was another day

Of the week, queerer than Sunday. We thought alike
And that made brothers of us in a home
In which we fed on being brothers, fed

And fattened as on a decorous honeycomb.
This drama that we live—We lay sticky with sleep.
This sense of the activity of fate—

The rendezvous, when she came alone,
By her coming became a freedom of the two,
An isolation which only the two could share.

Shall we be found hanging in the trees next spring?
Of what disaster in this the imminence:
Bare limbs, bare trees and a wind as sharp as salt?

The stars are putting on their glittering belts.
They throw around their shoulders cloaks that flash
Like a great shadow's last embellishment.

It may come tomorrow in the simplest word,
Almost as part of innocence, almost,
Almost as the tenderest and the truest part,

X

An unhappy people in a happy world—
Read, rabbi, the phases of this difference.
An unhappy people in an unhappy world—

Here are too many mirrors for misery.
A happy people in an unhappy world—
It cannot be. There's nothing there to roll

On the expressive tongue, the finding fang.
A happy people in a happy world—
Buffo! A ball, an opera, a bar.

Turn back to where we were when we began:
An unhappy people in a happy world.
Now, solemnize the secretive syllables.

Read to the congregation, for today
And for tomorrow, this extremity,
This contrivance of the spectre of the spheres,

Contriving balance to contrive a whole,
The vital, the never-failing genius,
Fulfilling his meditations, great and small.

In these unhappy he meditates a whole,
The full of fortune and the full of fate,
As if he lived all lives, that he might know,

In hall harridan, not hushful paradise,
To a haggling of wind and weather, by these lights
Like a blaze of summer straw, in winter's nick.

Jean Stafford | **THE LIBERATION**

A story

On the day Polly Bay decided to tell her Uncle Francis and his sister, her Aunt Jane, that in a week's time she was leaving their house and was going East to be married and to live in Boston, she walked very slowly home from Nevilles College, where she taught, dreading the startled look in their eyes and the woe and the indignation with which they would take her news. Hating any derangement of the status quo, her uncle, once a judge, was bound to cross-examine her intensively, and Aunt Jane, his perfect complement, would bolster him and baffle her. It was going to be an emotional and argumentative scene; her hands, which now were damp, would presently be dripping. She shivered with apprehension, fearing her aunt's asthma and her uncle's polemic, and she shook with rebellion, knowing how they would succeed in making her feel a traitor to her family, to the town, and to Colorado, and, obscurely, to her country.

Uncle Francis and Aunt Jane, like their dead kinsmen, Polly's father and her grandfather and her great-grandmother, had a vehement family and regional pride, and they counted it virtue in themselves that they had never been east of the Mississippi. They had looked on the departures of Polly's sisters and her cousins as acts of

betrayal and even of disobedience. They had been distressed particularly by removals to the East, which were, they felt, iconoclastic and, worse, rude; how, they marveled, could this new generation be so ungrateful to those intrepid early Bays who, in the forties, had toiled in such peril and with such fortitude across the plains in a covered wagon and who with such perseverance had put down the roots for their traditions in this town that they had virtually made? Uncle Francis and Aunt Jane had done all in their power—through threats and sudden illnesses and cries of "Shame!"—to prevent these desertions, but, nevertheless, one by one, the members of the scapegrace generation had managed to fly, cut off without a penny, scolded to death, and spoken of thereafter as if they were unredeemed, treasonous, and debauched. Polly was the last, and her position, therefore, was the most uncomfortable of all; she and her aunt and uncle were the only Bays left in Adams, and she knew that because she was nearly thirty, they had long ago stopped fearing that she, too, might go. As they frequently told her, in their candid way, they felt she had reached "a sensible age"—it was a struggle for them not to use the word "spinster" when they paid her this devious and crushing compliment. She knew perfectly well, because this, too, they spoke of, that they imagined she would still be teaching *Immensee* in German 1 years after they were dead, and would return each evening to the big, drafty house where they were born, and from which they expected to be carried in coffins ordered for them by Polly from Leonard Harper, the undertaker, whose mealy mouth and shifty eye they often talked about with detestation as they rocked and rocked through their long afternoons.

Polly had been engaged to Robert Fair for five months now and had kept his pretty ring in the desk in her office at college; she had not breathed a word to a soul. If she had spoken out when she came back from the Christmas holidays in her sister's Boston house, her uncle and aunt, with a margin of so much time for their forensic pleas before the college year was over, might have driven her to desperate measures; she might have had to flee, without baggage, in the middle of the night on a bus. Not wanting to begin her new life so haphazardly, she had guarded her secret, and had felt a hypocrite.

But she could not keep silent any longer; she had to tell them and start to pack her bags. She did not know how to present her announcement—whether to disarm them with joy or to stun them with a voice of adamant intention. Resenting the predicament, which so occupied her that her love was brusquely pushed aside, and feeling years younger than she was—an irritable adolescent, nerve-racked by growing pains—she now snatched leaves from the springtime bushes and tore them into shreds. It was late May and the purple lilacs were densely in blossom, offering their virtuous fragrance on the wind; the sun was tender on the yellow willow trees; the mountain range was blue and fair and free of haze. But Polly's senses were not at liberty today to take in these demure delights; she could not respond today at all to the flattering fortune that was to make her a June bride; she could not remember of her fiancé anything beyond his name, and, a little ruefully and a little cynically, she wondered if it was love of him or boredom with freshmen and with her aunt and uncle that had caused her to get engaged to him.

Although she loitered like a school child, she had at last to confront the house behind whose drawn blinds her aunt and uncle awaited her return, innocent of the scare they were presently to get and anticipating the modest academic news she brought each day to serve them with their tea. She was so unwilling that when she came in sight of the house, she sat down on a bench at a trolley stop, under the dragging branches of a spruce tree, and opened the book her uncle had asked her to bring from the library. It was *The Heart of Midlothian*. She read with distaste; her uncle's pleasures were different from her own.

Neither the book, though, nor the green needles could hide from her interior eye that house where she had lived for seven years, since her father had died; her mother had been dead for many years and her sisters had long been gone—Fanny to Washington and Mary to Boston—but she had stayed on, quiet and unquestioning. Polly was an undemanding girl and she liked to teach and she had not been inspired to escape; she had had, until now, no reason to go elsewhere although, to be sure, these years had not been exclusively agreeable. For a short time, she had lived happily in an apartment by herself, waking each morning to the charming novelty of being her own

mistress. But Uncle Francis and Aunt Jane, both widowed and both bereft of their heartless children, had cajoled her and played tricks upon her will until she had consented to go and live with them. It was not so much because she was weak as it was because they were so extremely strong that she had at last capitulated out of fatigue and had brought her things in a van to unpack them, sighing, in two wallpapered rooms at the top of the stout brown house. This odious house, her grandfather's, was covered with broad, unkempt shingles; it had a turret, and two bow windows within which begonia and heliotrope fed on the powerful mountain sun. Its rooms were huge, but since they were gorged with furniture and with garnishments and clumps and hoards of artifacts of Bays, you had no sense of space in them and, on the contrary, felt cornered and nudged and threatened by hanging lamps with dangerous dependencies and by the dark, bucolic pictures of Polly's forebears that leaned forward from the walls in their insculptured, brassy frames.

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The house stood at the corner of Oxford Street and Pine, and at the opposite end of the block, at the corner of Pine and Plato (the college had sponsored the brainy place names), there was another one exactly like it. It had been built as a wedding present for Uncle Francis by Polly's grandfather, and here Uncle Francis and his wife, Aunt Lacy, had reared an unnatural daughter and two unnatural sons, who had flown the coop, as he crossly said, the moment they legally could; there was in his tone the implication that if they had gone before they had come of age, he would have haled them back, calling on the police if they offered to resist. Uncle Francis had been born litigious; he had been predestined to arraign and complain, to sue and sentence.

Aunt Jane and Uncle Richard had lived in Grandpa's house, and their two cowed, effeminate sons had likewise vanished when they reached the age of franchise. When both Uncle Richard and Aunt Lacy had been sealed into the Bay plot, Uncle Francis had moved down the street to be with his sister for the sake of economy and company, taking with him his legal library, which, to this day, was

still in boxes in the back hall, in spite of the protests of Mildred, their truculent housekeeper. Uncle Francis had then, at little cost, converted his own house into four inconvenient apartments, from which he derived a shockingly high income. A sign over the front door read, "The Bay Arms."

Polly's parents' red brick house, across the street from Uncle Francis's—not built but bought for them, also as a wedding present—had been torn down. And behind the trolley bench on which she sat there was the biggest and oldest family house of all, the original Bay residence, a vast grotesquerie of native stone, and in it, in the beginning of Polly's life, Great-Grandmother had imperiously lived, with huge, sharp diamonds on her fichus and her velvet, talking without pause of red Indians and storms on the plains, because she could remember nothing else. The house was now a historical museum; it was called, not surprisingly, the Bay. Polly never looked at it without immediately remembering the intricate smell of the parlor, which had in it moss, must, belladonna, dry leaves, wet dust, oil of peppermint, and something that bound them all together—a smell of tribal history, perhaps, or the smell of a house where lived a half-cracked and haughty old woman who had come to the end of the line.

In those early days, there had been no other houses in this block, and the Bay children had had no playmates except each other. Four generations sat down to Sunday midday dinner every week at Great-Grandmother's enormous table; the Presbyterian grace was half as long as a sermon; the fried rabbit was dry. On Christmas Eve, beneath a towering tree in Grandpa's house, sheepish Uncle Richard, as Santa Claus, handed round the presents while Grandpa sat in a central chair like a king on a throne and stroked his proud goatee. They ate turkey on Thanksgiving with Uncle Francis and Aunt Lacy, shot rockets and pinwheels off on the Fourth of July in Polly's family's back yard. Even now, though one of the houses was gone and another was given over to the display of minerals and wagon wheels, and though pressed-brick bungalows had sprung up all along the block, Polly never entered the street without the feeling that she came into a zone restricted for the use of her blood kin, for there

lingered in it some energy, some air, some admonition that this was the territory of Bays and that Bays and ghosts of Bays were, and forever would be, in residence. It was easy for her to vest the wind in the spruce tree with her great-grandmother's voice and to hear it say, "Not a one of you knows the sensation of having a red Indian arrow whiz by your sunbonnet with wind enough to make the ribbons wave." On reflection, she understood the claustrophobia that had sent her sisters and cousins all but screaming out of town; horrified, she felt that her own life had been like a dream of smothering.

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She was only pretending to read Walter Scott and the sun was setting and she was growing cold. She could not postpone any longer the discharge of the thunderbolt, and at last she weakly rose and crossed the street, feeling a convulsion of panic grind in her throat like a hard sob. Besides the panic, there was a heavy depression, an ebbing away of self-respect, a regret for the waste of so many years. Generations should not be mingled for daily fare, she thought; they are really contemptuous of one another, and the strong individuals, whether they belong to the older or the younger, impose on the meek their creeds and opinions, and, if they are strong enough, brook no dissent. Nothing can more totally subdue the passions than familial piety. Now Polly saw, appalled and miserably ashamed of herself, that she had never once insisted on her own identity in this house. She had dishonestly, supinely (thinking, however, that she was only being polite), allowed her aunt and uncle to believe that she was contented in their house, in sympathy with them, and keenly interested in the minutiae that preoccupied them: their ossifying arteries and their weakening eyes, their dizzy spells and migrant pains, their thrice-daily eucharist of pills and drops, the twinges in their old, uncovered bones. She had never disagreed with them, so how could they know that she did not, as they did, hate the weather? They assumed that she was as scandalized as they by Uncle Francis's tenants' dogs and children. They had no way of knowing that she was bored nearly to frenzy by their vicious quarrels with Mildred over the way she cooked their food.

In the tenebrous hall lined with closed doors, she took off her gloves and coat, and, squinting through the shadows, saw in the mirror that her wretchedness was plain in her drooping lips and her frowning forehead; certainly there was no sign at all upon her face that she was in love. She fixed her mouth into a bogus smile of courage, she straightened out her brow; with the faintest heart in the world she entered the dark front parlor, where the windows were always closed and the shades drawn nearly to the sill. A coal fire on this mild May day burned hot and blue in the grate.

They sat opposite each other at a round, splayfooted table under a dim lamp with a beaded fringe. On the table, amid the tea things, there was a little mahogany casket containing the props with which, each day, they documented their reminiscences of murders, fires, marriages, bankruptcies, and of the triumphs and the rewards of the departed Bays. It was open, showing cracked photographs, letters sallow-inked with age, flaccid and furry newspaper clippings, souvenir spoons flecked with venomous green, little white boxes holding petrified morsels of wedding cake. As Polly came into the room, Aunt Jane reached out her hand and, as if she were pulling a chance from a hat, she picked a newspaper clipping out of the box and said, "I don't think you have ever told Polly the story of the time you were in that train accident in the Royal Gorge. It's such a yarn."

Her uncle heard Polly then and chivalrously half rose from his chair; tall and white-haired, he was distinguished, in a dour way, and dapper in his stiff collar and his waistcoat piped with white. He said, "At last our strayed lamb is back in the fold." The figure made Polly shiver.

"How late you are!" cried Aunt Jane, thrilled at this small deviation from routine. "A department meeting?" If there had been a department meeting, the wreck in the Royal Gorge might be saved for another day.

But they did not wait for her answer. They were impelled, egocentrically and at length, to tell their own news, to explain why it was that they had not waited for her but had begun their tea. Uncle Francis had been hungry, not having felt quite himself earlier in the day and having, therefore, eaten next to nothing at lunch, although

the soufflé that Mildred had made was far more edible than customary. He had several new symptoms and was going to the doctor tomorrow; he spoke with infinite peace of mind. Painstakingly then, between themselves, the discussed the advisability of Aunt Jane's making an appointment at the beauty parlor for the same hour Uncle Francis was seeing Dr. Wilder; they could in this way share a taxi. And what was the name of that fellow who drove for the Town Taxi whom they both found so cautious and well mannered? Bradley, was it? They might have him drive them up a little way into the mountains for the view; but, no, Francis might have got a bad report and Jane might be tired after her baking under the dryer. It would be better if they came straight home. Sometimes they went on in this way for hours.

Polly poured herself a cup of tea, and Aunt Jane said, as she had said probably three thousand times in the past seven years, "You may say what you like, there is simply nothing to take the place of a cup of tea at the end of the day."

Uncle Francis reached across the table and took the newspaper clipping from under his sister's hand. He adjusted his glasses and glanced at the headlines, smiling. "There was a great deal of comedy in that tragedy," he said.

"Tell Polly about it," said Aunt Jane. Polly knew the details of this story by heart—the number of the locomotive and the name of the engineer and the passenger's injuries, particularly her uncle's, which, though minor, had been multitudinous.

Amazing herself, Polly said, "Don't!" And, amazed by her, they stared.

"Why Polly, what an odd thing to say!" exclaimed Aunt Jane. "My dear, is something wrong?"

She decided to take them aback without preamble—it was the only way—and so she said, "Nothing's wrong. Everything's right at last. I am going to be married ten days from today to a teacher at Harvard and I am going to Boston to live."

They behaved like people on a stage; Aunt Jane put her teacup down, rattling her spoon, and began to wring her hands; Uncle Francis, holding his butter knife as if it were a gavel, glared.

"What are you talking about, darling?" he cried. "Married? What do you mean?"

Aunt Jane wheezed, signaling her useful asthma, which, however, did not oblige her. "Boston!" she gasped. "What ever for?"

Polly returned her uncle's magisterial look, but she did so obliquely, and she spoke to her cuffs when she said, "I mean 'married,' the way you were married to Aunt Lacy and the way Aunt Jane was married to Uncle Richard. I am in love with a man named Robert Fair and *he* is with *me* and we're going to be married."

"How lovely," said Aunt Jane, who, sight unseen, hated Robert Fair.

"Lovely perhaps," said Uncle Francis the magistrate, "and perhaps not. You might, if you please, do us the honor of enlightening us as to the qualifications of Mr. Fair to marry and export you. To the best of my knowledge, I have never heard of him."

"I'm quite sure we don't know him," said Aunt Jane; she coughed experimentally, but her asthma was still in hiding.

"No, you don't know him," Polly said. "He has never been in the West." She wished she could serenely drink her tea while she talked, but she did not trust her hand. Fixing her eyes on a maidenhair fern in a brass jardiniere on the floor, she told them how she had first met Robert Fair at her sister Mary's cottage in Edgartown the summer before.

"You never told us," said Uncle Francis reprovingly. "I thought you said the summer had been a mistake. Too expensive. Too hot. I thought you agreed with Jane and me that summer in the East was hard on the constitution." (She had; out of habit she had let them deprecate the East, which she had loved at first sight, had allowed them to tell her that she had had a poor time when, in truth, she had never been so happy.)

Shocked by her duplicity, Aunt Jane said, "We ought to have suspected something when you went back to Boston for Christmas with Mary instead of resting here beside your own hearth fire."

Ignoring this sanctimonious accusation, Polly continued, and told them as much of Robert Fair as she thought they deserved to know, eliding some of his history—for there was a divorce in it—but as she

spoke, she could not conjure his voice or his face, and he remained as hypothetical to her as to them, a circumstance that alarmed her and one that her astute uncle sensed.

"You don't seem head over heels about this Boston fellow," he said.

"I'm nearly thirty," replied his niece. "I'm not sixteen. Wouldn't it be unbecoming at my age if I *were* lovesick?" She was by no means convinced of her argument, for her uncle had that effect on her; he could make her doubt anything—the testimony of her own eyes, the judgments of her own intellect. Again, and in vain, she called on Robert Fair to materialize in this room that was so hostile to him and, through his affection, bring a persuasive color to her cheeks. She did not question the power of love nor did she question, specifically, the steadfastness of her own love, but she did observe, with some dismay, that, far from conquering all, love lazily sidestepped practical problems; it was no help in this interview; it seemed not to cease but to be temporarily at a standstill.

Her uncle said, "Sixteen, thirty, sixty, it makes no difference. It's true I wouldn't like it if you were wearing your heart on your sleeve, but, my Lord, dear, I don't see the semblance of a light in your eye. You look quite sad. Doesn't Polly strike you as looking downright blue, Jane? If Mr. Fair makes you so doleful, it seems to me you're better off with us."

"It's not a laughing matter," snapped Aunt Jane, for Uncle Francis, maddeningly, had chuckled. It was a way he had in disputation; it was intended to enrage and thereby rattle his adversary. He kept his smile, but for a moment he held his tongue while his sister tried a different tack. "What I don't see is why you have to go to Boston, Polly," she said. "Couldn't he teach Italian at Nevilles just as well as at Harvard?"

Their chauvinism was really staggering. When Roddy, Uncle Francis's son, went off to take a glittering job in Brazil, Aunt Jane and his father had nearly reduced this stalwart boy to kicks and tears by reiterating that if there had been anything of worth or virtue in South America, the grandparent Bays would have settled there instead of in the Rocky Mountains.

"I don't think Robert would like it here," said Polly.

"What wouldn't he like about it?" Aunt Jane bridled. "I thought our college had a distinguished reputation. Your great-grandfather, one of the leading founders of it, was a man of culture, and unless I am sadly misinformed, his humanistic spirit is still felt on the campus. Did you know that his critical study of Isocrates is *highly* esteemed amongst classical scholars?"

"I mean I don't think he would like the West," said Polly, rash in her frustration.

She could have bitten her tongue out for the indiscretion, because her jingoistic uncle reddened instantly and menacingly, and he banged on the table and shouted, "How does he know he doesn't like the West? You've just told us he's never been farther west than Ohio. How does he dare to presume to damn what he doesn't know?"

"I didn't say he damned the West. I didn't even say he didn't like it. I said *I* thought he wouldn't."

"Then *you* are presuming," he scolded. "I am impatient with Easterners who look down their noses at the West and call us crude and barbaric. But Westerners who renounce and denounce and derogate their native ground are worse."

"Far worse," agreed Aunt Jane. "What can have come over you to turn the man you intend to marry against the land of your forebears?"

Polly had heard it all before. She wanted to clutch her head in her hands and groan with helplessness; even more, she wished that this were the middle of next week.

"We three are the last left of the Bays in Adams," pursued Aunt Jane, insinuating a quaver into her firm, stern voice. "And Francis and I will not last long. You'll only be burdened and bored with us a little while longer."

"We have meant to reward you liberally for your loyalty," said her uncle. "The houses will be yours when we join our ancestors."

In the dark parlor, they leaned toward her over their cups of cold tea, so tireless in their fusillade that she had no chance to deny them or to defend herself. Was there to be, they mourned, at last not one Bay left to lend his name and presence to municipal celebrations, to

the laying of cornerstones and the opening of fairs? Polly thought they were probably already fretting over who would see that the grass between the family graves was mown.

Panicked, she tried to recall how other members of her family had extricated themselves from these webs of casuistry. Now she wished that she had more fully explained her circumstances to Robert Fair and had told him to come and fetch her away, for he, uninvolved, could afford to pay the ransom more easily than she. But she had wanted to spare him such a scene as this; they would not have been any more reticent with him; they would have, with this same arrogance—and this underhandedness—used their advanced age and family honor to twist the argument away from its premise.

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Darkness had shrunk the room to the small circle where they sat in the thin light of the lamp; it seemed to her that their reproaches and their jeremiads took hours before they recommenced the bargaining Aunt Jane had started.

Reasonably, in a judicious voice, Uncle Francis said, "There is no reason at all, if Mr. Fair's attainments are as you describe, that he can't be got an appointment to our Romance Language Department. What is the good of my being a trustee if I can't render such a service once in a way?"

As if this were a perfectly wonderful and perfectly surprising solution, Aunt Jane enthusiastically cried, "But of course you can! That would settle everything. Polly can eat her cake and have it, too. Wouldn't you give them your house, Francis?"

"I'd propose an even better arrangement. Alone here, Jane, you and I would rattle. Perhaps we would move into one of my apartments and the Robert Fairs could have this house. Would that suit you?"

"It would, indeed it would," said Aunt Jane. "I have been noticing the drafts here more and more."

"I don't ask you to agree today, Polly," said Uncle Francis. "But think it over. Write your boy a letter tonight and tell him what your aunt and I are willing to do for him. The gift of a house, as big a house as this, is not to be scoffed at by young people just starting out."

Her "boy," Robert, had a tall son who in the autumn would enter Harvard. "Robert has a house," said Polly, and she thought of its dark-green front door with the brilliant brass trimmings; on Brimmer Street, at the foot of Beacon Hill, its garden faced the Charles. Nothing made her feel more safe and more mature than the image of that old and handsome house.

"He could sell it," said her indomitable aunt.

"He could rent it," said her practical uncle. "That would give you additional revenue."

The air was close; it was like the dead of night in a sealed room and Polly wanted to cry for help. She had not hated the West till now, she had not hated her relatives till now; indeed, till now she had had no experience of hate at all. Surprising as the emotion was—for it came swiftly and authoritatively—it nevertheless cleared her mind and, outraged, she got up and flicked the master switch to light up the chandelier. Her aunt and uncle blinked. She did not sit down again but stood in the doorway to deliver her valediction. "I don't want Robert to come here because I don't want to live here any longer. I want to live my own life."

"Being married is hardly living one's own life," said Aunt Jane.

At the end of her tether now, Polly all but screamed at them, "We *won't* live here and that's that! You talk of my presuming, but how can *you* presume to boss not only me but a man you've never even seen? I don't want your houses! I hate these houses! It's true—I hate, I despise, I abominate the West!"

So new to the articulation of anger, she did it badly and, ashamed to death, began to cry. Though they were hurt, they were forgiving, and both of them rose and came across the room, and Aunt Jane, taking her in a spidery embrace, said, "There. You go upstairs and have a bath and rest and we'll discuss it later. Couldn't we have some sherry, Francis? It seems to me that all our nerves are unstrung."

Polly's breath toiled against her sobs, but all the same she took her life in her hands and she said, "There's nothing further to discuss. I am leaving. I am not coming back."

Now, for the first time, the old brother and sister exchanged a look of real anxiety; they seemed, at last, to take her seriously; each

waited for the other to speak. It was Aunt Jane who hit upon the new gambit. "I mean, dear, that we will discuss the wedding. You have given us very short notice but I daresay we can manage."

"There is to be no wedding," said Polly. "We are just going to be married at Mary's house. Fanny is coming up to Boston."

"Fanny has known all along?" Aunt Jane was insulted. "And all this time you've lived under our roof and sat at our table and have never told *us* but told your sisters, who abandoned you?"

"Abandoned me? For God's sake, Aunt Jane, they had their lives to lead!"

"Don't use that sort of language in this house, young lady," said Uncle Francis.

"I apologize. I'm sorry. I am just so sick and tired of—"

"Of course you're sick and tired," said the adroit old woman. "You've had a heavy schedule this semester. No wonder you're all nerves and tears."

"Oh, it isn't that! Oh, leave me alone!"

And, unable to withstand a fresh onslaught of tears, she rushed to the door. When she had closed it upon them, she heard her aunt say, "I simply can't believe it. There must be some way out. Why, Francis, we would be left altogether *alone*," and there was real terror in her voice.

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Polly locked the door to her bedroom and dried her eyes and bathed their lids with witch hazel, the odor of which made her think of her Aunt Lacy, who, poor simple creature, had had to die to escape this family. Polly remembered that every autumn Aunt Lacy had petitioned Uncle Francis to let her take her children home for a visit to her native Vermont, but she had never been allowed to go. Grandpa, roaring, thumping his stick, Uncle Francis bombarding her with rhetoric and using the word "duty" repeatedly, Polly's father scathing her with sarcasm, Aunt Jane slyly confusing her with red herrings, had kept her an exhausted prisoner. Her children, as a result, had scorned their passive mother and had wounded her, and once they finally escaped, they had not come back—not for so much as a

visit. Aunt Lacy had died not having seen any of her grandchildren; in the last years of her life she did nothing but cry. Polly's heart ached for the plight of that gentle, frightened woman. How lucky *she* was that the means of escape had come to her before it was too late! In her sister's Boston drawing room, in a snowy twilight, Robert Fair's proposal of marriage had seemed to release in her an inexhaustible wellspring of life; until that moment she had not known that she was dying, that she was being killed—by inches, but surely killed—by her aunt and uncle and by the green yearlings in her German classes and by the dogmatic monotony of the town's provincialism. She shuddered to think of her narrow escape from wasting away in these arid foothills, never knowing the cause or the name of her disease.

Quiet, herself again, Polly sat beside the window and looked out at the early stars and the crescent moon. Now that she had finally taken her stand, she was invulnerable, even though she knew that the brown sherry was being put ceremoniously on a tray, together with ancestral Waterford glasses, and though she knew that her aunt and uncle had not given up—that they had, on the contrary, just begun. And though she knew that for the last seven days of her life in this house she would be bludgeoned with the most splenetic and most defacing of emotions, she knew that the worst was over; she knew that she would survive, as her sisters and her cousins had survived. In the end, her aunt and uncle only *seemed* to survive; dead on their feet for most of their lives, they had no personal history; their genesis had not been individual—it had only been a part of a dull and factual plan. And they had been too busy honoring their family to love it, too busy defending the West even to look at it. For all their pride in their surroundings, they had never contemplated them at all but had sat with the shades drawn, huddled under the steel engravings. They and her father had lived their whole lives on the laurels of their grandparents; their goal had already been reached long before their birth.

The mountains had never looked so superb to her. She imagined a time, after Uncle Francis and Aunt Jane were dead, when the young Bays and their wives and husbands might come back, free at last to

admire the landscape, free to go swiftly through the town in the foothills without so much as a glance at the family memorials and to gain the high passes and the peaks and the glaciers. They would breathe in the thin, lovely air of summits, and in their mouths there would not be a trace of the dust of the prairies where, as on a treadmill, Great-Grandfather Bay's oxen plodded on and on into eternity.

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The next days were for Polly at once harrowing and delightful. She suffered at the twilight hour (the brown sherry had become a daily custom, and she wondered if her aunt and uncle naïvely considered getting her drunk and, in this condition, persuading her to sign an unconditional indenture) and all through dinner as, by turns self-pitying and contentious, they sought to make her change her mind. Or, as they put it, "come to her senses." At no time did they accept the fact that she was going. They wrangled over summer plans in which she was included; they plotted anniversary speeches in the Bay museum; one afternoon Aunt Jane even started making a list of miners' families among whom Polly was to distribute Christmas baskets.

But when they were out of her sight and their nagging voices were out of her hearing, they were out of her mind, and in it, instead, was Robert Fair, in his rightful place. She graded examination papers tolerantly, through a haze; she packed her new clothes into her new suitcases and emptied her writing desk completely. On these starry, handsome nights, her dreams were charming, although, to be sure, she sometimes woke from them to hear the shuffle of carpet slippers on the floor below her as her insomniac aunt or uncle paced. But before sadness or rue could overtake her, she burrowed into the memory of her late dream.

The strain of her euphoria and her aunt's and uncle's antipodean gloom began at last to make her edgy, and she commenced to mark the days off on her calendar and even to reckon the hours. On the day she met her classes for the last time and told her colleagues goodby and quit the campus forever, she did not stop on the first floor of the house but went directly to her room, only pausing at the parlor

door to tell Aunt Jane and Uncle Francis that she had a letter to get off. Fraudulently humble, sighing, they begged her to join them later on for sherry. "The days are growing longer," said Aunt Jane plaintively, "but they are growing fewer."

Polly had no letter to write. She had a letter from Robert Fair to read, and although she knew it by heart already, she read it again several times. He shared her impatience; his students bored him, too; he said he had tried to envision her uncle's house, so that he could imagine her in a specific place, but he had not been able to succeed, even with the help of her sister. He wrote, "The house your malicious sister Mary describes could not exist. Does Aunt Jane *really* read Ouida?"

She laughed aloud. She felt light and purged, as if she had finished a fever. She went to her dressing table and began to brush her hair and to gaze, comforted, upon her young and loving face. She was so lost in her relief that she was pretty, and that she was going to be married and was going away, that she heard neither the telephone nor Mildred's feet upon the stairs, and the housekeeper was in the room before Polly had turned from her pool.

"It's your sister calling you from Boston," said Mildred with ice-cold contempt; she mirrored her employers. "I heard those operators back East giving themselves *some* airs with their la-di-da way of talking."

Clumsy with surprise and confusion (Mary's calls to her were rare and never frivolous), and sorry that exigency and not calm plan took her downstairs again, she reeled down into that smothering front hall where hat trees and cane stands stood like people. The door to the parlor was closed, but she knew that behind it Aunt Jane and Uncle Francis were listening.

When Mary's far-off, mourning voice broke to Polly the awful, the impossible, the unbelievable news that Robert Fair had died that morning of the heart disease from which he had intermittently suffered for some years, Polly, wordless and dry-eyed, contracted into a nonsensical, contorted position and gripped the telephone as if this alone could keep her from drowning in the savage flood that had come from nowhere.

"Are you there, Polly? Can you hear me, darling?" Mary's anxious voice came louder and faster. "Do you want me to come out to you? Or can you come on here now?"

"I can't come now," said Polly. "There's nothing you can do for me." There had always been rapport between these sisters, and it had been deeper in the months since Robert Fair had appeared upon the scene to rescue and reward the younger woman. But it was shattered; the bearer of ill tidings is seldom thanked. "How can you help me?" Polly demanded, shocked and furious. "You can't bring him back to life."

"I can help bring you back to life," her sister said. "You must get out of *there*, Polly. It's more important now than ever."

"Do you think that was why I was going to marry him? Just to escape this house and this town?"

"No, no! Control yourself! We'd better not try to talk any more now—you call me when you can."

The parlor door opened, revealing Uncle Francis with a glass of sherry in his hand.

"Wait, Mary! Don't hang up!" Polly cried. There was a facetious air about her uncle; there was something smug. "I'll get the sleeper from Denver tonight," she said.

When she hung up, her uncle opened the door wider to welcome her to bad brown sherry; they had not turned on the lights, and Aunt Jane, in the twilight, sat in her accustomed place.

"Poor angel," said Uncle Francis.

"I am so sorry, so very sorry," said Aunt Jane.

When Polly said nothing but simply stared at their impassive faces, Uncle Francis said, "I think I'd better call up Wilder. You ought to have a sedative and go straight to bed."

"I'm going straight to Boston," said Polly.

"But why?" said Aunt Jane.

"Because he's there. I love him and he's there."

They tried to detain her; they tried to force the sherry down her throat; they told her she must be calm and they asked her to remember that at times like this one needed the love and the support of one's blood kin.

"I am going straight to Boston," she repeated, and turned and went quickly up the stairs. They stood at the bottom calling to her: "You haven't settled your affairs. What about the bank?" "Polly, get hold of yourself! It's terrible, I'm heartbroken for you, but it's not the end of the world."

She packed nothing; she wanted nothing here—not even the new clothes she had bought in which to be a bride. She put on a coat and a hat and gloves and a scarf and put all the money she had in her purse and went downstairs again. Stricken but diehard, they were beside the front door.

"Don't go!" implored Aunt Jane.

"You need us now more than ever!" her uncle cried.

"And we need you. Does that make no impression on you, Polly? Is your heart that cold?"

She paid no attention to them at all and pushed them aside and left the house. She ran to the station to get the last train to Denver, and once she had boarded it, she allowed her grief to overwhelm her. She felt chewed and mauled by the niggling hypochondriacs she had left behind, who had fussily tried to appropriate even her own tragedy. She felt sullied by their disrespect and greed.

How lonely I have been, she thought. And then, not fully knowing what she meant by it but believing in it faithfully, she said half aloud, "I am not lonely now."

Victor Zuckerkandl

MUSIC IN TWO WORLDS

An analysis of musical awareness in Europe and America

We often speak of Western music as though it were a unit, one and the same on both sides of the ocean which divides the Western world into two halves. And indeed, it is one in the sense that in both halves the same works are played and sung and heard, and in both halves the same tonal language is spoken and understood—the language of modality, the major-minor diatonic systems, and twelve-tone chromaticism. Above and beyond the variety of national temperaments, this language unites the peoples of Western civilization and sets them off from other civilizations with other tonal languages. Yet music is really more than tones and tonal systems; nor is it simply to be equated with the objective works conceived and written in this language. Primarily, music is something in minds, in the soul of mankind. It exists in the coming-together of tones and listeners. And in this sense, it is certainly justifiable to ask whether a European and an American mean the same thing when they say "music."

We are not concerned here with a problem of psychology (either individual or group), i.e. with the question of what this or that individual may in fact experience when he listens to music, either

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alone or as a member of a group. As far as psychological distinctions go, it is clear that music cannot be the same for any two persons, or even for the same person at different times, and certainly not for two nations. In order to clarify the problem, let us distinguish three ways of understanding the question, "What is music?" We may be asking what music consists of, or what it means, or how it is perceived. The first query points to the material, to the tones and the tonal system, to an objective entity; the third points to the listeners' reactions, particularly to those involving feeling, to a subjective entity. The middle question, which is about meaning—meaning not for me or for anyone in particular, but simply meaning—involves an entity that is neither objective nor subjective, but some third thing, for which conventional philosophy (oriented by the either-or of object and subject) furnishes no adequate term—and the concept of the "existential" has become equivocal because of fashionable misusage. It is this third entity, at any rate, the meaning, that is involved when we ask whether music is the same on both sides of the Atlantic.

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A European musician who hears a European orchestra again for the first time after a long stay in America and long acclimatization to the sound of American orchestras might well cry out in his surprise: A *musical* instrument! For the time being, let us overlook the injustice of such a verdict. Our chief concern is to affirm the phenomenon that produces the impression—the difference in the two orchestral sounds. It is a difference of quality (not in the sense of "better" and "worse," for these categories are inapplicable here); we might say, a difference in the *nature* of the sound. It has little to do with the style of the performed work: the difference manifests itself in Bach and in Beethoven, in Debussy and in Stravinsky. Also the usual reference to the relatively greater emphasis placed by American orchestras upon immaculate technique, upon precision and discipline, contributes little to the understanding of the phenomenon. The precision and discipline of the La Scala Orchestra of Milan under Toscanini or of the Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra under Mengelberg—to name two great examples from the fairly recent past—have not been

surpassed by any American orchestra. If it is implied, on the other hand, that an immaculate technique is cultivated in America at the price of expressiveness and vitality, then this is really a reflection on the conductor, not on the orchestra. No serious musician will find that precision and discipline are obstacles to a vital performance; and no one yet has come one step nearer the goal of expressive performance by taking it easy with regard to technical problems.

Perhaps we shall understand the phenomenon better if we examine it where it is presented in its simplest form, as in a few conventional chords in the accompaniment of any operatic aria. Problems of technique, style, and expression are not in question here; very simply, the task is to produce sound. But even here, or especially here, the difference is clearly seen. Thus its source must lie not in the region where sound is consciously formed and molded, but in a deeper region where the material to be formed and molded originates. Every musical production of tone is instinctively derived from an underlying *conception* of sound; every actual sound is a realization, more or less perfect, of a definite sound-ideal (if words like conception and ideal can be applied when we are dealing with completely spontaneous events). Both instruments, the European and the American orchestras, obviously serve different sound-ideals, and thus —so far as the sound-ideal expresses something fundamental about the relation of tones to human beings—they do not serve the same mistress, the same "music."

The difference between qualitatively various sounds is no easier to describe than is the difference between two odors. Analogies have to be used. Let us suppose that sound can become materialized, and assume bodily appearance. Then we should see the sound of the American orchestra become a body whose surface had a metallic luster—a great joy to the eye. By contrast, the surface of the European sound-body would be like skin, something that asks to be touched, and that reveals its virtue to the sense of feeling. It would be warm and soft to the touch, while the first body would be cool and hard. In its full unfolding, the first is rigid and as though ironclad; when it is rarified, it hovers weightless in complete immobility. The second body is always in oscillation, more powerful or more delicate

according to the degree of unfolding; it is like an organic and living being, while the first is, to be sure, not dead, but without the weight of a living organism. If we laid both objects upon a balance, the American would weigh less. If the angels had to choose between the two sounds, their decision would fall in favor of the American: it would serve their musical purposes better than the European, which is so thoroughly human. (An example: the beginning of the Scherzo of Bruckner's Fourth Symphony. A European musician would not know that there was such a sound as *ethereal horns*! For him the sound of the horn is a sound of nature, the sound of nature's *magic*, of the magical bond of man and nature. He never would imagine that angels blew horns. That the players of these horns were for the most part Europeans is of small import; the spiritual climate of America can very quickly reduce this fact to something merely nominal.) The more angelic the music to be played, the more adequate is the sound of the American orchestra; the more human the music, the more inadequate the sound. The representation of the all-too-human (Tchaikovsky) by means of angelic sound can have an effect that is painful and almost improper.

Still another comparison could be of use: a comparison with line and color, in which the sound of the American orchestra would correspond to a linear structure, and that of the European to a structure of colors. Of the two, line and color, color seems to us the greater wonder, the intrinsic riddle. Color, and not line, is surrounded by mystery. (It is Newton, not Euclid, who provokes a Goethe in controversy.) What line is, it is in and through itself; it exhibits; it does not conceal. Color, on the contrary, is always like a veil, something that entices us to break through it, to look behind it. Thus it corresponds to the disquieting and intriguing quality of the sound of the European orchestra: much seems to be hidden behind it. The sound of the American orchestra is, comparatively, naïve (in the sense of Schiller's distinction of "naïve" and "sentimental").

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Let us approach the problem from another angle. The field in which musical experience takes place is different in the Old and New

Worlds, and this cannot be without widespread consequences. Stated directly, for the European it is opera and concert, for the American recording and radio. Not that the European makes no use of recording and radio; but the field of his encounter with music has its center in opera and concert. Recording and radio are annexed as a welcome extension and completion. But for the American—with a reservation that will be mentioned shortly—music arises directly from the full area of the field of mechanical reproduction, only occasionally quickening itself to the intensified direct experience of opera and concert. For the European, "music" consists, therefore, essentially of works which, on the basis of technical demands and economic practicability, can be considered for operatic and concert-hall performance; and these, aside from a few contemporary works, are principally the masterworks of the two centuries from Bach to Bruckner, the works in which a thousand-year development culminates. In the New World, however, the field of musical experience is not restricted in this way. To be sure, a few large American cities have an imported musical life in European style, which is to be distinguished from its model only through the greater prominence of commercial features and social ostentation. But the characteristic musical life of America, as it has developed for some decades, is different. Evenly divided over the whole land, its seat is every house and every school, every room with a phonograph or a radio. The radical decentralization is not only geographical, but also intrinsic. Recording and radio—which itself makes more and more use of records—are not bound by the demands of opera and concert hall; the concentration on the works of two centuries gives way to an abrupt and astonishing extension of the field of view. There takes place, within narrower limits, an analogue of what Malraux has described for the plastic arts in his *Musée imaginaire*. The indifferent emptiness of areas known merely historically or geographically becomes peopled with living figures. Music is no longer a lonesome towering pinnacle, but an extended range of mountains, ending in the far distance. The peaks are there, but the view encompasses them as parts of a whole. Bach is greater than Vivaldi and Scarlatti, but the others stand alongside him, and enthusiasm is bestowed upon them

as well. Verdi is no longer the only one in whose tones the heart of the South beats pure and complete; Palestrina offers him his hand, Monteverdi walks up, and Corelli. From Spain, the sound of completely new voices can be heard; the void becomes filled. Mozart did not write three or five symphonies, but some thirty more, plus a swarm of related serenades and *divertimenti*. If all of these are heard as often as the three or five "great ones," then Mozart changes. Everywhere is a transformation of the perspective from peaks to panorama.

The picture of a peak and the panorama of a mountain range presuppose a spectator whose optical situation varies. The peak is seen, ideally considered, always from close by, the range from a great distance. To the European, music is something very near, a great height and extremity that overpowers him. The American looks from a certain distance; such awe is strange to him, even unnatural; it disturbs him, and he suspects intemperateness or dishonesty. To the European, on the other hand, the reaction of the American seems shallow. Both are unjust. They do not refer to the same situation.

(A marginal note: In all this we are speaking of music in the strict sense, of a true art of tone, and our discussion has no application to music that merely entertains, or stimulates feelings and fantasies and reminiscences. Yet even these distinctions, taken from a present-day European context, are not easy to carry over to an American setting. For the close view, the abyss between true music and light music is immense; it almost seems blasphemous to employ the same word for both. In the distant view, even this separation is effaced. Much of what is produced today in America under the head of light music is doubtless true tonal art (in Europe, this ceased to happen fifty years ago). Jazz is qualified for concert use; good jazz bands give concerts regularly in New York's Carnegie Hall. The use of classical works for jazz improvisation arouses no opposition. And on the other hand, the use of true tonal art for purposes of entertainment and stimulation is more a matter of course in America than in Europe.)

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Nietzsche, a crown witness in musical matters, believes that we hear in music the language of our own past. Not that there ever was

a time when tones served as a medium of understanding instead of words. What Nietzsche hears is the peculiar power of tone to unlock the past.

Examined concretely, the resurrection of the past through the influence of tone can take various forms. There are people upon whom tone exercises a powerful spell which makes them lose themselves in recollections of their life. In view of the power of tone to conjure up the past, this is certainly understandable, nor can anything be said against it except that anyone who dreams of his own past at the sound of music may very well be receiving sound stimuli, but is no longer listening to music. "Our" past, in Nietzsche's statement, is thus not mine or yours, nor any personal past at all—nothing that can be recalled—but the past of the race, and not the historical, but the mythical past. In music, Nietzsche believed that he recognized a bridge, the last still passable for modern man, which reaches across to that distant antiquity when the race living in intimate union with nature received tone as a gift from the hand of the gods, and possessed in tone a means of magical influence. (Anyone who does not realize how full of magical formulae our music has remained to this day will certainly be amazed by Jules Combarieu's book *La musique et la magie*.) The road to the beginning, which can never be completely shut off if man is to be man in the full sense of the word, is directly accessible today only through music. The value and effect and position of music in Western civilization are completely determined by this function.

Through this door, opened to reflective thought by Nietzsche, we can press forward a little further, until we come upon the general problem of the relationship between tone and time.

In the academic classification of the arts into those of space and those of time, music is generally considered as a temporal art. As little as this classification corresponds to experience—no one sensitive to music can be unresponsive to its powerful spatial effects—it cannot be disputed that the relationship between tone and time is singularly relevant. Time has entered—if we can express it in these terms—into the very constitution of tones. And tones carry with them the audible traces of this relationship. Tones are surrounded by time just

as tangible things are by space. Just as the eye does not see merely things, but also the space in them and around them, so the ear hears not only tones, but the time in them and around them.

A night sky covered with clouds is a black wall; a clear night sky is not a perforated wall, but deep space in front of which the stars stand. Cliffs that are seen from an equal height do not obstruct space, but lead the gaze beyond the sharply drawn line of their ridge into the openness of the space behind them. Material things nerve, so to speak, the sense of space, which then, however, does not remain attached to the little section of space filled with material, but seeks beyond it and makes all of space perceptible. This becomes very clear in aesthetic vision: a white sheet of paper is blank, we see *nothing* on it; a few lines are sketched, drawn by a master hand, outlining a thing; at once the emptiness around this thing is no longer nothing, but on the contrary, an active and detectable entity: space.

As substance fills space, so tone fills time. Tones affect the spot where, in a very concrete sense, we are sensitive to time. Tone nerves the sense of time, which in its turn does not confine itself to presenting the little section of time filled with tone, but in it and through it, makes all of time perceptible. Now, to be sure, this is not the time that our clocks measure, which enters as a magnitude into the equations of our natural science; it is the *other* time, the time of which Bergson and Whitehead, Alexis Carrel and Lecomte du Noüy speak: organic, living time; a time that does not pass but carries, in continuing advance, a steadily growing and extending past into the unchanging and broad openness of the future. In this particular sense, music is indeed the pure art of time: as the arena of a unique temporal experience.[1]

The "voice of the past" in music can have no other meaning. It is not that some happening from the past of the individual or the race again becomes present through recollection under the influence of tone; but rather that time itself, as the being of the past, as an

[1] The problem of the musical conception of time is treated in a larger study, *The Reality of Music*, now in preparation, which is to be published in the Bollingen Series by Pantheon Books, New York.

arriving from the past, becomes detectable in tones (just as wind on high mountains does not bring odors, but open space).

From this vantage point, light is cast upon the question about the sameness or difference of music in the Old and the New Worlds. It is not that music cannot be the same where the past—as the names indeed say—differs in length. For the past, as it is meant here, is equally long for everyone, and reaches equally far back for all, into the very beginning of things. Yet time—both past and future, but especially past—is different in the two places; for people in the Old and the New Worlds, temporality does not have the same face.

The step from the Old to the New World breaks with the past in a characteristic way—again not with the personal or national past, which depends upon attitude and circumstances, but with the past and with "pastness" in general. The past does not become shorter—that is impossible—but if we go back beyond a certain point, it ceases to function. The organ that converts it into human nourishment shrivels for lack of sufficient activity. Nothing in his world confronts man as a being of long descent. He himself has only just constructed his proud streets; they are not the streets of Roman conquests. Time breaks on the enormous concrete and steel and glass walls of his houses just like light and air; the comforting traces of time in stone, witnesses of its inexorable activity, are absent. The warmth that streams from the walls of his rooms is a warmth built in yesterday, not one lived into them by a patient succession of generation after generation, the warmth of old loyalty. The table at which he sits, the things he uses, do not respond to his touch with a living and understanding counter-pressure won in long, quiet service. No patina of century-long cultivation is mixed in with the taste of his fruits and his wine. Thus his sense of time must be like an eye in a world always illuminated only to an arm's length; such an eye would lose the ability to see depth. It would know nothing of perspective; or rather, it would form its own perspective. (That the nation is conscious of this situation as a deficiency can be seen in the love and concern with which it looks upon the traces of a past that reaches back a scanty two-and-a-half centuries, and often much less. It takes care of them like a treasure where they have remained alive and active: in the

narrow strip of the Atlantic coast states and the old South. Here is a noteworthy contrast to Europe, so often heedless in these things.)

The different temporal perspective of the American in the direction of the past will again and again astonish the European. At one moment history is immediately present, as though to be past meant nothing: great historical events like the creation of the Union, the drafting of the Constitution, and the War between the States, are spoken of as though they had only just happened. But then again, things only just past appear at once in a historical light; the thirties are already regarded as a historical period (and indeed not only since the recent elections); the twenties are spoken of in the tone a European reserves for the time of Metternich. For the West, tales from the fifties of the previous century already exist in a half-mythical state of removal, somewhat like the legends of King Arthur's band of knights for the European. On a balance that is only lightly loaded, a small addition produces a large swing.

Thus when the temporal nerve is set into vibration by the stimulation of tones, how could the resulting sensation of time be the same both in Europe and in America? The difference is not comparable to that in the temporal sensitivity of a grown person and a child, but rather, perhaps, to that of a mature man and another person who had fallen asleep as a child, had slept dreamlessly for thirty years, and then began to live at the age of forty. Tones, borne by time and radiating time, have a different weight, are differently charged with life, in the two places; they make different music: one the fruit of the richest inner fullness, of the most precious gravity and the deepest seriousness, and of a light-heartedness that bears the traces of gravity victoriously overcome; the other the fruit of a light-heartedness that does not know pain, of a weightless suspension, of an ideal play full of the highest promise. Neither is of lesser worth. Both are true and beautiful, but the one is possibly more concerned with truth, the other more with beauty.

The significant example, in which the paths clearly separate, is Beethoven. Not that he is differently evaluated in the two places; but the tone, the accent, the sense of the evaluation is different.

The European hears in Beethoven not only the unique attainment,

but also what it has cost: the endless exhaustion, the struggle, the lifetime sacrifice, the whole immense expenditure that went into this incomparable creative achievement—exhaustion and struggle not only of the one man, Beethoven, but of all those laborers in the service of music who have carried the precious burden through the centuries and passed it down from hand to hand. And there is still more, for it is not only musicians who work at music, but, in the final analysis, it is the collected lifelong effort of Western mankind as a whole that has borne in music its most sublime fruit. All of this vibrates in the sound of the European orchestra that plays Beethoven. The listener is included in the great effort whose consummation he now enjoys. Under these circumstances, Beethoven is heard the way we look at a mountain peak that we ourselves have climbed. In looking at our goal, we know the way that leads to it, for we have traversed it ourselves.

The accents of the most extreme elation and the deepest despair that exist for the European in Beethoven's work are necessarily displaced when, as the consequence of a differently attuned sensitivity to time, history plays no role in the experience. The American (it is clear, of course, that these generalizations always stand for the typical, and make no binding assertion about the individual) enthusiastically enjoys the perfection of Beethoven's tonal forms the way he would a gift of heaven; the price counts for nothing with him. He is carried along by the triumph; the opposing force over which the triumph was won can hardly find a point of attack. With astonishment and almost religious respect, he listens to the voice of highest spiritualization, but his feeling knows little what mountains of dross had to be consumed so that this distillate might be obtained. From the early to the late sonatas or quartets there leads a path of stylistic and technical development whose incredible boldness receives his complete admiration; but the path into an inner world never before entered, which also was traversed, is scarcely a part of the picture. The whole achievement, if we can express it in this way, is more message than prophecy—for the prophet, under the huge load of distant and near past, looks into a dark or a bright future, while the messenger is silent about the past and only promises. And here

also, it is again the *joyful* message; the dark exists more as a foil: Beethoven, the great joyful one, who continually and gloriously overcomes the tragic imperfection of earthly circumstances. Stated concretely: the Ninth Symphony is more a steplike structure culminating in the last movement, than a field of forces stretched between the poles of the first and last movements. If a work had to be chosen and sealed up in a cornerstone in order to make the knowledge of what Beethoven was secure for a distant future, beyond possible destruction, then America would probably agree upon the Ninth Symphony; Europe upon the last piano sonata.

There is still one more point: Beethoven is not the end; the way leads beyond, onward over the summit and downward—downward not in the sense of evaluation (Schubert is surely not a lesser composer than Beethoven), but more like stepping out of the light and into the shade. And this path also, the path through the crepuscular landscape of Romanticism, with its ineradicable insights and illuminations of the darkness, is a part of the European heritage, part of the past whose language is spoken by tone. The European who looks at Beethoven sees him as though he were across a dark valley, as a distinct figure on the other side; and this feeling of upwards and downwards, of the gained and the lost, gives his image of Beethoven a characteristic appearance: the appearance, perhaps, that lends it its greatest value. The man of the New World has not traveled this path; nothing separates him in spirit more markedly from the present-day European than the fact that, obeying demands of a different kind, he touched the great experience of Romanticism only tangentially, but could not share it with Europe. He does not look at Beethoven across an abyss; no sunset lies in between, no grief over a great loss. Beethoven is *there* in a different way for him than for the European, much more directly, without problems. This has the final consequence that modern music sounds different to his ear from the way it does to the European's: the tone of reaction against Romanticism *and* Beethoven is necessarily absent; the sound is more innocent than on the other side of the ocean.

It need hardly be stressed that these observations are not meant to bring grist to the mill of historism, as though musical experience

were somehow connected with the knowledge of its history. The locus of the understanding with which this discussion is concerned is hearing and feeling, not intellect. Otherwise—and not only in musical matters—mere learning could make a European out of an American, and mere forgetting, an American out of a European.

The distinguishing feature that we have examined can perhaps be formulated pointedly as follows: in Europe, people know, in a much deeper sense than in America, what music is; in America, people do not know, in a much more candid and comforting sense than in Europe, all the things music can still become. Thus the New World stands nearer than the Old to a possible renascence of music as a religious art.

Robert Fitzgerald | **GENERATIONS OF LEAVES**

The poet in the classical tradition

In the sixth book of the *Iliad* of Homer, the clever and formidable Greek fighter Diomedes sees a young Trojan whom he does not recognize coming out from the ranks of the other army to stand up to him in single combat. It is in the Homeric fashion, and in Diomedes' personal style, to call out to the advancing challenger and ask him who he is: is he one of the immortal gods, perhaps? for in that case Diomedes will retire; but if he is a man and mortal, then let him come nearer and reach his appointed destruction. To this address the young man, whose name is Glaukos, replies in a leisurely speech that begins this way, in the English of Richmond Lattimore's translation:

> High-hearted son of Tydeus, why ask of my generation?
> As is the generation of leaves, so is that of humanity.
> The wind scatters the leaves on the ground, but the live timber
> burgeons with leaves again in the season of spring returning.
> So one generation of men will grow while another dies.

This passage of Homer appears to have been as moving as you might expect to his early auditors and readers, and the later Greek poet Simonides thought it the most beautiful thing that the man of Chios—that is, Homer—ever said. I should suppose that the elegiac

poet Mimnermus had been acquainted with it when he wrote his own lines to the effect that we are like the leaves that the flowering season of spring puts forth, and it may have been in the back of Pericles' mind when he said of the young Athenians killed early in the war with Sparta that it was as if the spring had been taken away from the year. I do not suppose Homer underrated the passage, either, for he chose to introduce with it one of the most appealing of the short episodes in the *Iliad*; but I think we have to study that episode a little if we want to interpret our passage more fully and place it correctly in the art of Homer.

First of all, of course, Simonides was only half right in attributing the lines to the man from Chios, for they were not spoken by Homer. They were spoken by the young Trojan, Glaukos. Homer is a dramatic artist, a creator of men acting and speaking for themselves, and here we have young Glaukos presented on the battlefield, face to face with the terrible Diomedes yet able to meet his adversary's harangue coolly with a general reflection on mortality followed by an elaborate speech. And the speech, as so often in Homer, is itself a story. For he goes on to say that if Diomedes would really like to know, he will tell him his genealogy; and he does tell him, dwelling particularly on the adventures of his grandfather Bellerophontes, who slew the Chimaira and performed other godlike feats. The effect of Glaukos' speech is wonderful, for Diomedes of the great war cry drives his spear into the ground and proclaims that Glaukos and he are guest friends from the time of their fathers, since Diomedes' grandfather had been host and friend to Bellerophontes. Then Diomedes proposes that they avoid each other in combat and exchange their armor so that Greeks and Trojans alike may know of their special relationship. The two men spring down from their war chariots and grip each other's hands.

At this point we may notice that the general reflection I quoted, the one with which Glaukos begins his speech, is quite a little qualified by the speech itself, for if the generations of men were entirely like the generations of leaves one could not put such value as Glaukos does on the glory of a forebear. I think we see, as Homer surely meant us to, that the human gifts of piety and sense of the past weigh

somewhat in the balance against the universal fact of mortality. This implication is pleasantly enforced by the warm response of Diomedes, the hands clasping in friendship in the midst of war, the exchange of armor. The passage about the leaves seems all the more beautiful for what follows it and we are full of admiration and satisfaction. But Homer has not finished his episode. Here is how he does it:

. . . but Zeus the son of Kronos stole away the wits of Glaukos
Who exchanged with Diomedes the son of Tydeus armor
Of gold for bronze, for nine oxen's worth the worth of a hundred.

. . . Surprise. We may imagine the moment of silence and then the delighted laughter going up among the banqueters who were Homer's first audience—laughter like the happy laughter of the gods. For Diomedes, the quick-witted warrior, the companion of crafty Odysseus, has won after all; and the young Trojan Glaukos, nobly as he has borne himself and eloquently as he has spoken, has had to pay a certain price for his inexperience in the ways of men.

II

In the sixth book of *The Aeneid* of Virgil the hero of the story is brought into the world of the dead by the Cumaean Sibyl and approaches in the gloom a wide river, Acheron, where the boatman Charon plies his skiff, the ferry of the swarming dead. This is the way Virgil describes the scene; the Latin first and then a free rendering in English:

huc omnis turba ad ripas effusa ruebat:
matres atque viri, defunctaque corpora vita
magnanimum heroum, pueri innuptaeque puellae,
impositique rogis iuvenes ante ora parentum,
quam multa in silvis autumni frigore primo
lapsa cadunt folia . . .

the whole crowd came streaming this way toward the riverside,
mothers and fathers and the husks of great men done with life
along with small boys and girls, and young men in their prime who died
before their parents' eyes: innumerable all these as leaves
that slip away and fall through forests in the first cold snap of autumn . . .

Now in the simile we were considering from Homer a general likeness was noted between the generations of men and the generations of leaves, both being numerous and both transient yet successive. Virgil of course knew Homer very well, and in this passage his vision of the dead owes something to the twelfth book of the *Odyssey*, but the thing I propose we should especially notice is that he had rethought this matter of the leaves clean through. He had rethought it, moreover, less from the point of view of the spectator, which is Homer's, than from that of the leaves themselves. The beauty of Virgil's simile is in the participle *lapsa*, which I've translated "slip away"—the leaves losing their grip. He saw that a dying man's weak hold on life is like a leaf's inability to hang on to a twig in the fall, and he saw the dead falling out of life as the leaves fall out of the air. In Homer's line the agent was the wind—"The wind scatters the leaves on the ground"—but in Virgil there is no wind, there is a cold spell, and the active verb belongs to the leaves themselves: *cadunt:* they fall. To see these things in this manner is no doubt distinctively Virgilian, or if it is not I do not know what is. And then, the placement of the simile is wholly different in Virgil. Homer had made one of his characters the poet, allowed Glaukos to say the beautiful thing. We cannot say that Homer is not serious about it. He is aware of the honor he has done to Glaukos by giving him that lyric to speak, and he is aware, too, of the honor the young poet wins, in the event, from his appreciative adversary, Diomedes; but it is Homer's dramatic sense and storyteller's humor that wins out and rounds off the episode with what we may take as a smile at lyric poetry and a suggestion that wisdom without practicality is incomplete. Virgil's seriousness is of a different quality and more personal; it is he who speaks in his simile and conveys to us his image of death and of the dead. Homer's simile was impartial; on the one hand the wind scattering the leaves in autumn, on the other hand the live timber bursting forth again with leaves in the spring. But Virgil here cannot have that impartiality, and not merely because it would be out of place in a description of the world of the dead, but because, as I have said, he has entered into the leaf's point of view and from the leaf's point of view the autumnal loosening and falling are final. It

may be said that in Virgil's time and in other Roman writing we find the sense of death intimate and funereal; it may also be said that Virgil had the habit of close attention to landscape and seasonal change. However that may be, he has particularized and transformed the ancient simile and he offers his own vision—in passing—not as an introduction to an episode that will fill it out and comment on it dramatically but as a descriptive simile in narrative.

III

In the third canto of the *Inferno* of Dante, the narrator and his guide pass through the hateful region of those who in life had lacked all conviction, and they come to the shore of a great river where the souls of the damned are assembling, here too to make the crossing in Charon's boat. Dante does not tell us of these shades what Virgil told us of his: their varying ages and conditions in pathetic conjunction; no, these are undifferentiated, for the important point at the moment is that all are going into the dark, having lost forever the sight of God, the good of the intellect. At Charon's call, each flings himself from the bank into the ferry:

Come d'autunno si levan le foglie
l'una appresso dell'altra, infin che il ramo
vede alla terra tutte le sue spoglie:
similmente il mal seme d'Adamo
gittansi di quel lito ad una ad una . . .

As the leaves of autumn take off, one
after another, until the bough
sees all its spoils upon the ground,
so one by one the evil seed of Adam
cast themselves from that shore . . .

Dante of course knew Virgil, and from his references to *The Aeneid* it has been inferred that he knew that poem by heart. He also knew Homer—not in Greek but in Latin translation, a translation probably of selected passages from both the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. If this selection survives, the Dante scholars do not seem to know where, but it is reasonable to suppose that it included the passage we began with, the one that Simonides thought the most beautiful thing that Homer

ever said. Dante's own simile of the leaves bears a certain obvious relation to Virgil's and it is placed in a similar context in the underworld; but it bears an interesting relation also to Homer's, while being thoroughly different from either. The Dantesque image is of leaves on a single bough *rising—si levano*—in the straining wind of autumn and leaving the bough one after another. Dante is not alluding directly to human mortality but indirectly, through the mortality of the leaves. The wind which Homer mentioned blows again here after the still cold air of Virgil, but it blows only by implication, for the active verb belongs to the leaves that are said to rise. And this is wonderfully suggestive when we compare it with the Virgilian vision. To Dante's mind, it appears, the motion from life into death is not—or not necessarily, not at the instant of leaving one for the other—a downward motion but may be upward; moreover it is a motion that each singular leaf is seen to make in its own time. The picture of a forest full of leaves losing hold and falling is not here, and in its stead we have the leaves on one bough successively mounting, taking off in the wind until the bough, like the riverbank, is bare.

IV

Let us take these three pieces of poetry together and see what is to be said of them. It may be useful to assert first of all that they *are* poetry. They were poetry when they were first conceived, they are poetry now, and if you think the time may come when they are not poetry, the burden of argument rests with you. Homer's simile is moving in itself but it has its place and full significance in a narrative which is also poetry and is also in the clearest possible way entertainment, and this fact would seem to tell against some theorists who make the distinction hard and fast between poetry and entertainment; the works of Homer are like the plays of Shakespeare in being pretty plainly beyond that kind of distinction. The Virgilian and Dantean similes likewise play their parts in narratives but their function in this respect is not dramatic in the Homeric way, not expressive of character; they bear the authority of the poet and are in differing degrees descriptive or evocative of action which the poet or narrator has under his eye. In differing degrees, for Virgil's simile comes in by

way of the phrase *quam multa*—so many—the visual and logical analogy between the crowd on the riverbank and the autumn leaves being that both are numerous and both dead; but the action attributed to the crowd, a streaming and rushing, does not closely correspond to the action attributed to the leaves, a slipping away and falling. In Dante, as we have seen, there is a nearly exact correspondence: the leaves take off from the bough, the shades leap from the bank. It is an economy or an elegance, as they say in mathematics, and is Dantesque, but I don't think the behavior of autumn foliage as we know it is any the less sharply brought into view.

The three passages form a series, and if there is anything that we may call a classical tradition they should help us to understand what it is, or how to take it, which is perhaps the same thing. I said that the passages were simple, and they are, but analysis shows a richness in them and shows that each of the three poets had the ability to see things with his own eyes; that in the case of Virgil this ability suffered no impairment through familiarity with Homer, and that in the case of Dante familiarity with both Homer and Virgil had no disabling effect. On the contrary, by the evidence of the three passages, neither Virgil nor Dante might have been so original if he had not known in what originality would consist when making verse out of the mortality of leaves and men. In both cases, we may conjecture, firmness in the knowledge of previous masterwork has given them firmness in the definition of their own quite different images and meanings; and we might provisionally put it something like this: the classical tradition is observed when art is wakeful to reality in the fullest possible sense, including the reality of previous works of art.

That will serve if we keep thinking it over and remember that a first work of art is possible; that, so far as we know, Homer was the first to say anything in Greek verse about the generations of men and the generations of leaves, and that this originality may owe nothing whatever—except hexameter verse—to Homer's acquaintance with previous poetry. As for the passages from Virgil and Dante, there is no dead hand upon them but the mark of an essential originality as great as Homer's. I have not been tracing influences, but tracing rather, if anything, the way in which influences may be dominated

by personal artistic force.We may make a slight shift of emphasis and say that the classical tradition is one in which previous work if any is chiefly a challenge, and the first requisite, wakefulness to reality, is the perennial lesson.

Now I come to an important question. What are we to think of in general when we speak of this reality to which the artist is attentive? Our criticism and our talk are apt to be remiss about this, and seriously so, and we are never going to get anything quite straight about poetry until we are in the habit of acknowledging at least roughly the complicated truth of the matter. Between Homer and Dante—that is, during more than two thousand years of life—there developed among Mediterranean people a self-corrected way of thinking, a philosophy, that was capacious and sensible enough to do justice to this complicated truth, and I will try—necessarily briefly and poorly—to suggest how.

V

Greek general thought, stimulated by Ionian speculation, humanized by Homer, made explicit by Plato, made methodical by Aristotle, and refined by the Arab and Latin thinkers of the centuries just before Dante, reached at length a profound epistemological humility. Contemplation made it clear that all abstraction was derived from things, and was tremendously inadequate to them; that in fact things—or events, as we might say—were an inexhaustible source of concepts and the words by which concepts are signified. Degrees of abstraction—of distance between concept and thing, between concept and concept—were recognized, and the highly abstract concepts of actuality and potentiality were arrived at as expressive of ultimate constituents of the real—the real that as plenum is ever characterized by change. We may say that within the actual the potential dwells like a charge; we may also say that within the full potential the actual is tiny and incomplete.

Now in being attentive to reality the artist is being attentive to a world that to general thought can best be described in these terms or their equivalent. In so far as our criticism and our talk aspire to validity as general thought, they too must take account of the conditions

of existence. And I would suppose this peculiarly easy in the case of general thought about the arts, for it is the nature of every art to bring into existence, to make actual, a reality hitherto potential or possible. The reality to which the artist is attentive is always in large part the reality of the thing he is about to make or is making. We are apt to speak as if the poet observed and wrote about things that happen—the fall of leaves or the way he feels when they are falling, for example—and that is all; but if that were all, we would not possess any of the three passages I have quoted and talked about, for in each of them the poet made something happen, or come to be, that had not happened before.

Perhaps what I am saying may become clearer if we pause and take stock of what is in our minds now—supposing that we have in mind everything we have been considering up to this point—and two minutes from now compare this with what will be in our minds then. For I am about to quote a fourth example in the classical tradition, this one in English, a poem by Gerard Hopkins:

Margaret, are you grieving
Over golden grove unleafing?
Leaves, like the things of man, you
With your fresh thoughts care for, can you?
Ah! as the heart grows older
It will come to such sights colder
By and by, nor spare a sigh
Though worlds of wanwood leafmeal lie;
And yet you will weep and know why.
Now no matter, child, the name;
Sorrow's springs are the same.
Nor mouth had, no nor mind expressed
What heart heard of, ghost guessed:
It is the blight man was born for,
It is Margaret you mourn for.

Here something has been made to happen that had not happened in Homer nor in Virgil nor in Dante nor indeed anywhere before, though here again memorable verse has been made out of the common mortality of leaves and men. If we ask ourselves what it would have taken for each of us to make such a poem we will realize pretty

well what it took in the case of Hopkins. I will not paraphrase the poem but I will note that it is a self-contained dramatic monologue, that it is remarkable for artifice and elevation of metrical speech, and in short is a created thing such that attention to a pensive girl, a grove losing its leaves, a depth of sympathetic emotion, and much previous poetry may have preceded it but could not possibly have brought it to be. For that, it was necessary that it, the poem itself, be the object of attention.

Among the objects on which the poet lavishes his affection, then, is the literary object, the poem. This is a fact that may be confirmed empirically; we find, indeed, that the affection is scarcely less intense than in the case of any natural object of love. I am taking for granted that the literary object or poem is real and a part of reality, and like everything else that is real and a part of reality it will be different from all other things and related to them in different ways. But with a little care in abstraction we can make a few tactful general statements about some of these relations. I have mentioned the emotion of love felt by the poet for the reality he is making; but it is clear that other emotions get into poetry: heroic humor, strong melancholy, and sad scorn, respectively, are in the passages we considered from Homer, Virgil, and Dante. Now here again we are apt to speak as if the poet in his daily life felt an emotion, say of anger, that caused him to write a poem which would express that emotion. This may sometimes be the case in part, but again it may easily not be the case at all. The well-known dictum of T. S. Eliot about the "objective correlative" has become so well known that people have forgotten what he was actually saying in the little essay that the dictum comes from. He was saying that when a playwright wants a character in a play to express a given emotion he has to compose a speech or speeches for him that will contain or be an "objective correlative" of that emotion. Shakespeare did not first feel the emotions of Lady Macbeth and then write the play as an objective correlative; he first conceived the play, conceived her as feeling the emotions, and gave her speeches to express them. Both character and emotions were parts of the reality that he brought into being, and neither Lady Macbeth nor her emotions existed until he brought them into being.

No, the relationship between the poet's emotions and the poetry he writes—and I am still speaking of, and in, the classical tradition as I understand it—will be more remote and interesting. The poet is attentive to reality, and in reality actual and potential he discerns a qualitative range as, say, between ambrosial glory on the one hand and terrifying void on the other, every shade in this spectrum arousing in him, if he is sensitive, an emotion appropriate to it. But it is the sense of the whole—of the potential fullness of the real—that moves him most; and if we want a general statement—not as to what makes him go to work in any specific instance, for that will be unpredictable and idiosyncratic—but as to the reason he goes to work at all, I suggest we shall be near the truth in saying that it is the desire to pay homage, to bring an offering, to the qualitative possibilities of existence. One of the best things Eliot ever said was also one of the flattest: that poems are written because the poet feels the need to write a poem. It is true, but it bears this interpretation—that the need in question is a need to make something as testimony, even as celebration.

VI

A good deal may be learned as to the meaning of the classical tradition through considering the art of Virgil and the art of Dante together. Surely any view of the classical that omits or skips Dante is blinded in one eye, and sorely deprived of depth-perception. The limitations of classicism and neoclassicism in French letters, for example, become more evident when we remember the general disposition from Ronsard to Voltaire to regard the poetry of Dante as crude. We are happily beyond that opinion, able to take both Virgil and Dante more nearly at Dante's own estimate, and I'd like to give one further example of the relationship between them as poets.

In the third book of *The Aeneid*, the priest Helenus tells Aeneas what he will find when he reaches the western coast of Italy, and he gives this description of the Sibyl at Cumae, the lonely priestess inspired by Apollo:

insanam vatem aspicies, quae rupe sub ima
fata canit foliisque notas et nomina mandat.

quaecumque in foliis descripsit carmina virgo
digerit in numerum atque antro seclusa relinquit.
illa manent immota locis neque ab ordine cedunt;
verum eadem, verso tenuis cum cardine ventus
impulit et teneras turbavit ianua frondes,
numquam deinde cavo volitantia prendere saxo
nec revocare situs aut iungere carmina curat . . .

there you will approach and see her, the touched prophetess deep in a cave in the cliff,
singing of what's ordained, and giving to fragile leaves her oracles.
And these songs that she writes on the leaves she puts in order,
secluding them in the cavern where each will rest in place,
unless perhaps a puff of wind from the open door scatters the light leafpile;
but then she will not bother to catch the leaves as they flutter around the cave,
or rearrange them, or make the verses fit together again . . .

An early scholar quoted in the commentary of Servius explains that these were palm leaves, no doubt of the fan variety; but I see no particular reason for accepting the fact on his authority. The higher pedantry will observe that Virgil does not specify, and we are free to imagine them as oak leaves or what we will. It is a peculiarly haunting passage, and, as we shall see, it haunted Dante. What it suggests is the fragility and dispersion of knowledge, the precarious condition of all human wisdom but perhaps especially of the highest and most clairvoyant, exposed to the contingencies of life and time. Reality is big and continual, thought is small and intermittent, and these are home truths with which one lives in the classical tradition. Nevertheless the Sibyl's unconcern over the scattering of her verses is a vatic resignation that those who visit her in the hope of learning something are unable to share. Thought may be intermittent, but what the mind perceives in reality is order, and order once perceived the classical tradition wishes to hang on to—being in this sense conservative—so that when the profounder order appears it may be recognized as such. In the *Divine Comedy* we have a prolonged, subtle, and beautiful struggle with these complexities and paradoxes of reality and human intelligence. Everything in the poem bears witness at once to the conservatism of the classical tradition and to its enormous capacity,

since it is realist, for realizing new and profounder orders. You remember that in the passage from Homer that I quoted at the outset the autumn fall of leaves and the spring burgeoning of leaves were mentioned in the same breath; in the passages from Virgil and Dante we had only the autumn scene. Spring hardly comes in *The Aeneid*, which is a tragic poem; but spring does come in the *Divine Comedy*, only there the image of multitudinous new leaves, which in Homer came in the next line, does not come in the *Inferno* at all but is placed in the twelfth canto of the *Paradiso*. Hell and purgatory have come between, before the poet speaks of the new generation of leaves in a Western land:

la quella parte, ove surge ad aprire
Zefiro dolce le novelle fronde
di che si vede Europa rivestire . . .

that region where sweet Zephyr blows
to open the new leaves wherewith
Europe sees herself dressed again . . .

But this is only an introduction, for it is the task of the *Paradiso* to bring us into a world on the other side of time and seasons, a world where order remembered and order foreknown are the same and eternal. In the eighteenth, twenty-sixth, and twenty-seventh cantos this heaven is presented as a garden, rooted in God, that blooms forever without dropping petal or leaf. These images in turn prepare us for the more symmetrical and fragrant image of the rose in canto thirty, whose petals, the seats of the blessed, are called *foglie*, leaves. But the most wonderful of all the leaf images are in the last, the thirty-third canto. Here the narrator strives to render for us his vision of God, the ultimate order and source of all order, and warns us how far his poetry must fall short; how far indeed his own mind comes short of recovering the order he had glimpsed, of which he retains little beyond the emotion, as one may retain little but the feeling of a dream. And he says:

Così la neve al sol si disigilla,
così al vento nelle foglie lievi
si perdea la sentenza di Sibilla . . .

Even so under the sun the snow melts away,
  even so on the wind in the light leaves
  the oracles of the Sibyl would be lost . . .

But the leaves the poet has in mind are not to be lost in this poem, for in God they are not lost. The Sibyl's unconcern was perhaps becoming in a Sibyl but would not be becoming in this poet, nor indeed possible to him in the ontological world of light.

Nel suo profondo vidi che s'interna
  legato con amore in un volume
  ciò che per l'universo si squaderna;
sustanzie ed accidenti, e lor costume
  quasi conflati insieme per tal modox
  che ciò ch'io dico è un semplice lume . . .

Within its depth I saw there was ingathered
  bound together with love in one volume
  all that is scattered through the universe;
substance, accidents, and their relations,
  all as if fused together in such a way
  that what I speak of is a single flame . . .

It will not be presumptuous to notice that the love of the poet for the volume he creates is here the analogy for God's love of the created universe. The poet, too, ties together, *legato*, leaves or verses that mortal contingency and distraction would disperse; the poet in the classical tradition does this. And Dante's *Paradiso* may perhaps stand as an example of how much of this he can do. If we recall Virgil's image of the Sibyl and realize fully what Dante did with it, as we say, we also have a means of understanding what the relation of one poet in the classical tradition may be to another.

VII

Where do we ourselves stand with respect to this tradition? My final quotation will be from Mr. Eliot's "Burnt Norton":

Footfalls echo in the memory
Down the passage which we did not take
Towards the door we never opened
Into the rose garden.

My words echo
Thus, in your mind. But to what purpose
Disturbing the dust on a bowl of rose leaves,
I do not know.

This of course is among other things a statement that the garden—which we may and indeed are all too sure to identify with a sexual Eden but should also identify with the garden of Dante's paradise—is irrevocably in the past; that historically and in our individual lives we took the wrong turning away from it. The poet rather implies that if he were not reminding us of those forlorn footfalls we would be too far gone even to hear them, but he has—at this point—no particular confidence in his own echoing words. The rose of Dante's heaven is now dried petals in a bowl, preserved, one may imagine, by Charles Eliot Norton, but covered not only with the dust of time and gentility and neglect but also with the fine hard dust from the explosions which in two wars have pulverized the cities of Europe.

I am isolating this passage arbitrarily, but if it were all the Eliot we had, our inferences from it as to the quality of his classicism and his profound, pained sense of life would be substantially correct. We would say that the work is indeed, though tenuously, in the classical tradition and we would trust the sense of life in it, but I think we would be right in thinking that that sense was more true of Europe than of ourselves.

In this country our original attachment to the Greek and Roman things was after the mode of the eighteenth century—the frigidity of the classic revival in design, Latin and Greek as the privileges of a gentleman. By the nature of the case, *that* tradition could not hold on here, and I think we can bear the loss. The Roman legionary eagle that we have on every quarter and the Roman lictor's axe on every dime inform the palms of our hands of a neoclassicism that our lives have repudiated. We owe some fine and graceful things to it, but it represented the full tradition pretty meagerly; and the same is true of the Paul Manship sort of thing in sculpture—all learning and exquisite finish—or of the marble purity—the Parnassianism—that in poetry we sometimes admire as classic. These graces appear decidedly

pale when you think of the sustained elevation of the epics, the great force of the tragic plays, the terrible ironies of Thucydides.

There has never been anything you could call a renaissance in America and there may never be, but if there is, it will certainly be something very different from the fifteenth- and sixteenth-century events in Europe that the nineteenth century glorified under that title. Historical criticism and anthropology have made it unlikely that ancient nobleness will have an abundant life among us as a fashion in art or a privilege in society. Our sensibilities have become museums in which one expressive culture is on about the same footing as another, and now that all are accessible we are not likely to restrict our appreciation to what we consider Western. There is nothing especially Western, for example, about hot jazz music.

On the other hand, the grounds of what I have been calling Greek general thought, though discovered in the West, are not a Western property but by definition universal. It seems at least possible that the humanity, usefulness, and wisdom of that thought may grow in honor among Americans. General Marshall at Princeton some years ago said that no young man should think himself educated until he had read Thucydides—because, I take it, nowhere better than in Thucydides can you learn the best and worst to be expected from war and politics. The American sense of things, or savvy, confirms classical realism in many ways—in acknowledging the world as a plurality of distinct things each with its nature, in respecting the concrete, in looking toward the possible as realizable. It would be strangely fitting to our heterogeneous people if the American renaissance should be, or seem to be, a matter of placing that tradition—which I should call the plenary tradition—at the center of the sciences and arts and modes of knowledge. I do not mean that we are going to have something imposed on us by Mr. Mortimer Adler, but Mr. Adler's effort may be symptomatic of a much larger and more natural movement.

We are incorrigibly prone to talk as if some development that we fancy, granted it comes to pass, will be the end of human adventure, error, and endeavor. It is chastening to recall that the renaissance that took place in Europe in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries was

something like the hypothetical one I have been thinking of for us. That one did not hold; in fact it lost out so quickly that almost until our own time its quality was forgotten. But the quality existed, exists, and is a standard of audacity and harmony in the ways of intelligence. I take it that men moved by concrete expectations create history; that our expectations are formed in consequence of what we know, and that one of the things *we* have begun to know is that standard. Surely we know it better than most recent generations could. We have also, it is true, some large and distressing and some beautiful kinds of knowledge peculiar to those recent generations. This is merely to say that reasonable expectations may be hard to form and the future they give rise to may be surprising. My point remains that from the American angle and to the American ear the Greco-Roman or classical tradition is not going to be found only in the Attic tragedians, the reasoning of the Academy and the Lyceum, the experience of the Peloponnesian war; nor only in the Roman erotic poets, the histories of Tacitus, or Roman administration and Roman Law. It will be found in greater fullness, and in strong irony, in the European summation of the thirteenth century; and for poetry that means in Dante.

You remember Edgar Lee Masters' epitaph for Pettit the Poet, the small-town American versifier in whom the art of poetry reached its last provincial attenuation. By contrast, the epitaph ended, "Homer and Whitman roared in the pines." I don't know that Whitman registers as high on the Beaufort scale as Homer, but I think Masters' classicism—like Ezra Pound's—was of the right sort for us in mentioning them together. We are not going to gain any ancient life by forgetting our own. But our own life may become something more than our own—and this is perhaps what did not happen in Whitman's case—when we have the luck and capacity to take the full tradition in. Dante was the kind of master who could do that. It is not to be wondered at that he drew so much from Virgil, for Virgil was that kind of master, too. Each practiced literature as an art and a profession, but it is noteworthy in both cases how deep a predilection there was for philosophy, not only in the professional but in the original sense, that is, of a clear-headed contemplation reaching

through felt experience or the objective imagination to find and form something true in the mystery of being. Literary craft in both went to discovering in its own way the practical import of philosophy. That is why, I think, readers and writers might come at what I call the full tradition through them. But I have been thinking that we might come at it best through them both, through the relationship between them; for we should then see that the tradition I mean—the only tradition worth talking about—is a tradition of the mind's love and piety, not only before existence past but before existence present and to come: a tradition that helps to form the personal style and to enable the original achievement.

William Alex

THE SKYSCRAPER: USA

Its background and development

During the past seventy years a third great structural system has taken its place beside the post and lintel and the arch as a determining factor in the history of architecture. This potent achievement of the age of steel, the skeleton frame, is symbolized in the largest and most elaborate of contemporary structures—the skyscraper. With no precedent of form or function to guide it, the design of the tall building during its short history in the United States has ranged from the most barren adaptations of traditional devices to solutions which have fully exploited the aesthetic possibilities of engineered forms. In the first stage of its development, from 1880 to 1900, the architect Louis Sullivan defined and formulated the skyscraper. His work remained as an example for the future but his theories were then rejected, and until recent times the form of the tall building had reflected the inability of architects in their aesthetic confusion to cope with the challenge of its design. Only in the last two decades has there been manifest once more a fundamental resolution of space, structure, and

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This article is based on the exhibition of the same title organized by the Museum of Modern Art, New York, under its International Exhibitions Program made possible by the Rockefeller Brothers Fund. The exhibition has been prepared by the Museum's Department of Circulating Exhibitions and will travel in Europe, the Middle East, Latin America, and the United States.

materials which resembles the first creative surge in the skyscraper's history. Today, with its mechanical core and complex system of cellular space enclosed by a thin curtain wall, the skyscraper is a new conception. It is no longer a massive contrivance of the past but stands as a new tool of civilization subject to the art of men.

The important structural and theoretical antecedents for the skyscraper were established in three countries: England, France, and the United States. While the skyscraper itself dates from the last quarter of the nineteenth century in the United States, the gradual evolution in building from masonry, mass, and primarily static concepts to iron, precision, and the system of structural dynamics inherent in the skeleton frame was made possible through a series of significant achievements beginning more than a century earlier. Thus the history of the skyscraper begins essentially with the availability of iron on a mass-production basis in England about 1750. The initiative of invention and progressive use in England was then followed vigorously by certain individuals in France and the United States.

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Though known since ancient times, iron and its uses had been mostly confined in architecture to clamping and fastening masonry. A bridge at Coalbrookdale, England, marks the first major constructional use of iron, when a cast-iron structure was built spanning one hundred feet across the Severn River. Designed by T. F. Pritchard and fabricated by Abraham Darby's Coalbrookdale Iron Works, the bridge, built in 1775–79, boldly translated the masonry arch principle into the new material.

A second highly important development in England, this time in the field of factory construction, occurred when cast-iron beams replaced wood trusses and supports in the interior. One of the earliest examples is Benyon's and Bage's five-story-high flax-spinning factory, built in 1796 at Dithrington, Shrewsbury. The cast-iron column began to replace wood and other types of supporting posts and piers at the same time that the distance-spanning strength of iron construction was recognized. In a short time many factories were built eight and nine stories high, their interior framework of iron columns and

beams behind thin masonry walls providing the first constructional hint at the steel frame and its destined heights.

However, a unique demonstration of the new architectural possibilities of iron, not as a substitution for masonry or wood construction, but in manifestation of its own distinctive properties, was Joseph Paxton's Crystal Palace of 1851 (Figure 1). As an industrial achievement it reflected the newest technological capacities of the age for precision, standardization, and prefabrication. Designed in nine days and completed in six months, this astounding structure, 1,851 feet long and covering a ground area of approximately 800,000 square feet, consisted of prefabricated iron members and sheets of glass combined and erected at its site in Hyde Park in London. Aesthetically the Crystal Palace heralded an architectural revolution by showing how a monumental edifice could embody the fullest benefits of daylight and space by using a delicate, perfectly scaled structural network. Paxton had grasped the potentialities of his epoch with imagination and courage.

In France, Henri Labrouste's Bibliothèque Nationale of 1858–68 in Paris illustrates his unqualified acceptance of iron and marks him as one of the innovators in the field. Having already used exposed iron columns earlier in the public reading room of the Bibliothèque Ste. Geneviève, whose roof is of wrought-iron construction, he now used the new material extensively in the Bibliothèque Nationale, and quite daringly in the stack room. This skylighted area has four floors each made up of gridlike cast-iron floor plates which allow the penetration of daylight throughout. Through a utilitarian innovation Labrouste was able to display the exciting architectural means inherent in iron.

The thorough examination of basic problems relating to architectural design remained for Eugène Emmanuel Viollet-le-Duc (1814–1879), whose writings and projects incorporated the most advanced architectural theories of his day. With compelling logic he advocated the use of iron in building and illustrated in detail how it could be used in spanning large areas. He called for a new approach employing pertinent systems of construction together with a rational use of new materials. In his *Entretiens sur l'Architecture*, the set of lectures he wrote

for presentation at the École des Beaux-Arts, Viollet illustrates specific details of a beam for an iron-framed building of his own invention which is striking in its resemblance to modern steel construction. His other projects show unusual and sometimes prophetic means of iron support. In his writings Viollet significantly suggested that a vast building could be built, framed in iron and cased in masonry. His tenure at the École was short-lived—due to his heretical theories—but he did have the satisfaction of inserting a footnote to one of the lectures, which called attention to the construction of a building framed in iron and very much resembling the system illustrated for one of his own projects.

This was one of the first true skeleton buildings ever erected: the Menier Chocolate Factory built in 1871–72 at Noisiel-sur-Marne in France, designed by Jules Saulnier (Figure 2). Here the wrought-iron enframement of a fully integrated diagonal grid system was filled with hollow tile brick leaving the frame exposed on the exterior. The decoratively patterned varicolored bricks served to enliven the flat wall surfaces. This system—a true skeleton frame supporting a curtain wall—is generally the basis for the skyscraper.

James Bogardus of the United States was a pioneer in the use of cast-iron façades for buildings as a substitute for masonry. An early use of the method in 1848 is seen in his own factory (Figure 3) where he manufactured these façades for use in the United States and shipment abroad. As a step toward skyscraper construction, developed concurrently in England and the United States, these easily produced and quickly installed façades replaced masonry walls as support for floors in the fronts of buildings. They also permitted a much greater expanse of window area while, in addition, serving Bogardus' intention of emulating in cast iron the rich architectural designs of antiquity.

An extremely well-preserved example of cast-iron construction is the building at the corner of Broadway and Broome Street in New York, completed in 1857 for the Haughwout Department Store. Its builder, Daniel Badger, claimed to have been the first to use the cast-iron façade in 1842. The structure is notable, however, as the first department store in which a passenger elevator was installed.

By 1853 Elisha Graves Otis had demonstrated the first safe elevator at the New York Crystal Palace exhibition. At first it was little more than a platform hung from a stout rope with a primitive locking device for its safety mechanism. At the exhibition, Mr. Otis himself operated the elevator and had the rope cut, remarking at the end of each demonstration, "All safe," and thus presaging the safe and extraordinarily rapid vertical ascent of today. The elevator was quickly perfected and, by the 1890's, a much improved version was in use in the early American skyscrapers in whose development it had been an immediate factor.

Thus in a series of isolated and imaginative achievements, inventors, engineers, and architects daringly brought forth new concepts of structure as they exploited the resources of their times. The boldness of these men was responsible not only for a metamorphosis of structure in architecture, but prepared the way for the public acceptance of a tall building with its manifold effects and new psychological dimensions of space, volume, weight, and support.

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In the fertile environment of the rapidly growing and progressive city of Chicago, a group of architects founded and sustained a clear new architectural aesthetic stemming from and fundamentally combined with the new technology. The tall commercial building was at once the vehicle and result of this effort, which reached its peak during the early 1890's.

The Montauk Block of 1882 (Figure 4) begins the break with traditional design which was supported by the most important body of architects in the United States—the Chicago School. Designed by Daniel Burnham and John Root, the "Mighty Montauk," ten stories high and embodying improved systems of foundations and fireproofing, set a prophetic precedent for the design of the tall building. Whereas the average business building in Chicago or New York was conceived and built in perhaps the Victorian Gothic style with an elaborate carved limestone or cast-iron façade capped with a large decorative cornice, the Montauk daringly broke through these usages by its substantial and imposing simplicity.

A second aesthetic precedent was provided by H. H. Richardson's Marshall Field Warehouse of 1887 (Figure 5). The powerful work of Richardson was made manifest in Chicago by this, his masterpiece. In its solid certainty of expression this purely commercial structure achieved the highest level of formal design. Through its lessons of originality, organization, use of materials, and scale, it exercised an extensive influence on the Chicago School.

The twelve-story Tacoma Building of 1889 by William Holabird and Martin Roche (Figure 6) was in part a skeleton-frame structure and was the first building to give a feeling of lightness and openness with thin curtain walls. It is said that the citizens of Chicago would avoid passing the Tacoma Building in fear of its imminent collapse due to its seemingly unsubstantial walls. Exhibiting a coherent design for its height, the Tacoma began to obviate the difficulties imagined by the majority of contemporary architects whose orientation in historical traditions precluded a simple approach or solution for a tall building, and who, in their embarrassment, piled columnar orders on top of each other and otherwise attempted to disguise the plain fact of height.

The greatest structural achievement of the Chicago School was the culminating development of the steel skeleton frame which, together with an intensive series of related constructional advances, brought about the evolution and perfection of the skyscraper within the incredibly short time of twelve years.

In 1882 Leroy S. Buffington, a Minneapolis architect, had sketched a sixteen-story "Cloud-Scraper" with a steel frame as its basis, the idea having been suggested to him by the statement of Viollet-le-Duc of the practicability of "a vast structure, framed in iron and cased in masonry." In a twenty-eight-story project of 1888 he showed unusual vision in realizing the great building heights made possible by using this type of construction.

However, "the first high building to utilize as the basic principle of its design the method known as skeleton construction" was the Home Insurance Building completed in 1885 in Chicago by William Le Baron Jenney (Figure 7). There are several versions of the story of how Jenney got the idea for the skyscraper's metal frame. According

to his later partner, William B. Mundie, Jenney, while on a trip to Manila, noted carefully the native hut construction:

> The Filipinos used trees as columns and lighter cuts of wood for lateral and diagonal braces, floor supports and partitions, binding them all together at the intersections with thongs and pegs. Baked mud or clay was used for floors and roof coverings. These buildings survived typhoons and earthquakes with little damage.

A more romantic version is related in Henry Ericsson's book *Fifty Years a Builder*. It seems that one day Jenney returned home early due to labor trouble on his current building. He surprised his wife who was reading. Getting up hastily to find out whether anything was wrong, she inadvertently put her book, which was quite heavy, on top of a nearby bird cage. Jenney, noticing this lesson of support and thus inspired, went on to invent the steel cage principle of building construction.

Actually this method of construction proceeded logically from Jenney's earlier works. In previous systems of building using iron columns, each floor had been individually supported; they were, so to speak, separate layers placed on top of each other. In true skyscraper construction the entire framework is built as a huge cage, or a combination of vertical and horizontal metal frames which are interconnected and braced, and which supports the entire weight of the building. In the Home Insurance Building, vertical masonry piers enclosed the iron columns which were connected with horizontal iron beams to form the skeleton frame (Figure 8). The Tacoma Building, coming four years later than the Home Insurance, embodied an improved method of mounting the curtain wall in place.

The technology embodied in the Home Insurance and Tacoma Buildings generated a revolution in Western architecture. Major construction, heretofore based on the continuous load-bearing masonry wall, was broken down into a system consisting of a thinly clad metal cage resting on point supports and capable of almost limitless extention horizontally or vertically.

Paradoxically enough, the next important building in Chicago after the Tacoma was the ultimate expression of height in a masonry edifice. Burnham and Root's sixteen-story Monadnock Block of

1891 (Figure 9), the earliest "slab" skyscraper, has a self-supporting exterior brick wall whose piers are seven feet thick at ground level. Its owners distrusted the new type of skeleton construction although they were bound to lose much valuable rental space on the first story with the use of conventional masonry piers. Aesthetically the Monadnock is very successful. Its refined monumentality derives in part from carefully proportioned window bays, chamfered corners, and a delicately flared parapet. It remains one of the best of tall office buildings, an achievement in masonry equaling the work of H. H. Richardson.

This eminent partnership of Burnham and Root has yet another excellent building to its credit in Chicago. Their four-story Reliance Building of 1890 had ten more stories added to it by D. H. Burnham and Company in 1895, after John Root's death. Root's design, carried through fourteen stories (Figure 10), is a pure, polished statement, epitomizing the spirit of the Chicago School in its freedom of expression. A vertical tower of glass banded with thin reliefs of ornamental terra cotta, it was a prophetic exemplar for the architectural creativity of our own times, anticipating the outstanding work in Chicago today of Mies van der Rohe.

In America, Louis Sullivan stands forth as the architectural giant of the Chicago School and possibly of the century. He alone seems to have been aware of the full design possibilities of the tall building, and he defined it for his age in solutions so pertinent that they became the vernacular for generations following. In his Guaranty Trust Building, built in Buffalo, New York, in 1894–95 (Figure 11), which logically emphasized the inevitable verticality of the tall building, Sullivan tempered rationality with personal expression as he achieved, suddenly and completely, "the force and power of altitude." Sullivan himself explains:

> What is the chief characteristic of the tall building? And at once we answer, it is lofty. This loftiness is to the artist-nature its thrilling aspect. It is the very open organ-tone of its appeal. It must be in turn the dominant chord in his expression of it, the true excitant of his imagination. It must be tall. The force and power of altitude must be in it. It must be every inch a proud and soaring thing, rising in sheer exultation that from bottom to top it is a unit without a single dissenting line.

Just as revolutionary as his solution for the tall office building was Sullivan's design for the Carson Pirie Scott Department Store (Figure 12) four years later in Chicago. With it he demonstrated the neutrality of the steel cage, which as a constructional system is not necessarily subject to a vertical emphasis. The emphasis here, in accord with Sullivan's sensibilities, is horizontal. As an eminently original conception it was not only important for Sullivan's contemporaries, but, significantly for modern architecture, it is still one of the most decisive architectural expressions based on the steel frame.

The architects Holabird and Roche also maintained a consistently high level of design and productive experimentation throughout their long careers in Chicago. Their McClurg Building of 1900 (Figure 13) shows the logic of form and familiarity of handling which they developed. Cast-iron façades, which permitted a much greater expanse of glass than masonry fronts, were now superseded by the steel frame and consequently even greater areas of glass. The excellently proportioned, subtle, yet straightforward façade of the McClurg Building illustrates not only notable progress in the curtain wall but the ease with which the client's requirements for interior lighting could be served, while the designers at the same time confirmed their own architectural ideals.

The technical achievements of the Chicago School immediately became nationally characteristic of the tall building in the United States. The feeling today is one of regret that the aesthetic precedents they set were not widely followed. They fully accepted the aesthetic possibilities of engineered forms, choosing and drawing out of their materials the inherent functional and expressive qualities, excluding that which was obsolete or fallacious. These basic concepts of modern architecture arrived at by the Chicago School were to be disregarded in the United States, not to be fully revived for another generation.

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In the space of half a century the skyscraper had become the salient and overwhelming characteristic of the greatest American cities. While the need for its control soon became evident, the action taken treated the external symptom but never the root of the problem.

The administration of mercantilism in its tremendous growth had come to require a close, continuous relationship between businessmen, their agents, and the innumerable organizations complementing and connecting a great financial center. The skyscraper was one of the prime instruments of speculative enterprise. As such, without regard for anything except extremely valuable ground area, skyscrapers were mounted as high as economically practicable and were even extended several stories below ground level.

The Equitable Building, designed by Ernest R. Flagg and completed in 1915 (Figure 14) was the climaxing abuse of the skyscraper and the indirect cause of the New York City zoning laws. Occupying an entire city block, this sheer towering mass of forty stories was eminently successful in depriving its neighbors of space, air, and light. At noon on December 21, the winter solstice, the building casts a shadow of seven and one-half acres. In turn, it is itself substantially deprived of sun and light by its neighbors.

New York City was motivated to institute zoning ordinances requiring setbacks not so much for physiological reasons but because surrounding buildings found that their light, and thereby their rental profit, had decreased. The Paramount Building (Figure 15), designed by the architects Rapp and Rapp and completed in 1926, is typical of a skyscraper built in conformance with the zoning laws.

The setback was partially effective in restoring some light and air to conglomerate groups of tall buildings and helping make the city slightly more habitable. This device seems to have brought groups of Mesopotamian ziggurats to the city (Figure 16), but without the Mesopotamian requirements of orientation and order. In any case man-made "canyons," as so perfectly illustrated by Lower Manhattan's Exchange Place (Figure 17), are no longer legally possible in New York.

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By the 1920's a coherent set of ideals for modern architecture arose in Europe on a foundation contributed by many sources—art movements, individual theorists, and technological developments. From this foundation came forth architects like Walter Gropius and

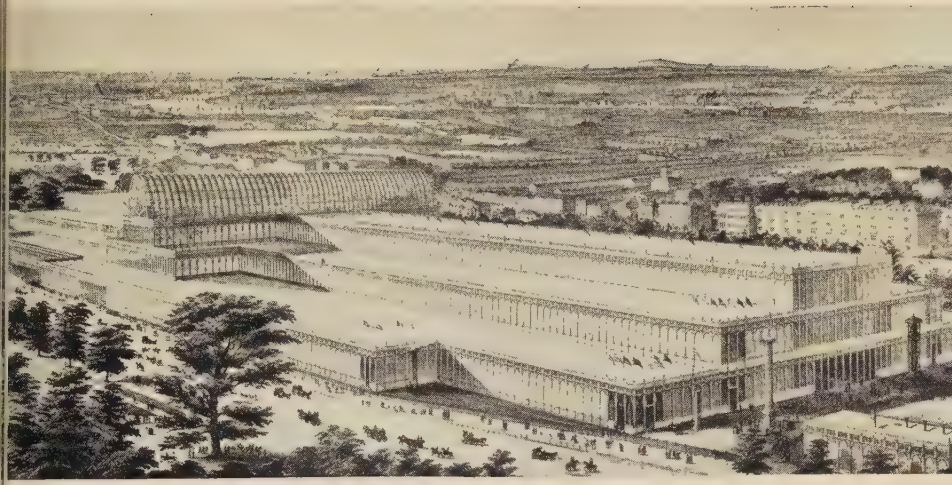
Mies van der Rohe to assert the new meanings in architecture. In America, Frank Lloyd Wright, almost alone, carried on in the creative spirit of the Chicago School which had nurtured him early in his career. While perhaps having no immediate effect, their imaginative designs provide almost the only link between the creativity of the Chicago School and the best contemporary designs for the tall building.

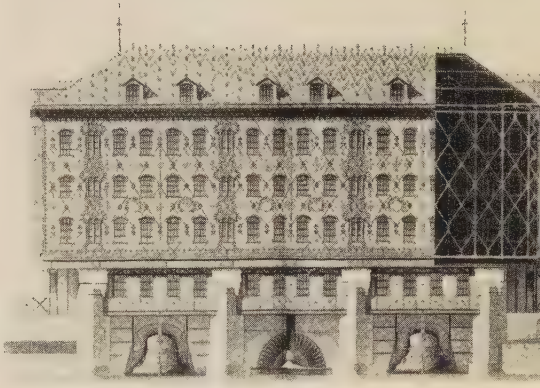
Mies van der Rohe's Project for a Glass Skyscraper in Berlin, 1920–21 (Figure 18), to say nothing of its purely original conception, is a radical departure toward pure structure and basic materials. In this building, according to Mies, the structural system is the basis of the design—the new form is developed from the very nature of new problems. Further, the curves of the all-glass sheathing are determined by three factors: sufficient illumination of the interior, the massing of the building as seen from the street, and the play of reflections. The project forecasts the directness and precision of Mies's later work.

Walter Gropius and Adolph Meyer submitted an impressive project from Germany (Figure 19) for the competition held in 1923 by the Chicago *Tribune* for a new office building. Gropius, today practicing in the United States, is closely associated with the birth and maintenance of the ideals of modern architecture. A lesson in skyscraper logic, the Tribune Building design again made evident the aesthetic potentialities of the skyscraper—potentialities founded for the United States in the work of the Chicago School, but now independently arrived at in Europe. If Gropius' building had been built, instead of the Gothic tower which did win the prize, it might have become a classic influence on design for height.

The apartment house project designed in 1929 by Frank Lloyd Wright for St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie, New York (Figure 20), consists of sets of duplex apartments hung on a cross-core of reinforced concrete retaining walls. The glass-enclosed units were to be separated vertically by a set of two balconies for each individual apartment, and horizontally by embossed copper bands. In plan, structure, and visual effect, the project demonstrated once more Wright's complete originality and freshness of approach.

During the first thirty years of the twentieth century, skyscrapers in America suffered from a monotonous sameness of design imposed





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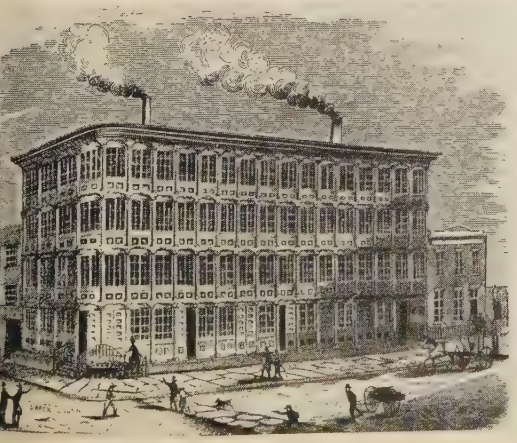

1 Crystal Palace, London, *1*

2 Menier Chocolate Factory
Noisiel-sur-Marne, *1872*

3 Bogardus Cast Iron Facto
New York, *1848*

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4 Montauk Block, Chicago, *1882*

5 Marshall Field Warehouse, Chicago, *1887*

6 Tacoma Building, Chicago, *188*

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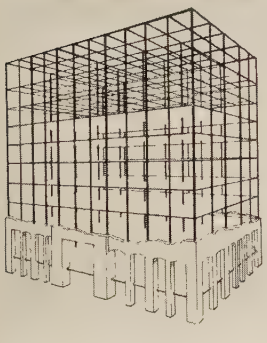

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7 Home Insurance Building, Chicago, *1885*

8 Skeleton Frame, Home Insurance Building

9 Monadnock Block, Chicago, *1891*

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10 Reliance Building, Chicago, *1895*

11 Guaranty Trust Building, Buffalo, *1895*

12

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12 Carson Pirie Scott Department Store, Chicago, *1899*

13 McClurg Building, Chicago, *1900*

14

15

16

Equitable Building, New York,
1915

Paramount Building, New York,
1926

Midtown Manhattan,
New York, *ca. 1948*

Exchange Place, New York,
ca. 1933

17

18 Glass Skyscraper Project for Berlin, *1921*

19 Chicago Tribune Tower Project, *1923*

20 St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie, New York, Apartment House Project, *1929*

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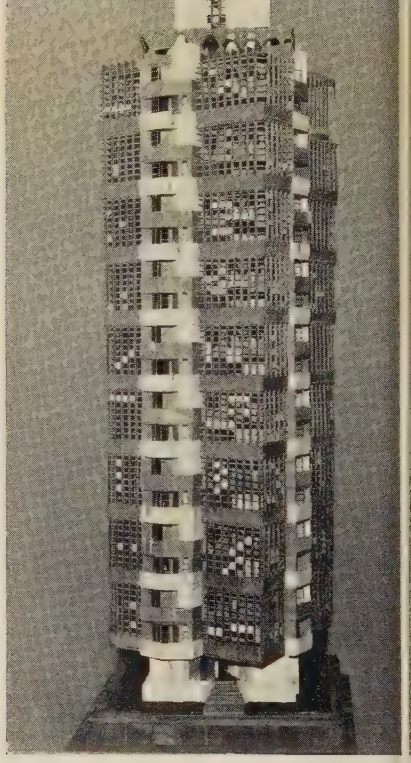

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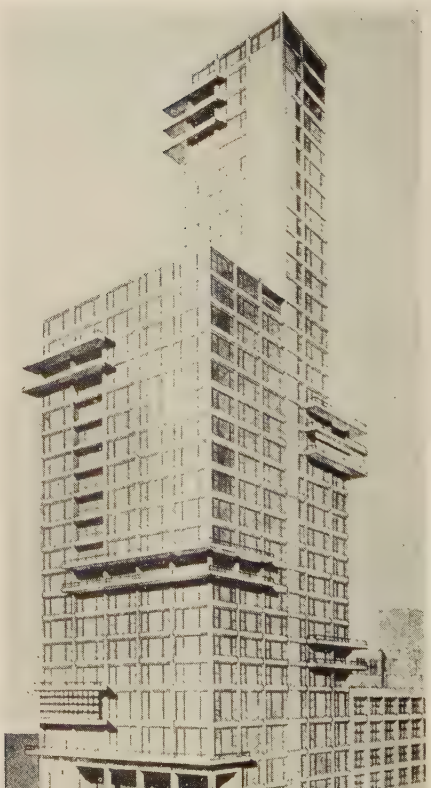

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1 Daily News Building, New York, *1930*

2 McGraw-Hill, Building, New York, *1931*

3 Philadelphia Savings Fund Society Building, *1934*

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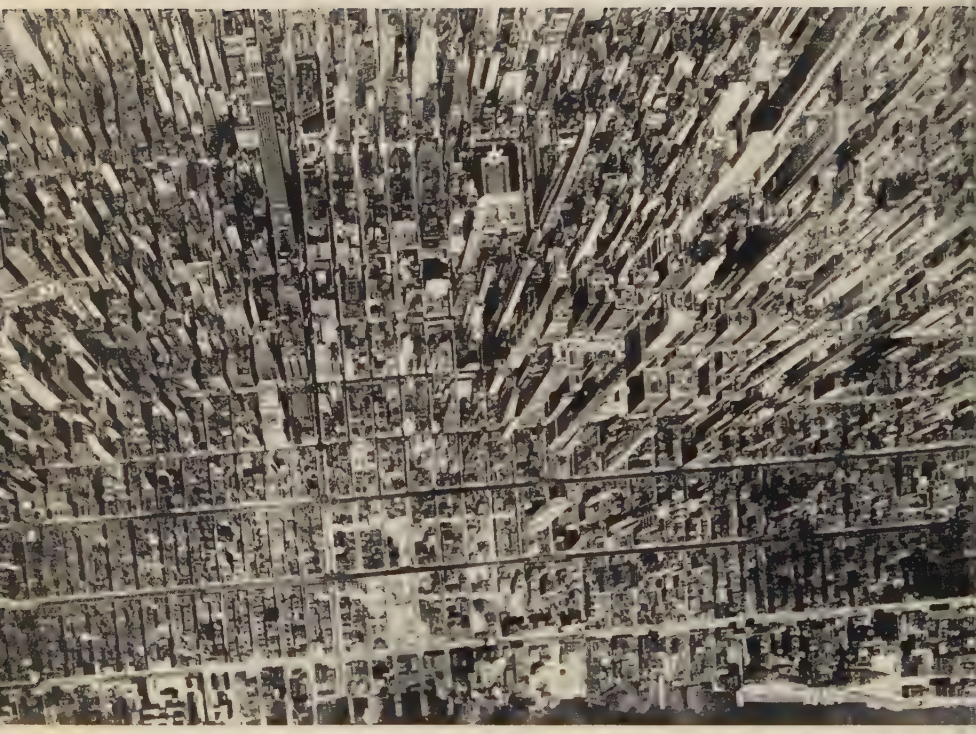

24 New York, Aerial View, *ca. 1945*

25 Chicago Skyline, *ca. 1945*

26 Detroit Skyline, *ca. 1948*

27 Pittsburgh Skyline, *ca. 1950*

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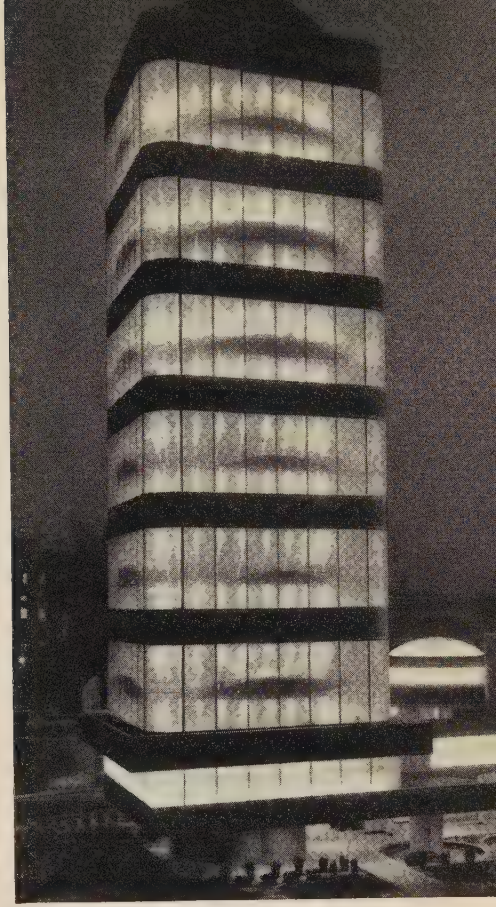
28 "Voisin Plan" for Paris, *19*

29 Lower Manhattan, New Y
1952

30 Rockefeller Center, New Y
1931-47

31-33 Johnson Wax Laboratory Tower, Racine, Wisconsin, *1949*



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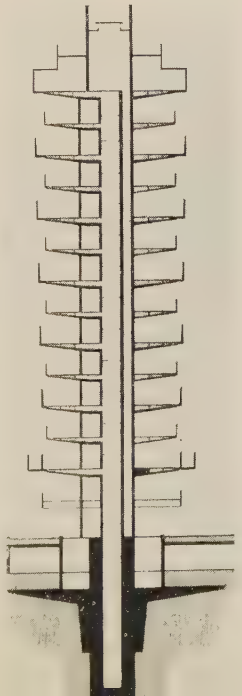

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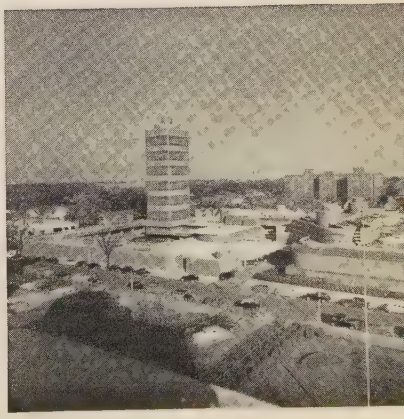

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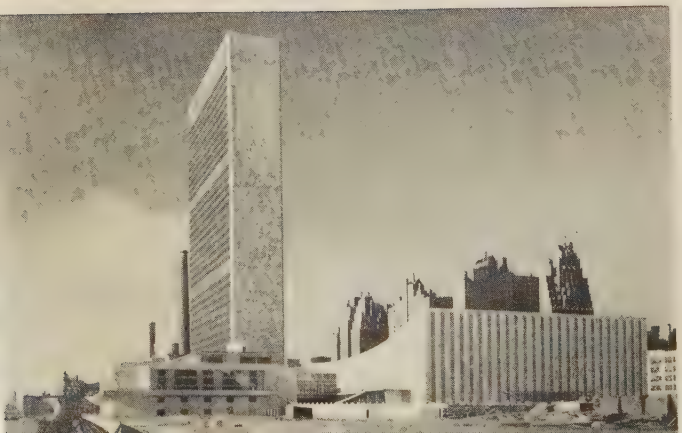

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, 35 United Nations Secretariat, New York, *1950*

6, 37 Lake Shore Drive Apartments, Chicago, *1951*

8, 39 Lever House, New York, *1952*

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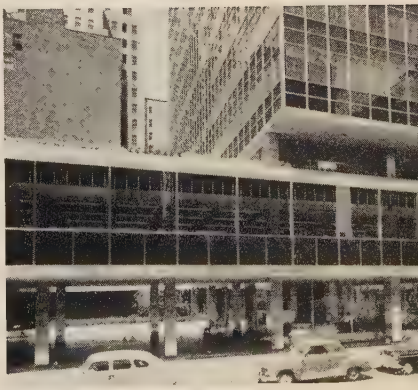

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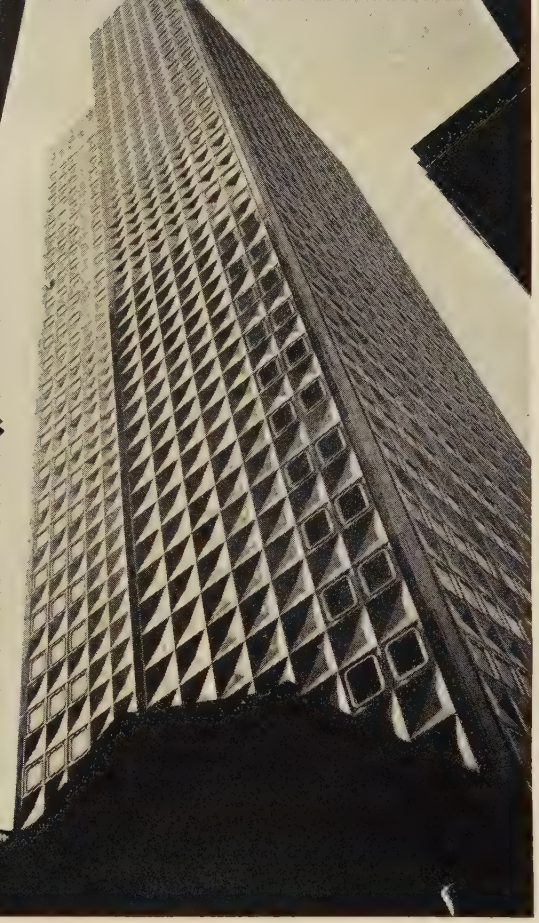

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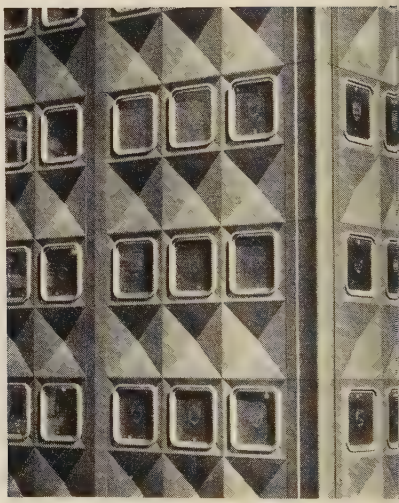

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40, 41 Alcoa Building, Pittsburgh, *1952*

on the one hand by the commercial desire to fill completely the alloted building space and volume, and on the other by inept architects applying classical devices to improve a colorless edifice. Thrown together, these buildings lacked scale or proportion in spite of their massiveness or height. The next three buildings discussed began the end of this era and pointed ahead to the time when the United States could begin to synthesize the new spirit of the age.

Certain aspects of the "Vertical Style" as rationally developed by Louis Sullivan became a formula for thousands of tall buildings during the next decade. The climax of the "Vertical Style" was seen in the New York Daily News Building designed by architects Raymond Hood and John Howells, and built in 1930 (Figure 21). Tempered by a subtle use of setbacks, its expression is simply and forcefully vertical. Supporting steel columns are contained only in every other pier; the non-structural piers reinforce the visual rhythm. At the top the piers end, quite sensibly, without the usual cornice, while the building as a whole achieves a good measure of architectural success.

In the very next year, architects Hood, Godley, and Fouilhoux introduced a completely different emphasis with the use of horizontality and color. The thirty-four-story McGraw-Hill Building, completed in 1931 in New York (Figure 22), is clad alternately with window strips and continuous bands of dark green glazed terra cotta. To preserve the separation of the layers, the structural members dividing the horizontal strips of windows are covered with dark terra cotta. The result for the tall building is a skillful combination of well-proportioned masses with the effects of horizontality.

The thirty-four-story Philadelphia Savings Fund Society Building of 1934 (Figure 23) embodied one of the very best solutions for the design of the tall building. A blend of European rationalism and American technology, it provided in actuality the long-needed lesson of integration, in the modern sense, of concept, structure, and materials. In this building the walls are obviously eliminated as structural elements; exposed piers perform this function, allowing for cantilevered office floors enclosed by alternating thin spandrel and window strips. The architects George Howe and William Lescaze

created a genuinely elegant structure through an intelligent use of materials, a comprehensive disposition of volumes, and an understanding use of space.

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The city sky line, impressive from afar, successfully masks the intense congestion and blight in the city itself. Its physical atmosphere is as much befouled with traffic noise as with smoke and dirt, while at definite hours of the day the crush of human and vehicular movement reaches a peak with the same inevitability as do the tides of the sea. Situations like these, intensified by crowded skyscrapers, are still to be fully appreciated as destructive of humankind before they can be remedied. If the city is to survive, it must realize that its very essence, to be nurtured rather than abused, is human.

There is no one view of the island of Manhattan that can encompass its myriad aspects—its color and excitement, its disorder and chaos, its grandeur or its decay. But here in our photograph (Figure 24) are shown some of its skyscrapers, distorted, as if frozen in their upward flight. They characterize the metropolis for what it is: a product of pride and financial speculation; a scaleless, uncontrolled, yet rigid conglomeration which may still have the power to remake itself when its inhabitants determine to achieve that rational state requiring not only urban stimulation but rural elements of quietude and regeneration in their pattern of living.

All the great cities in the United States, having grown so rapidly, suffer the same pressing problems which are slowly making impotent their urban function. None has escaped the indiscriminate tangle of industrial areas, motorized traffic, residences, mercantile establishments, and the pathways of the unfortunate pedestrian.

Chicago has had the foresight to preserve that portion of its environment fronting on Lake Michigan. The park belt separating skyscrapers from the lake is maintained north and south of the area shown in Figure 25. However, behind this façade which marks the edge of the business area stretches a gridiron wasteland of crowded and intermingled business, industrial, and residential blocks. Detroit's sky line (Figure 26), a typical example of skyscraper growth, is a

perfect reflection of the mercantile pyramid: at the center of the city high land values have forced the greatest height to achieve the greatest financial return; toward the outskirts there is a tapering-off of land values and consequently of height. The business center of Pittsburgh (Figure 27), a city favorably located at the junction of two rivers, is only now the scene of a planned group of skyscraper office buildings being constructed at the tip of the triangular promontory. Otherwise the city environs are a crowded complex of factories, mines, mills, and residences.

The history of city planning, although centuries old, has never been faced with the comparatively new phenomenon of the skyscraper and its attendant circumstances. However, one of the most brilliant advocates and producers of modern architecture, Le Corbusier, who is equally outstanding for his work in city planning, became seriously concerned with the problem of a skyscraper city. In 1925 he created a plan for rebuilding the center of Paris.

Based on his previous plan for a "Contemporary City," Le Corbusier's "Voisin Plan" of 1925 consists mainly of eighteen huge glass skyscrapers ("immense and radiant prisms") which, however, take up only five per cent of the available ground area while providing for over 500,000 people in a new commercial center. A model of the Voisin Plan (Figure 28) in comparison with a view of lower Manhattan (Figure 29), both illustrated on the same scale, shows the hopeless chaos of New York in contrast with a spaciously organized scheme which manifests an integral relationship of buildings to city. Le Corbusier's ideas have since changed, modified by time and changing conditions, but his early work is important for highlighting a problem becoming every day more acute, and for the genuine effort it represents.

About five years after the Voisin Plan was proposed, a planning event of some importance took place in the United States. This was Rockefeller Center (Figure 30), a complex of buildings which by virtue of its site, size, scale, and fame creates one of the rare focal points in New York City. Built between 1931 and 1947 and located on twelve acres in mid-Manhattan, this unique fifteen-building development marks the first large-scale privately financed example

of urban order in the city. The buildings are planned so as to permit each other the maximum of daylight, air, and space; here, for once, the financial reality of premium rentals for spacious, well-lighted, and unobstructed office surroundings coincided with some of the ideals of community welfare. The climax of the group is the truly vast seventy-story RCA Building which provided the best available solutions to the complex problems of accommodating a vertical city. The architects were Reinhard and Hofmeister; Corbett, Harrison and MacMurray; and Hood and Fouilhoux.

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The buildings next discussed include the most significant skyscrapers erected in the United States since the Philadelphia Savings Fund Society Building was completed in 1934. All, built since 1949, combine technical advance and a new social consciousness with aesthetic distinction, even as they constitute the basis for new growth.

As shelters characterizing a modern age, these buildings furnish insofar as possible the optimum environmental conditions for their inhabitants. Throughout all of them operate the precise dynamics and equilibrium of the supporting structure, while the controlled climate of their flexible interior spaces is maintained behind a light protective skin. New materials and industrial techniques at the architect's disposal are being further exploited. At present the curtain wall shows a variety of expression, especially in glass, but we may soon look for a greater articulation of the steel structure, perhaps in conjunction with the possibilities of reinforced concrete.

Frank Lloyd Wright, with the building of the Laboratory Tower for the Johnson Wax Company in Racine, Wisconsin in 1949 (Figures 31–33), substantially realized the structural scheme which he had proposed for the previously illustrated St. Mark's Apartments in New York—that of a skyscraper hung from a central steel and concrete core. In the tower a series of alternately square and smaller round floors is cantilevered from a circular core which contains the elevator and other utilities. The low parapets of each square floor, joined with broad bands of horizontal translucent glass tubing, form

the exterior screen. Simple as a circle in a square, raised and repeated, Wright's design is a masterful fusion of precision and softness.

The specific design and execution of the thirty-nine-story Secretariat of the United Nations Headquarters (Figures 34, 35) in New York was directed by Wallace K. Harrison after an international group of architects had agreed on an over-all plan. This towering structure, completed in 1950, rises from a spacious site, its major façades surfaced with heat-resistant green glass while its blank end walls are faced with grayish-green marble. Horizontal divisions and the topmost grille mark the placement of building utilities. The Secretariat presents a disciplined conception on a vast scale and is striking in its monumentality.

The latest example of skyscraper design by Mies van der Rohe is the pair of identical glass towers completed in 1951 (Figures 36, 37) which stand at the edge of Lake Michigan in Chicago. Glass-enclosed lobbies separate these twenty-six-story apartment dwellings from the ground. Each façade is made up of aluminum-framed window units set behind a network of black-painted steel. Vertical "I" beams welded to horizontal lintels extend the height of both buildings to form a delicate, linear texture over each surface. The rhythmic interplay of surface qualities, materials, and proportions, among themselves and between both buildings, is the carefully regulated means through which the structures produce their eloquent effect.

The twenty-eight-story Lever House (Figures 38, 39), designed by Gordon Bunshaft of Skidmore, Owings and Merrill, and completed in 1952, marks a peak in the consistently high-level work done by this firm. Creating for itself as far as possible the open space it deserves, the main tower rises above a pavilion, which itself is raised above the ground and surrounds a square open court. The owners were satisfied to enclose much less than half of their alloted building volume, although they occupy a very valuable site. A further extravagance is the omission of revenue-producing stores at street level where, instead, a covered space bounded by columns invites the pedestrian to the small open garden within. Exterior walls of blue and green glass, enclosing the simple rectangular forms, are fastened to the frame with thin strips of stainless steel. In its subtle and refined

use of glass as a determining material, the building seems to reflect away the confusion surrounding it, while freely rendering visual access to its own form.

The thirty-story Alcoa Building for the Aluminum Company of America in Pittsburgh (Figures 40, 41) demonstrates an entirely new application of the curtain wall. Designed by Wallace K. Harrison and Max Abramovitz, and completed in 1952, the building's steel frame is completely sheathed in aluminum. The walls, consisting of a system of prefabricated aluminum panels one story high and impressed with a triangular pattern to assure rigidity, were quickly and efficiently mounted into place from inside the building. The Alcoa Building, although twice as high as the masonry-walled Monadnock Block of 1891, has walls at ground level only one seventh as thick. The articulated façades of the Alcoa Building, functionally arrived at, imply a volume rather than encase a mass.

These five buildings wherever possible preserve the openness around them. Instead of displacing space, they define it and utilize its effect in the visual transition to their own form, allowing the whole to be seen and experienced. Although this experimentation in design is highly productive aesthetically, it takes place within a somewhat self-centered area. It marks a stage in the historical progression from masonry building to skyscrapers walled with stone to the present towers of glass. However, this does not meet the real problem of the skyscraper in the present day, a problem whose solution requires that the skyscraper be planned as an integral part of its environment —with a consequent concern for ulterior relationships as well as architectural expression. Let us hope that the time is not too far distant when our cities can be enriched by widely separated tall buildings, set in greenery, and oriented to the sun.

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Tennessee Williams

THE LONG STAY CUT SHORT, OR, THE UNSATISFACTORY SUPPER

Three Characters:

BABY DOLL
ARCHIE LEE
AUNT ROSE

THE CURTAIN RISES *on the porch and side yard of a shotgun cottage in Blue Mountain, Mississippi. The frame house is faded and has a greenish-gray cast with dark streaks from the roof, and there are irregularities in the lines of the building. Behind it the dusky cyclorama is stained with the rose of sunset, which is stormy looking, and the wind has a catlike whine.*

Upstage from the porch, in the center of the side yard, is a very large rose-bush, the beauty of which is somehow sinister looking.

A Prokofiev sort of music introduces the scene and sets a mood of grotesque lyricism.

The screen door opens with a snarl of rusty springs and latches: this stops the music.

Mrs. "Baby Doll" Bowman appears. She is a large and indolent woman, but her amplitude is not benign, her stupidity is not comfortable. There is a

suggestion of Egypt in the arrangement of her glossy black hair and in the purple linen dress and heavy brass jewelry that she is wearing.

Archie Lee Bowman comes out and sucks at his teeth. He is a large man with an unhealthy chalk-white face and slack figure.

(*The evenly cadenced lines of the dialogue between Baby Doll and Archie Lee may be given a singsong reading, somewhat like a grotesque choral incantation, and passages may be divided as strophe and antistrophe by Baby Doll's movements back and forth on the porch.*)

ARCHIE LEE: The old lady used to could set a right fair table, but not any more. The food has fallen off bad around here lately.

BABY DOLL: You're right about that, Archie Lee. I can't argue with you.

ARCHIE LEE: A good mess of greens is a satisfactory meal if it's cooked with salt pork an' left on th' stove till it's tender, but thrown in a platter ha'f cooked an' unflavored, it ain't even fit for hog-slops.

BABY DOLL: It's hard t' spoil greens but the old lady sure did spoil 'em.

ARCHIE LEE: How did she manage t' do it?

BABY DOLL: (*slowly and contemptuously*) Well, she had 'em on th' stove for about an hour. Said she thought they wuh boilin'. I went in the kitchen. The stove was stone cold. The silly old thing had forgotten to build a fire in it. So I called her back. I said, "Aunt Rose, I think I understand why the greens aren't boilin'." "Why aren't they boilin'?" she says. Well, I told her, "It might have something to do with the fack that the stove issen lighted!"

ARCHIE LEE: What did she say about that?

BABY DOLL: Juss threw back her head an' cackled. "Why, I thought my stove was lighted," she said. "I thought my greens wuh boilin'." Everything is *my*. My stove, my greens, my kitchen. She has taken possession of everything on the place.

ARCHIE LEE: She's getting delusions of grandeur. (*A high, thin laugh is heard inside.*) Why does she cackle that way?

BABY DOLL: How should I know why she cackles! I guess it's supposed to show that she's in a good humor.

ARCHIE LEE: A thing like that can become awf'ly aggravating.

BABY DOLL: It gets on my nerves so bad I could haul off and scream. And obstinate! She's just as obstinate as a mule.

ARCHIE LEE: A person can be obstinate and still cook greens.

BABY DOLL: Not if they're so obstinate they won't even look in a stove t' see if it's lighted.

ARCHIE LEE: Why don't you keep the old lady out of the kitchen?

BABY DOLL: You get me a decent servant and I'll keep her out of the kitchen. (*The screen door creaks open and Aunt Rose comes out on the porch. She is breathless with the exertion of moving from the kitchen, and clings to a porch column while she is catching her breath. She is the type of old lady, about eighty-five years old, that resembles a delicate white-headed monkey. She has on a dress of gray calico which has become too large for her shrunken figure. She has a continual fluttering in her chest which makes her laugh in a witless manner. Neither of the pair on the porch pays any apparent attention to her, though she nods and smiles brightly at each.*)

AUNT ROSE: I brought out m' scissors. Tomorrow is Sunday an' I can't stand for my house to be without flowers on Sunday. Besides if we don't cut the roses the wind'll just blow them away. (*Baby Doll yawns ostentatiously. Archie Lee sucks loudly at his teeth.*)

BABY DOLL: (*venting her irritation*) Will you quit suckin' your teeth?

ARCHIE LEE: I got something stuck in my teeth an' I can't remove it.

BABY DOLL: There's such a thing as a toothpick made for that purpose.

ARCHIE LEE: I told you at breakfast we didn't have any toothpicks. I told you the same thing at lunch and the same thing at supper. Does it have to appear in the paper for you to believe it?

BABY DOLL: There's other things with a point besides a toothpick.

AUNT ROSE: (*excitedly*) Archie Lee, Son! (*She produces a spool of thread from her bulging skirt-pocket.*) You bite off a piece of this thread and run it between your teeth and if that don't dislodge a morsel nothing else will!

ARCHIE LEE: (*slamming his feet from porch rail to floor*) Now listen, you all, I want you both to get this. If I want to suck at my teeth, I'm going to suck at my teeth!

AUNT ROSE: That's right, Archie Lee, you go on and suck at your teeth as much as you want to. (*Baby Doll grunts disgustedly. Archie Lee throws his feet back on the rail and continues sucking loudly at his teeth.*)

AUNT ROSE: (*hesitantly*) Archie Lee, Son, you weren't satisfied with your supper. I noticed you left a lot of greens on your plate.

ARCHIE LEE: I'm not strong on greens.

AUNT ROSE: I'm surprised to hear you say that.

ARCHIE LEE: I don't see why you should be. As far as I know I never declared any terrible fondness for greens in your presence, Aunt Rose.

AUNT ROSE: Well, somebody did.

ARCHIE LEE: Somebody probably did sometime and somewhere but that don't mean it was me.

AUNT ROSE: (*with a nervous laugh*) Baby Doll, who is it dotes on greens so much?

BABY DOLL: (*wearily*) I don't know who dotes on greens, Aunt Rose.

AUNT ROSE: All these likes and dislikes, it's hard to keep straight in your head. But Archie Lee's easy t' cook for, yes, he is, easy t' cook for! Jim's a complainer, oh, my, what a complainer. And Susie's household! What complainers! Every living one of them's a complainer! They're such complainers I die of nervous prostration when I'm cooking for them. But Archie Lee, here, he takes whatever you give him an' seems to love ev'ry bite of it! (*She touches his head.*) Bless you, honey, for being so easy t' cook for! (*Archie Lee picks up his chair and moves it roughly away from Aunt Rose. She laughs nervously and digs in her capacious pocket for the scissors.*) Now I'm goin' down there an' clip a few roses befo' th' wind blows 'em away 'cause I can't stand my house to be without flowers on Sunday. An' soon as I've finished with that, I'm goin' back in my kitchen an' light up my stove an' cook you some Eggs Birmingham. I won't have my men-folks unsatisfied with their supper. Won't have it, I won't stand for it! (*She gets to the bottom of the steps and pauses for breath.*)

ARCHIE LEE: What is Eggs Birmingham?

AUNT ROSE: Why, Eggs Birmingham was Baby Doll's daddy's pet dish.

ARCHIE LEE: That don't answer my question.

AUNT ROSE: (*as though confiding a secret*) I'll tell you how to prepare them.

ARCHIE LEE: I don't care how you prepare them, I just want to know what they are.

AUNT ROSE: (*reasonably*) Well, Son, I can't say what they are without telling how to prepare them. You cut some bread slices and take the centers out of them. You put the bread slices in a skillet with butter. Then into each cut-out center you drop one egg and on top of the eggs you put the cut-out centers.

ARCHIE LEE: (*sarcastically*) Do you build a fire in th' stove?

BABY DOLL: No, you forget to do that. That's why they call them Eggs Birmingham, I suppose. (*She laughs at her wit.*)

AUNT ROSE: (*vivaciously*) That's what they call them, they call them Eggs Birmingham and Baby Doll's daddy was just insane about them. When Baby Doll's daddy was not satisfied with his supper, he'd call for Eggs Birmingham and would stomp his feet on the floor until I'd fixed 'em! (*This recollection seems to amuse her so that she nearly falls over.*) He'd stomp his feet on th' floor!—until I'd fixed 'em. . . . (*Her laughter dies out and she wanders away from the porch, examining the scissors.*)

BABY DOLL: That old woman is going out of her mind.

ARCHIE LEE: How long is she been with us?

BABY DOLL: She come in October.

ARCHIE LEE: No, it was August. She pulled in here last August.

BABY DOLL: Was it in August? Yes, it was, it was August.

ARCHIE LEE: Why don't she go an' cackle at Susie's awhile?

BABY DOLL: Susie don't have a bed for her.

ARCHIE LEE: Then how about Jim?

BABY DOLL: She was at Jim's direckly before she come here and Jim's wife said she stole from her and that's why she left.

ARCHIE LEE: I don't believe she stole from her. Do you believe she stole from her?

BABY DOLL: I don't believe she stole from her. I think it was just an

excuse to get rid of her. (*Aunt Rose has arrived at the rosebush. The wind comes up and nearly blows her off her feet. She staggers around and laughs at her precarious balance.*)

AUNT ROSE: Oh, my gracious! Ha-ha! Oh! Ha-ha-ha!

BABY DOLL: Why, every time I lay my pocketbook down, the silly old thing picks it up and comes creeping in to me with it, and says, "Count the change."

ARCHIE LEE: What does she do that for?

BABY DOLL: She's afraid I'll accuse her of stealing, like Jim's wife did.

AUNT ROSE: (*singing to herself as she creeps around the rosebush*)

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!

ARCHIE LEE: Your buck-toothed cousin named Bunny, didn't he hit on a new way of using oil waste?

BABY DOLL: He did an' he didn't.

ARCHIE LEE: That statement don't make sense.

BABY DOLL: Well, you know Bunny. He hits on something and ropes in a few stockholders and then it blows up and the stockholders all go to court. And also he says that his wife's got female trouble.

ARCHIE LEE: They've all got something because they're not mental giants but they've got enough sense to know the old lady is going to break down pretty soon and none of 'em wants it to be while she's on their hands.

BABY DOLL: That is about the size of it.

ARCHIE LEE: And I'm stuck with her?

BABY DOLL: Don't holler.

ARCHIE LEE: I'm nominated the goat!

BABY DOLL: Don't holler, don't holler! (*Aunt Rose sings faintly by the rosebush.*)

ARCHIE LEE: Then pass the old lady on to one of them others.

BABY DOLL: Which one, Archie Lee?

ARCHIE LEE: Eeny-meeny-miney-mo.—Mo gets her.

BABY DOLL: Which is "Mo"?

ARCHIE LEE: Not me! (*Moving slowly and cautiously around the*

rosebush with her scissors, Aunt Rose sings to herself. Intersperses lines of the hymn with dialogue on porch. A blue dusk is gathering in the yard but a pool of clear light remains upon the rosebush.)

ARCHIE LEE: (*with religious awe*) Some of them get these lingering types of diseases and have to be given morphine, and they tell me that morphine is just as high as a cat's back.

BABY DOLL: Some of them hang on forever, taking morphine.

ARCHIE LEE: And quantities of it!

BABY DOLL: Yes, they take quantities of it!

ARCHIE LEE: Suppose the old lady broke a hipbone or something, something that called for morphine!

BABY DOLL: The rest of the folks would have to pitch in and help us.

ARCHIE LEE: Try and extract a dime from your brother Jim! Or Susie or Tom or Bunny! They're all tight as drums, they squeeze ev'ry nickel until th' buffalo bleeds!

BABY DOLL: They don't have much and what they have they hold onto.

ARCHIE LEE: Well, if she does, if she breaks down an' dies on us here, I'm giving you fair warning——(*lurches heavily to his feet and spits over edge of porch*) I'll have her burned up and her ashes put in an old Coca-Cola bottle——(*flops down again*) unless your folks kick in with the price of a coffin! (*Aunt Rose has clipped a few roses. Now she wanders toward the front of the cottage with them.*) Here she comes back. Now tell her.

BABY DOLL: Tell her what?

ARCHIE LEE: That she's outstayed her welcome.

AUNT ROSE: (*still at some distance*) I want you children to look.

ARCHIE LEE: You going to tell her?

AUNT ROSE: I want you children to look at these poems of nature!

ARCHIE LEE: Or do I have to tell her?

BABY DOLL: You hush up and I'll tell her.

ARCHIE LEE: Then tell her right now, and no more pussyfooting.

AUNT ROSE: (*now close to the porch*) Look at them, look at them, children, they're poems of nature! (*But the "children" stare unresponsively, not at the flowers but at Aunt Rose's face with its extravagant brightness. She laughs uncertainly and turns to Archie Lee*

for a more direct appeal.) Archie Lee, aren't they, aren't they just poems of nature? (*He grunts and gets up, and as he passes Baby Doll's chair he gives it a kick to remind her. Baby Doll clears her throat.*)

BABY DOLL: (*uneasily*) Yes, they are poems of nature, Aunt Rose, there is no doubt about it, they are. And, Aunt Rose—while we are talking—step over here for a minute so I can speak to you. (*Aunt Rose had started away from the porch, as if with a premonition of danger. She stops, her back to the porch, and the fear is visible in her face. It is a familiar fear, one that is graven into her very bones, but which she has never become inured to.*)

AUNT ROSE: What is it, honey? (*She turns around slowly.*) I know you children are feeling upset about something. It don't take a gypsy with cards to figure that out. You an' Archie Lee both are upset about something. I think you were both unsatisfied with your supper. Isn't that it, Baby Doll? The greens didn't boil long enough. Don't you think I know that? (*She looks from Baby Doll's face to Archie Lee's back with a hesitant laugh.*) I played a fool trick with my stove, I thought it was lighted and all that time it was . . .

BABY DOLL: Aunt Rose, won't you set down so we can talk comfortably?

AUNT ROSE: (*with a note of hysteria*) I don't want to set down, I don't want to set down, I can talk on my feet! I tell you, getting up an' down is more trouble than it's worth! Now what is it, honey? As soon as I've put these in water, I'm going to light up my stove an' cook you two children some Eggs Birmingham. Archie Lee, Son, you hear that?

ARCHIE LEE: (*roughly, his back still turned*) I don't want Eggs Birmingham.

BABY DOLL: He don't want Eggs Birmingham and neither do I. But while we are talking, Aunt Rose—well—Archie Lee's wondered and I've been wondering, too . . .

AUNT ROSE: About what, Baby Doll?

BABY DOLL: Well, as to whether or not you've—made any plans.

AUNT ROSE: Plans?

BABY DOLL: Yes, plans.

AUNT ROSE: What kind of plans, Baby Doll?

BABY DOLL: Why, plans for the future, Aunt Rose.

AUNT ROSE: Oh! Future! No—no, when an old maid gets to be nearly a hundred years old, the future don't seem to require much planning for, honey. Many's a time I've wondered but I've never doubted. . . . (*Her voice dies out and there is a strain of music as she faces away from the porch.*) I'm not forgotten by Jesus! No, my Sweet Savior has not forgotten about me! The time isn't known to me or to you, Baby Doll, but it's known by Him and when it comes He will call me. A wind'll come down and lift me an' take me away! The way that it will the roses when they're like I am. . . . (*The music dies out and she turns back to the tribunal on the front porch.*)

BABY DOLL: (*clearing her throat again*) That's all very well, Aunt Rose, to trust in Jesus, but we've got to remember that Jesus only helps those that—well—help themselves!

AUNT ROSE: Oh, I know that, Baby Doll! (*She laughs.*) Why, I learned that in my cradle, I reckon I must have learned that before I was born. Now when have I ever been helpless? I could count my sick days, the days that I haven't been up and around, on my fingers! My Sweet Savior has kept me healthy an' active, active an' healthy, yes, I do pride myself on it, my age hasn't made me a burden! And when the time comes that I have to lean on His shoulder, I——(*Archie Lee turns about roughly.*)

ARCHIE LEE: All this talk about Jesus an' greens didn't boil an' so forth has got nothing at all to do with the situation! Now look here, Aunt Rose——

BABY DOLL: (*getting up*) Archie Lee, will you hold your tongue for a minute?

ARCHIE LEE: Then you talk up! And plain! What's there to be so pussyfooting about?

BABY DOLL: There's ways and there's ways of talking anything over!

ARCHIE LEE: Well, talk it over and get off the subject of Jesus! There's Susie, there's Jim, there's Tom and Jane and there's Bunny! And if none of them suits her, there's homes in the county will take her! Just let her decide on which one she is ready to visit.

First thing in the morning I'll pile her things in the car and drive her out to whichever one's she's decided! Now ain't that a simple procedure compared to all of this pussyfooting around? Aunt Rose has got sense. She's counted the rooms in this house! She knows that I'm nervous, she knows that I've got work to do and a workingman's got to be fed! And his house is his house and he wants it the way that he wants it! Well, Jesus Almighty, if that's not a plain, fair and square way of settling the matter, I'll wash my hands clean and leave you two women to talk it over yourselves! Yes, I'll—be God damned if——! (*He rushes in and slams the screen door. There is a long pause in which Baby Doll looks uncomfortably at nothing, and Aunt Rose stares at the screen door.*)

AUNT ROSE: (*finally*) I thought you children were satisfied with my cooking. (*A blue dusk has gathered in the yard. Aunt Rose moves away from the porch and there is a strain of music. The music is drowned out by the catlike whine of the wind turning suddenly angry. Baby Doll gets up from her wicker chair.*)

BABY DOLL: Archie Lee, Archie Lee, you help me in with these chairs before they blow over! (*She drags her chair to the screen door.*) It looks and sounds like a twister! Hold that screen open for me! Pull in that chair! Now this one! We better get down in the cellar! (*As an afterthought.*) Aunt Rose, come in here so we can shut this door! (*Aunt Rose shakes her head slightly. Then she looks toward the sky, above and beyond the proscenium, where something portentous is forming.*)

BABY DOLL: (*back in the house*) Call Aunt Rose in!

ARCHIE LEE: (*near the door*) The stubborn old thing won't budge. (*The door slams shut. The whine of the angry cat turns into a distant roar and the roar approaches. But Aunt Rose remains in the yard, her face still somberly but quietly thoughtful. The loose gray calico of her dress begins to whip and tug at the skeleton lines of her figure. She looks wonderingly at the sky, then back at the house beginning to shrink into darkness, then back at the sky from which the darkness is coming, at each with the same unflinching but troubled expression. Nieces and nephews and cousins, like pages of an album, are rapidly turned through her mind, some of them loved as children but none of them really her children*

and all of them curiously unneedful of the devotion that she had offered so freely, as if she had always carried an armful of roses that no one had ever offered a vase to receive. The flimsy gray scarf is whipped away from her shoulders. She makes an awkward gesture and sinks to her knees. Her arms let go of the roses. She reaches vaguely after them. One or two she catches. The rest blow away. She struggles back to her feet. The blue dusk deepens to purple and the purple to black and the roar comes on with the force of a locomotive as Aunt Rose's figure is still pushed toward the rosebush.)

THE CURTAIN FALLS

Paul J. Tillich

THE PERSON IN A TECHNICAL SOCIETY

The revolt against depersonalization in the modern era

It is my understanding of the movement called Existentialism that it rebels in the name of personality against the depersonalizing forces of technical society. I want to begin with some references to the earlier history of Existentialism. This history, which began in the middle of the nineteenth century, has influenced the fate of the twentieth century in all spheres of human existence. The immense tragedy of our political, as well as the creative chaos of our spiritual, situation are foreshadowed and deeply affected by the Existentialist rebels of the nineteenth century. Moreover, the tradition is rooted in the protest of the lonely prophets of the nineteenth century against the threatened destruction of humanity and personality by technical society.

I. KIERKEGAARD AND EXISTENTIALISM

It is usual to refer to Kierkegaard as the founder of Existentialism. For the theologians especially, this is the natural start. Historically, however, this is incorrect, since people like Pascal, Schelling, and others had raised the Existentialist protest before Kierkegaard. They had done it for the same reason and with the same purpose as Kierkegaard: to resist a world in which everything was transformed

into a thing, a means, an object of scientific calculation, psychological and political management. Kierkegaard saw that, in spite of many romantic elements in Hegel, and in spite of his doctrine of freedom as the purpose of history, the real outcome of his attempt to subject all reality to a system of logical forms was that the existing individual was swallowed, the deciding personality was eliminated. The world-process, playing with the individual, gave him the feeling that he was deciding for himself, whereas the process, governed by dialectical necessity, had already decided about him. Kierkegaard's metaphor of the "leap" embodies his protest against Hegel's logically determined world-process as the idealistic mirror of the realities of the modern world. This was its greatness and this was the reason why the revolt against our world found its most successful expression in the protest against this mirror. Kierkegaard made his protest on the basis of classical Protestantism. But classical Protestantism had ceased to be an immediate reality. It had been lost and had to be regained. How? By being put in its place in the whole of the dialectical process, answered Hegel. By being reached through the leap of faith, answered Kierkegaard. Hegel's answer makes classical Protestantism a useful element within the frame of technical society; Kierkegaard's answer asks the individual to break away from this society in order to save his existence as a person. Hence Kierkegaard's loneliness, hence the pathological traits in his dealing with marriage, vocation, and Church, hence the lack of any effect in his own time. All this is understandable if the existing person can only be saved by a leap. Our own period, in which Kierkegaard has shaped philosophy as well as theology in the Existentialist direction, has shown this clearly. Philosophical Existentialism demands the leap of the individual out of all traditions and social obligations into the freedom of normless decisions. Theological Existentialism demands the leap of the individual out of his given cultural and intellectual situation into the acceptance of a sacred tradition formulated hundreds of years ago. The leap liberates, but does it not enslave again? The personalities of Sartre's novels have absolute freedom, but it is actually the freedom of falling under the compulsion of the internal or external situation of the moment. And the neo-orthodox Christian subjects himself

through the leap of faith to traditional ecclesiastical dogmas. He is free in the moment of his leap. But his leap into freedom involves the sacrifice of his freedom. The power of technical society is manifest in this conflict between rational necessity and the leap of freedom. The person is lost if rational necessity prevails. He tries to save himself by the leap which, however, leads to new forms of servitude, natural or supranatural ones. Only if we face realistically this situation, which even more than Hegel's and Kierkegaard's is our own situation, can we realize the seriousness of the problem of "the person in a technical society."

II. MARX AS EXISTENTIALIST

While Hegel provided the idealistic mirror of technical society, Marx gave its realistic description. This accounts for his ambiguous relation to Hegel, his opposition to him insofar as the idealistic side is concerned, his dependence on him with respect to the dialectical analysis of present-day society. Marx saw much more clearly than Kierkegaard that it is not a system of thought but the reality of modern society which is responsible for the reduction of the person to a commodity. His famous descriptions of the dehumanizing effects of economy in the industrial age center around the proletariat, but they are meant for all groups of society. Everyone, insofar as he is drawn into the all-embracing mechanism of production and consumption, is enslaved to it, loses his character as person, and becomes a thing. Marx did not think that it is the technical method of production as such which destroys personal freedom, but that the social structure of the class society is responsible for it. He believed in possibilities of humanizing the technical process, but he did not believe that this could happen within the frame of the class society. Therefore he became a political rebel against the social and economic structure of bourgeois society and exerted a tremendous historical force, not only in the countries which became "Marxist"—at least in pretense—but also in those which avoided a radical transformation by fulfilling demands of the Marxist movements within the framework of bourgeois society. This should not be forgotten by those still interested in an unprejudiced, scientific criticism of Marx.

The way in which Marx envisages the salvation of the person in technical society unites dialectical necessity with political decision in a highly ambiguous way. Marx, the sociologist, follows Hegel's method of structural analysis and derives from it not what Hegel did, a systematic glorification of the present, but a necessary, calculable development into a glorious future. At the same time he appeals to the action of the proletariat, especially the vanguard which consists of proletarians and people from other groups who have joined them. Appeal is senseless without the presupposition that it can be accepted or rejected. He did not believe that the "person" in the proletarian was extinguished to such a degree that political appeals would be meaningless. This view is supported by the two concepts which characterize Marx's view of man, the concept of "dehumanization" and the concept of "real humanism." Both presuppose that man can be distorted by social conditions in such a way that his humanity is lost, and both presuppose that there will be a state of things in which his humanity is re-established. Both concepts show that Marx is concerned with the loss and the salvation of the "person" in the technical society as he experienced it.

But again, as in the case of Kierkegaard, the power of this society became manifest as soon as the question was: how can one break away from it? The answer seems to be easy: through the dialectical process and the revolution it will bring about. But social dialectics and revolution occur through human beings, and this introduces alternatives which are as difficult as those we found in Kierkegaard's doctrine of the leap. If those in a state of complete depersonalization are carried by the dialectical process into the "realm of freedom," how can they use it without radical transformation from thing to person? But if they are still persons they introduce an incalculable element into the situation. The proletarians may not see their real interest, or their enemies may be unexpectedly strong, or groups may become active who do not fit the simple class scheme, or the proletarians may carry through their demands to such a degree that they cease to be proletarians in the genuine sense of the word. All this has actually happened and has produced two contradictory reactions. The one is the reaction by what is called today "the free world,"

namely, the attempt to save the person within the frame of the bourgeois-capitalistic society by methods of reform (whatever they may be called). The other is the reaction by what is today called "communism," namely, the attempt to save the person in a future state of history by removing in the present those personal elements which might endanger the future. This has led to the establishment of the communist system in which all technical refinements are used to eliminate personal resistance against the system. A type of technical society has been created in which the person of the present is completely sacrificed for the sake of the expected person of the future. A movement which started with a passionate fight against depersonalization has turned into one of the greatest depersonalizing powers in all history.

III. NIETZSCHE'S PROTEST

Existentialism's fight against the dangers of the technical society was carried on at the same time on a third front, one which determined more than did the two others the nature of the present fight against depersonalization. It was in the name of life that Nietzsche fought against the "nihilism" of the technical culture. Many followed him, in all spheres of spiritual creativity. He and the movement of which he is the most conspicuous symbol saw more sharply than did Kierkegaard and Marx the deepest roots of the dehumanizing and depersonalizing tendencies of modern society. Technical society—this is the message of all adherents of the "philosophy of life" (whether philosophers or poets or writers or artists)—destroys the creative power of life. Man becomes, according to Nietzsche, a cog in the all-embracing machine of production and consumption. This self, whose center is the will to realize itself, has nothing to will any more, and therefore it wills nothingness. Only a new beginning of the will which wills itself can save life from a complete disintegration. This will (misleadingly called by Nietzsche the "will to power") is the self-affirmation of life, as life, against everything which transforms it into an object, a thing, a tool. Only a small group of people are the bearers of this new beginning, persons acting with a sense of heroic self-affirmation. They are the saviors of personal existence,

through whom the power of life will reappear. On this basis the philosophers of life denounce the technical mass civilization, the egalitarian ideals, the subjection to the system of values which are accepted in this civilization, including the Christian values insofar as they are amalgamated with the ideals of modern society. Only a few romanticists amongst the philosophers of life attacked the technical development as such (just as did a few ecstatics amongst the socialists, and a few pietists amongst the followers of Kierkegaard). Generally speaking, the technical world was accepted as a meaningful creation of life. But the way in which this creation turns against its creator awakens the wrath of all philosophers of life. They want to restore the integrity of creative life by looking for some unity below the split into subject and object. On their way they meet depth-psychology, the emphasis on the unconscious, or the instincts, or the demonic, or the unreflective and unbroken self-realization. From their beginnings in the early nineteenth century to their full development at the end of the nineteenth and the first half of the twentieth century, depth-psychology, philosophy of life, and Existentialism were intimate allies. Their common enemy was and is the objectifying, depersonalizing power of technical society. They do not look for religious liberation through the leap of faith as did Kierkegaard, nor for political liberation through social dialectics as did Marx, but they seek the liberation which comes out of the depth of the personal life itself, man's unconscious ground, his drives and instincts, his unity with nature, his self-affirming will. Sometimes they look back into the past, not in order to return to it, but in order to discover in it examples of undistorted life, *e.g.*, in the Middle Ages, or in the archaic periods of the ancient cultures, or in the so-called primitives. Some go even beyond this and use the unreflective animal life to symbolize the ideal they set against the realities of technical society (note the use of animal symbols in Nietzsche's *Zarathustra*).

IV. CONTEMPORARY PROTESTS

Again the protest is profound and forceful. But is it able to pierce the walls of the society and counteract its depersonalizing power? Obviously not. It is driven to fateful self-contradiction. Politically the

fight against the intelligentsia and for the primitive and the genuine —in its extreme form for "blood and soil"—has produced the most sophisticated and technically elaborated tools for suppressing every genuine expression of life which did not fit the demands of the political system. Man in this society was pressed into a scheme of thought, action, and daily behavior more suited to machine parts than to human beings. Even the faces of the storm troopers, for example, were as stereotyped as industrial tools. Any indication of personality and individuality was removed. The attempt, made in the name of life, to overcome the rule of depersonalized things, has produced the complete suppression of humanity in the supporters of this attempt. And its victims (including many followers) were transformed by terror into slaves, not less obedient than the slave which is called machine. The only way in which the original emphasis on life was maintained was the unrestricted realization of formerly repressed drives toward power, pleasure, and destruction. This was done in the name of vitality, against rationality. But the result was a mutilated, self-destroying vitality united with bestiality and absurdity. The power of the technical world proved again to be overwhelming.

Recent Existentialism (Sartre) tried to break the power of technical civilization by isolating the individual from its embracing structure. It tries to save the person by asking him to create himself, without the aid of norms, laws, and principles, without anybody else or anything else. According to Sartre, the individual's creation of himself is the aim of true humanism. Since "man's essence is his existence" no criteria are given to him for his self-creating activity. The will willing itself, decision deciding for the sake of deciding and not for the sake of a content, freedom maintaining itself by the rejection of any obligation and devotion—all these descriptions of the existential situation express the protest of Existentialism against our technical world. They are in analogy to Kierkegaard's "leap"; and their freedom is as much a leap into the dark as Kierkegaard's leap would have been without his participation in the Christian Lutheran tradition. By surrendering all norms they deliver the person to the contingencies of the situation, they depersonalize him.

Much more successful in saving the person from the dehumanizing power of technical society seems to be the third ally in the fight for genuine life, depth-psychology, especially in its latest development in which all emphasis is put on the analysis and synthesis of personal life. "Personality" has become the central concept of post-Freudian psychotherapeutic development. The analytic attempt to liberate the unconscious from the repressions forced upon it by the society, to liberate the Ego from the authoritarian representatives of the "Superego," to liberate the person from the compulsive drives which subdue the personal center and eliminate its power of making personal decisions—all this seems to be the way to the salvation of the person in the technical society. Many people believe that it is, and feel that their own experiences support this belief. So we must ask: Is psychotherapy the way to break through the otherwise unconquerable fortress of technical society? Is it the way to save the person from becoming a thing amongst things? Or is there a problem similar to that in the other attempts to save personal existence, namely the problem of unmediated transition, "the leap," involved in breaking away from the tyranny of technical civilization. For two reasons it seems to me that the situation is not essentially different: first, because the individual person is not isolated; second, because the method of liberating him may strengthen that from which it tries to liberate. The first reason points back to Marx, the second to Nietzsche. A philosophical analyst once said to me: "What is the use of my work with my patients, even if most successful, when I have to send them back into *this* society?" More and more psychotherapists have discovered that the conflicts of their patients are partly, often largely, conditioned by the social situation in which they live, the competitive, technical, post-puritan society with the repressions, the anxiety, and the compulsions it produces. These conditions set a limit to the healing power of analysis and lead to a demand for a social transformation for the sake of the person and his salvation from depersonalizing forces.

But psychoanalysis has not only its Marxist problem, it has also its Nietzschean problem. It is the question: Can a method, a technically elaborated procedure, save the person from technical

society? Two answers can be given. The one would say that psychotherapy is indeed a technique and works like every technique through adequate means toward a definite end. The end is the healing of pathological states of mind; the means are determined by their methodological adequacy to the end. If this answer is accepted, the psychoanalyst no more saves the person than does the practitioner of bodily medicine. The opposite answer would say that within the psychotherapeutic method elements are present which transcend the mere technical sphere, which involve above all a person-to-person relationship which may be saving for the patient as person. If this answer is accepted it means that the analyst implicitly and indirectly exercises priestly functions. This is quite possible and certainly very often real. But then it is not psychotherapy as psychotherapy which saves the person, but the spiritual substance in which both the analyst and the patient participate. And the question remains: What is this saving power?

V. TWO SHORT CUTS

The result of all this seems to be quite negative. It seems that the Existentialist revolts against technical society have been futile. From Kierkegaard to present-day psychotherapy, the problem of transition is decisive for the failure to save the person within the technical society. The demand for a "leap" is, in all its variations, more an expression of despair than an answer. Nevertheless, the Existentialist revolt is the decisive event, theoretical and practical, of the last one hundred years. It has shown the problem and it has given different inadequate solutions, each of which demonstrated the superiority of the technical society over all those who attacked it. But the attack itself was and is most significant. Whether victorious or not, it kept alive the consciousness that technical society is the great threat against the person. This is the reason why almost all important creations of the last decades were creations by those who belong to the movement of rebellion against the technical society.

These attacks have led to attitudes and systems of life and thought which challenge the contemporary bourgeois society. What, then, about this society and the attitude toward it by groups who largely

agree with the criticism made by the one hundred years of Existentialist protest and who, at the same time, are aware of the tragic self-contradictions into which the protesting ideas were driven when they succeeded politically or spiritually? It seems to me one must avoid two short cuts: the first the return, in a state of disappointment, to a full affirmation of present-day technical society; the second the use of the Christian message as a *deus ex machina* which solves all problems unsolved by the Existentialist movement!

The first short cut is an understandable reaction to the chaos of disintegration and the horrors of attempted reintegration which we have experienced in our period. A conservative mood today pervades not only the disappointed members of the older generation but also the younger people who, without a revolutionary impetus and without visions concerning the future, adapt themselves in a matter-of-fact way to the concrete demands of the given reality. It is a practical positivism, but without the forward-looking enthusiasm of the earlier positivism. It is a realism of resignation. One hardly can resist this mood in a world in which small groups, under the protection of political and military secrecy, rule mankind; and in which the dependence on production of a highly technical character subjects everybody more and more to a new kind of fate—as incalculable and threatening as that which haunted men toward the end of the ancient world. Nevertheless, one can resist this mood, not by closing one's eyes to this actual situation, not by glorifying our own reality because it is not as bad as the reality elsewhere—certainly it is better, yet the threat is the same—not by pointing to the improvements of the social situation in the Western world—certainly there are improvements, yet the conflict between person and industrial society is not removed—but by transcending the whole situation and seeing it from a point beyond it.

This point, however, is not the Christian Church and her traditional message. To say this would be another short cut. One must ask, especially on Christian ground, why the Church and her message are so powerless in their fight against the depersonalizing forces of the present world. The reason cannot be that they are in themselves without power. The opposite is true, not only for the vision of faith,

ut also for sociological and psychological observation. The reason
iat the Church and her message are unable to resist the progressive
nnihilation of the person within industrial society is something else.
: is the unintended participation of the Church in the essential
tructure of industrial society. Step by step, the Church, including the
vay she has shaped and communicated her message, has been deter-
iined by the categories of life and thought which characterize
idustrial society. The Church became infected with the very spirit
f that against which she was supposed to defend the person. The
rocess of depersonalization has caught up even with the churches
nd their members. One should not close his eyes in the face of this
tuation, and one should not glorify the churches as more protected
gainst depersonalization. Certainly they are more protected in
rinciple, namely, by their foundation, their message, their commu-
ity—but this is not a necessary protection in the actual churches.
hey have means of resisting depersonalization in their traditions,
ieir symbols, their rites—but these means can be transformed into
owerful tools of dehumanization. They emphasize the infinite
alue of the individual person—but they are in danger of deper-
onalizing the person in order to preserve his infinite value. One must
anscend not only society but also that stratum in society which is
ivolved in the churches, in order to see the situation in its threaten-
ig power. Only from "beyond" can industrial society and its
ehumanizing forces be resisted and finally overcome.

I. MAN AND THE NEW REALITY

wo short cuts have been rejected: the conservative acceptance of
ie state of things within the so-called "free world," and the eccle-
astical acceptance of the churches as the means of saving the person
i the industrial society. It is obvious that the widespread combination
f these two short cuts does not provide the right way. What, then,
the direction in which we must look for the right way? It is the
hristian message of the New Reality, seen in the light of the Existen-
alist criticism of the old reality, and of its special expression in the
idustrial society. It is now possible to point to some basic implica-
ons of this idea.

The first critical statement to be derived from it is directed against the reality of such a thing as "Industrial Society." Its meaning is a society whose character is determined by man's industrial activity. Man certainly is *homo faber*, industrial man. The being which invented the first tool *as* a tool for permanent use transcends by this act everything given, and becomes potentially the creator of a world beyond the given world. The importance of this fact can hardly be exaggerated in a theological or philosophical doctrine of man. But this power of transcending the given is not an isolated element in man's nature. It is interdependent with many other elements within a total structure. The industrial man is at the same time the man who is able to speak because he has universals; he is social man because he is able to have I-Thou relations, he is theoretical man because he is able to ask and receive answers; he is moral man because he is able to make responsible decisions; and he is religious man because he is able to be aware of his finitude and of the infinite to which he belongs at the same time. Man is all this because of the basic structure of being which is complete in him; he has a centered self in correlation with a structured world. He looks at both of them, he is free from and for both of them, and he can transcend them both.

If one element in this structure is developed in isolation and put into control over the others, not only is the whole structure distorted, but the special element itself loses its power and its meaning. If, for instance, industrial society transforms the universities into places of research for industrial purposes, not only do the universities lose their function of asking radically for the truth, but the technical development itself will be stopped in the long run—the danger of present-day America. On the other hand, if the universities isolate their function of asking for man's existential concern, *e.g.*, the social, they lose their significance and fall victims to unanalyzed ideologies—the danger of past Germany. Many similar examples about the self-destructive consequences of the isolation and imperialism of a special function of the human mind can easily be given. In all of them the result is depersonalization, for the person is a centered whole to which all his functions are subjected. As soon as one function is separated from the others and put into control over the whole, the person is subjected

to this function and through it to something which is not himself. The person *becomes* this function. This is true even of religion. The abominable word "religionist" implies that a man has dissolved his personality into the religious function, that he is, for example, not free to ask radically even for the truth of religion, that he cannot transcend his functional limits—an implication not present in vocational names such as artist, economist, statesman, bishop. If religion makes "religionists," it destroys the person as much as industry does by producing an industrial age. Not industry but the isolation and imperialism of industry is the threat for the person in our time.

Homo faber, the industrial man, makes tools; this is the only thing he can "make." The "world above" the "world" he produces is the world of means, leaving open the question of the ends. One previous consideration has shown that the person is either the end for which everything else is means, or else the person becomes a means and then not only the person but also the end is lost. There is no end in the chain of means and ends except the person. And if the person himself becomes a means, an endless chain of means-and-ends-and-means is established which crushes purpose, meaning, and person. But one may ask the question: Is it not the person for whose comfort and well-being the whole technical world is produced; and even more, is not the creation and the use of tools, from the hammer to the artificial brain, in itself an expression of man's power over nature and a confirmation of his personal superiority? To this one must answer that, certainly, only man as a person is able to produce this "second world," but that in doing so he can become himself a tool for the production of tools, spiritually as well as economically centered in "gadgets" and considered as a part of the production and consumption power. And although the tool serves the comfort of man, it cannot serve the person as person, that which makes him a person. It can make communication easier. But that which makes the person is the content of what is communicated, and it may well be that the ease and the content of the communication are inversely proportional. Another question could be raised: namely, whether the person *is* the end which cannot become means without being destroyed. Is not the glory of God or the Kingdom of God or, in

more secular terms, the realization of values the ultimate end for which everything must become means, even the person? But such a question is self-contradictory. The meaning of, for instance, "Kingdom of God" is not the unity of things or functions, but it is the unity of persons including their relationship to the whole nonpersonal realm. Through persons, *i.e.*, through beings who can decide for or against them, values and the glory of God are actualized. To say that God is the ultimate end is saying that the person is the ultimate end.

VII. CONFORMITY VERSUS MAN

Western technical society has produced methods of adjusting persons to its demands in production and consumption which are less brutal, but in the long run more effective, than totalitarian suppression. They depersonalize not by commanding but by providing—providing that which makes individual creativity superfluous. If one looks around at the methods which produce conformity one is astonished that even enough individual creativity is still left to produce these refined methods. One discovers that man's spiritual life has a tremendous power of resistance against a reduction to prescribed patterns of behavior. But one also sees that this resistance is in great danger of being worn down by the ways in which adjustment is forced upon man in industrial society. It starts with the education of "adjustment," which produces conformity just by allowing for more spontaneity in the child than did any pre-industrial civilization. But the definite frame within which this spontaneity is quietly kept leads to a spontaneous adjustment which is more dangerous for creative freedom than any openly deterministic influence. At the same time, and throughout his whole life, other powerful means of adjustment are working upon the person in the technical society: the newspapers which choose the facts worth reporting and suggest their interpretation, the radio programs which eliminate nonconformist contents and interpreters, television which replaces the visual imagination by selected pictorial presentations, the movie which for commercial and censorship reasons has to maintain in most of its productions a conscious mediocrity, adjusting itself to the adjusted

aste of the masses, the patterns of advertisement which permeate all ther means of public communication, and have an inescapable mnipresence. All this means that more people have more occasions o encounter the cultural contents of past and present than in any re-industrial civilization. But it also means that these contents ecome cultural commodities, sold and bought after they have been leprived of the ultimate concern they represented when originally reated. They cease to be a matter of *to be or not to be* for the person. hey become matters of entertainment, sensation, sentimentality, earning, weapons of competition or social prestige, and lose in this vay the power of producing a spiritual center in the person. They ose their potential dangers for the conformity which is needed for the unctioning of the technical society. And by losing their dangers hey also lose their creative power, and the person, without a piritual center, disintegrates.

VIII. THE STRUGGLE FOR PERSONS

he struggle for the right of the person under the conditions of echnical society should not become a fight against the technical side f mass communications; it should not even become a fight against nan's adjusting power. The technical development is irreversible, nd adjustment is necessary in every society, especially in a mass ociety. The person as a person can preserve himself only by a *artial nonparticipation* in the objectifying structures of technical ociety. But he can withdraw even partially only if he has a place to vhich to withdraw. And this place is the New Reality to which the hristian message points, which transcends Christianity as well as ion-Christianity, which is anticipated everywhere in history, and vhich has found its criterion in the picture of Jesus as the Christ. But he place of the withdrawal is, at the same time, the starting point for he attack on the technical society and its power of depersonalization. t is the task of the Church, especially of its theology, to describe he place of withdrawal, the "religious reservation." It is the task of ctive groups within and on the boundary line of the Church to show he possibilities of attack, to participate in it wherever it is made, and o be ready to lead it if necessary.

Looking back at the three great movements of protest against dehumanization in the technical society, we can say that he who fights today for the person has to become an heir of all three of them. He must join in the rebellion of creative life against the degradation of person into an object. This is the first frontier of Christian action today: Together with the philosophers of life, the Existentialists, the depth-psychologists, and whatever new allies appear, it must show how the "structure of objectivation" which transforms life and person partly into a thing, partly into a calculating machine, penetrates all realms of life and all spiritual functions. It must show especially how even the religious symbols have been misinterpreted as statements about facts and events within the whole of objectivity, thus losing their inborn power to transcend this realm of the subjective-objective, and to mediate visions of that level of reality in which life and personality are rooted. Christian action must be as daring as that of the Existentialists in their analysis of the human situation generally and the present cultural and religious situation especially. It must be as conscious of the infinite complexity of the human soul as are the depth-psychologists, fully aware of the fact that religion has contributed as much to the development of complexities and conflicts of the mind as it can contribute to the solution of the conflicts. Christian action today must, like the philosophers of life, have the courage to join the rebellion of life against internal repression and external suppression—in spite of the risk of chaos. But in joining these allies, Christian action must show that it comes from a place of withdrawal where it has received a criterion and a power able to overcome the danger of losing the person while attempting to save him.

And Christian action today must be aware of the second front: Together with all movements for social justice, whether they are called socialist or not, it must show how the competitive society produces patterns of existence which destroy personality because they destroy community, and which increase that all-pervading anxiety which characterizes our century. Christian action today must preserve, in spite of political and social odds against it, the tradition of social criticism which runs from the enthusiasts off

the Reformation period, through the bourgeois revolutionaries of the eighteenth century, to the social critics of the nineteenth century, of whom Marx was the most passionate, the most profound, and the most dangerous. In alliance with all these movements, Christian action must attack wherever social patterns become visible by which persons are treated as means, or transferred into things, or deprived of their freedom to decide and to create, or thrown into anxiety or bitterness or hate or tragic guilt. But in joining these allies, Christian action must show that it comes from a place of withdrawal where it has received a criterion and a power able to overcome the danger of sacrificing the person in order to save him.

And Christian action today must be aware of the third front: Together with all the movements within and outside Christianity which have rediscovered, partly in dependence on Kierkegaard, man's existential situation and the ultimate conflict which underlies all other conflicts, his estrangement from the ground of his being and meaning, Christian action must point to the ultimate roots of personal being. It must show that man can maintain his nature and dignity as a person only by a personal encounter with the ground of everything personal. In this encounter, which is the living center of religion and which, against rational as well as mystical criticism, has been defended by Christianity, the person is established. In showing this, Christian action shows also the place to which it withdraws from the technical society in order to attack this society. This place is that which transcends every place, even the Christian churches. It is the New Reality which is manifest in Christ and against which even technical society and its power of destroying the person cannot prevail. Only out of the ground of the personal can the personal be saved. Only those who withdraw from action can receive the power to act. Christian action today has two poles: the one which transcends the structure of technical society—the New Reality of which Christianity is the witness; the other which is present within the structure of technical society—the movements which contend, in their different ways, against its depersonalizing power. In the correlation of these two poles Christian action must find a way to save the person in the industrial society.

Kenneth Patchen | **SEVEN LOVE POEMS**

AS SHE WAS THUS ALONE IN THE CLEAR MOONLIGHT, standing between rock and sky, and scarcely seeming to touch the earth, her dark locks and loose garments scattered by the wind, she looked like some giant spirit of the older time, preparing to ascend into the mighty cloud which singly hung from this poor heaven

so when she lay beside me
sleep's town went round her
and wondering children pressed against the high windows
of the room where we had been

so when she lay beside me
a voice, reminded of an old fashion:
'What are they saying?
of the planets and the turtles?
of the woodsman and the bee?'
but we were too proud to answer, too tired to care about designs
'of tents and books and swords and birds'

thus does the circle pull upon itself
and all the gadding angels draw us in

until I can join her in that soft town where the bells
split apples on their tongues
and bring sleep down like a fish's shadow.

'THE SNOW IS DEEP ON THE GROUND'

The snow is deep on the ground.
Always the light falls
Softly down on the hair of my belovèd.

This is a good world.
The war has failed.
God shall not forget us.
Who made the snow waits where love is.

Only a few go mad.
The sky moves in its whiteness
Like the withered hand of an old king.
God shall not forget us.
Who made the sky knows of our love.

The snow is beautiful on the ground.
And always the lights of heaven glow
Softly down on the hair of my belovèd.

FALL OF THE EVENING STAR

Speak softly; sun going down
Out of sight. Come near me now.

Dear dying fall of wings as birds
Complain against the gathering dark. . .

Exaggerate the green blood in grass;
The music of leaves scraping space;

Multiply the stillness by one sound;
By one syllable of your name. . .

And all that is little is soon giant,
All that is rare grows in common beauty

To rest with my mouth on your mouth
As somewhere a star falls

And the earth takes it softly, in natural love. . .
Exactly as we take each other . . . and go to sleep.

THE CHARACTER OF LOVE SEEN AS A SEARCH FOR THE LOST

You, the woman; I, the man; this, the world:
And each is the work of all.

There is the muffled step in the snow; the stranger;
The crippled wren; the nun; the dancer; the Jesus-wing
Over the walkers in the village; and there are
Many beautiful arms about us and the things we know.

See how those stars tramp over heaven on their sticks
Of ancient light: with what simplicity that blue
Takes eternity into the quiet cave of God, where Caesar
And Socrates, like primitive paintings on a wall,
Look, with idiot eyes, on the world where we two are.

You, the sought for; I, the seeker; this, the search:
And each is the mission of all.

For greatness is only the drayhorse that coaxes
The built cart out; and where we go is reason.
But genius is an enormous littleness, a trickling
Of heart that covers alike the hare and the hunter.

How smoothly, like the sleep of a flower, love,
The grassy wind moves over night's tense meadow:
See how the great wooden eyes of the forest
Stare upon the architecture of our innocence.

You, the village; I, the stranger; this, the road:
And each is the work of all.

Then, not that man do more, or stop pity; but that he be
Wider in living; that all his cities fly a clean flag. . .
We have been alone too long, love; it is terribly late
For the pierced feet on the water and we must not die now.

Have you wondered why all the windows in heaven were broken?
Have you seen the homeless in the open grave of God's hand?
Do you want to acquaint the larks with the fatuous music of war?

There is the muffled step in the snow; the stranger;
The crippled wren; the nun; the dancer; the Jesus-wing
Over the walkers in the village; and there are
Many desperate arms about us and the things we know.

'FOR WHOSE ADORNMENT'

For whose adornment the mouths
Of roses open in languorous speech;
And from whose grace the trees of heaven
Learn their white standing

(I must go now to cash in the milk bottles
So I can phone somebody
For enough money for our supper.)

'OF THE SAME BEAUTY WERE STARS MADE'

Of the same beauty were stars made
That they might guide their earthly sister

When she undertook the white still journey
Into the country of His gentle keeping.

'BE MUSIC, NIGHT'

Be music, night,
That her sleep may go
Where angels had their pale tall choirs

Be a hand, sea,
That her dreams may watch
Thy guidesman touching the green flesh of the world

Be a voice, sky,
That her beauties may be counted
And the stars will tilt their quiet faces
Into the mirror of her loveliness

Be a road, earth,
That her walking may take thee
Where the towns of heaven lift their breathing spires

O be a world and a throne, God,
That her living may find its weather
And the souls of ancient bells in a child's book
Shall lead her into Thy wondrous house

St. Clair McKelway

SPIZZERINCTUM FOR THE PRESBYTERIANS

A story

I have some complicated material here at hand, intended for both reading and viewing. My father, who was a Presbyterian clergyman, had a mustache, but he didn't have a beard. Six other Presbyterian clergymen married my mother's six older sisters, all of whom were the daughters and granddaughters and great-granddaughters of Presbyterian clergymen. These six clergymen thus became my uncles before I, the youngest of my mother's children, had even been born. By that time, they had raised batches of children who were whole decades older than I was. Many of these first cousins had themselves become Presbyterian clergymen before I could talk. However, only two of the six uncles had beards, and none of the first cousins who were Presbyterian clergymen had beards. The beards the two uncles had were ordinary beards. One of them was a close-clipped Vandyke and the other was a measly goatee. None of the Presbyterian-clergymen ancestors whose portraits I glared at on rainy days when I was edging up to puberty in our house in Washington, D.C., had beards, as far as I remember. If any of them did have beards, they were not outstanding enough to make any impression on me.

At the Sunday dinners of my childhood, I recall no beards other

than the ones worn by the two uncles. As I look back on that childhood, it is clear to me now that our dining-room table, when it was stretched out full length, with all the extra leaves put in after breakfast by our housekeeper, Miss Annabelle, would have been a good place for an anthropologist to watch in order to determine how many of the Presbyterian clergymen in the United States around 1910 had beards. Most of these Presbyterian clergymen were friends or cousins of my family. Whenever they visited Washington, my mother went out of her way to invite them to come to Sunday dinner at our house. Washington in those days attracted great numbers of the more serious-minded sort of sightseers, such as Presbyterian clergymen and their wives and children. Crowds of them came and gaped at the Washington Monument, admired the White House, circled around the Capitol Building, paced through the Smithsonian Institution, and then came along to our house for Sunday dinner, which began around one o'clock, soon after church was over.

Our dining-room table at Sunday dinner looked to me then, in some ways, not unlike a race track looks to me now. It was extensive, oval, crammed with grown people, full of commotion, and had its moments of high glee and deep gloom. The seating arrangement my mother had worked out was practical. On her right and on her left were two chairs with volumes of the Encyclopaedia Britannica on the seats. These were for my sister and me. I needed to be told to sit up straight, to keep my hands out of my pockets, to stop scratching my nose, to stop humming, to stop turning around to look out of the window in back of me, and to enunciate clearly when I had anything to contribute to the uproar. My sister needed mostly to be told to stop twisting her curls with her fingers. With my sister on her left and me on her right, my mother was able to keep us in order, help everybody to rice and gravy and vegetables as the plates swept counterclockwise around the course, and carry on skillful conversation with any of the visiting clergymen who were within hearing. My father sat at the other end of the oval, in the middle of the clubhouse turn, and carved. The other regular habitués of the place, such as Cousin Sue (who wore little nose glasses and was always around) and my two tall adolescent brothers, sat wherever Miss

Annabelle had put their napkin rings. Transient clergymen and their families were seated helter-skelter by Mother as they jammed their way in from the living room. Their places at the table could be identified because they had napkins without napkin rings. From where I sat, looking down the stretch toward Father, I could get a clear view of the whole thing and could watch the dishes sweep around from Father into the backstretch, pass an uncle or two, an aunt here and an aunt there, whip by Cousin Sue, whiz on to Miss Annabelle, jump across my sister, then on through Mother, zoom over me, and then whang into the stretch and along past my brothers and some first cousins and on to the footloose clergyman contingent at the finish. I could get a good view of all the faces there, too, Sunday after Sunday, and I'm sure if there had been any memorable beards, I would have noticed them.

And yet—and this is where the complexity sets in—one night recently when I lay in my bed leafing through some miscellaneous magazines, in the hope that I would grow sleepy, and came across a picture of Santa Claus, the sight of the bearded figure caused me to start thinking not about holly and tinsel and turkey and plum pudding but about my Presbyterian heritage. Now, when I start thinking about my Presbyterian heritage on a restless night, I lose no time grabbing up a sketching pad and a ball-point pen that I have learned to keep on my bedside table. The pad and the pen are the weapons with which I manage to fend off certain aspects of that heritage. On this night, I began sketching at once, and you can see on this page what I drew.

Before I had finished putting in all those chin hairs, I knew I would have to figure out, if I expected to get to sleep at all that night, why the man with the long, wide beard seemed to represent my private image of the boss of all Presbyterians—an image I had evidently kept

stored away in the back of my skull for many years. I knew this wasn't my private image of God. I know clearly what my image of God is and I don't intend to draw it. I may be a poor, sinful fool, but I have more sense than that. No, this bearded man that had popped into my consciousness was clearly my image of the Presbyterian boss—one of God's assistants, an executive of some kind, with plenty of power but not omnipotent. And yet, as I have indicated, this bearded boss didn't seem to take after any of my Presbyterian forebears or any of the other Presbyterian clergymen I'd come to know, in one way or another, in my childhood. This was odd.

I deduced pretty fast, though, that the reason my boss Presbyterian had an outstanding beard whereas none of my forebears had had one was simply that the early image I had made of him, when I was a tenderfoot sinner in Washington, was a kind of composite of various Old Testament characters such as Moses, Abraham, Elijah, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, all of whom had enormous long, wide beards in the illustrated religious books that Mother encouraged my sister and me to curl up with on Sundays after breakfast, before we hiked off to Sunday school. We would have preferred to look over the funny papers after Sunday breakfast, but we weren't allowed to find out what the Katzenjammer Kids and Mutt and Jeff were doing until after the Sabbath was over. The Sabbath was over at midnight, but we weren't allowed to stay up that late, so we read the funny papers on Monday morning—provided we got up early enough to get through them, as well as breakfast, before we had to hike off to the weekday school. The curious thing is that all those Bible faces and all those Bible stories were impressed on my mind in an indelible manner, whereas I can remember hardly any of the details of the adventures of the Katzenjammer Kids or Mutt and Jeff. It probably has something to do with the fact that funny papers lose some of their power when read only on Mondays.

As for the word "spizzerinctum," it baffled me for a long time after I found myself inking it in around the dome of the Presbyterian boss, but before I laid me down to sleep at last, that night, I knew all about the significance of that word and a good deal more. I had to make a rugged journey back into my past to find out what

"spizzerinctum" stood for and how it came to be identified with the Presbyterian boss. What I remembered in due course was that "spizzerinctum" was a word that had been shouted, almost in unison, by my sister and me just after Father finished asking the blessing at one of those Sunday dinners in Washington long ago. "For Christ's sake—Amen!" Father had said, and "*Spizzerinctum!*" we had yelled at the tops of our voices before anybody had time to open his eyes or raise his head. When I began to remember this—and for some time afterward that night—I felt as if I had just escaped from an encounter with a baleful and wily grizzly bear. Many of my remembrances of my Presbyterian upbringing are accompanied by such sensations as that, but lately the whole situation has been easing up.

My sister was going on six and I was a year behind her. We were inclined to believe what older people said, particularly what our oldest brother said. He had a winning and forceful personality, and we trusted him. He was big and was almost fifteen years old. On that Sunday, we were loafing around in the back yard before dinner (we weren't allowed to do any real playing on the Sabbath), and he sauntered over to us and told us, in an offhand, fascinating manner, that he had a nickel to give away to whichever one of us could win it. The first one to shout a certain word just after Father had finished asking the blessing at the dinner that was about to begin would win the nickel. This was a brand-new game to us and we were all for it. Our brother then told us that the word we were to shout was "spizzerinctum," a word, as we hazily knew, then popular in some of the older and snappier circles along the Eastern Seaboard. It was used to denote vim, or pep. Instead of saying, for example, "I sure feel full of pep!" a dude of those days would toss off a cherry smash at a soda fountain and say "I sure feel full of spizzerinctum!"

Bo, as our brother was called, cautioned us emphatically and impressively about the danger of jumping the gun in the contest that was about to take place. It wouldn't do at all, he told us solemnly, to utter so much as a syllable of "spizzerinctum" until after Father had finished saying "Amen!" That would be sacrilegious, and Bo didn't need to remind us what would happen to anybody who got sacrilegious even on a weekday. But, he assured us, the first one who got

started off on "spizzerinctum" *after* the final "n" of Father's "Amen!" had been enunciated would get the nickel. By now, my sister and I felt so giddy and entranced that we would have done it for nothing, so we were delighted when Miss Annabelle called, "Dinner's ready, children!" We rushed inside and sat down on our Encyclopaedias.

At dinner that Sunday, there were the usual number of uncles and aunts and first cousins and visiting clergymen and their families, and the multitude bowed their heads and shut their eyes as Mother nodded to Father, giving him the signal to get going. Father nodded back at her, there was reverent silence all around, and then Father was off. "Our Lord God of Hosts, we thank thee this day for . . ."

Father usually thanked God for many things at these Sunday dinners before he got around to saying "For Christ's sake—Amen!" On weekdays, he was often very nearly succinct in asking the blessing, but on Sundays—egged on, I think, by Mother, who liked to hear him talk on any subject, and further inspired by the presence of the nomads at his dinner table who had no napkin rings—he would go down a list of circumstances and situations that hadn't the remotest connection with the good food Miss Annabelle had, with Mother's help, cooked and put on the table. After summarizing all these matters, one by one, he would congratulate God for having seen to it that events had worked out the way they had. As he got toward the bottom of the list on this day, I opened one eye a crack and peeked at my sister. She had both her eyes shut tight, but her mouth looked determined and ready, and it occurred to me that she was probably holding her breath. I angled a narrow glance around the oval and noted that Cousin Sue was looking at the cooling roast with her left eye through the left side of her nose glasses. Then Father went into what I could recognize as the spurt that always led up to his peroration. I figured this race with my sister was going to be a close thing, and I shot in a terse, silent prayer to God, asking that I might win.

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My recollections of exactly what happened after my sister and I shouted "Spizzerinctum!" that day are now blurred in a few spots but mostly clear. This represents an improvement on the recollections

I used to have about my Presbyterian upbringing in the days before I took up sketching. Before I took up sketching, my recollections were blurred in almost all spots. They possessed—and they still do if I fail to use my sketching pad and my ball-point pen on them—a dark, whopping, thundercloud quality. The blur they had was not a pale rosy blur or a thin silver blur but a mean black blur. My sketching has begun to alter the blur, to disperse the thundercloud.

The word "paroxysm" seemed to be mixed up in my mind with the spizzerinctum business.

"Well, we certainly have had a paroxysm of laughter!" my mother would exclaim when something or other had set the family off into a fit of mirth. With this clue to work on, I began to feel that I was getting close to the heart of the matter, but I still had a long row to hoe. The grizzly-bear sensations had suggested strongly to me that there was nothing laughable about the spizzerinctum business, but I kept sketching and piecing things together.

These Presbyterians I grew up with, or under, were not adept at smiling or grinning. Their mouths were set tight in their faces and they had constitutionally compressed lips. Every now and then, though, something would happen that would make them all laugh. When they laughed, it amounted to an orgy. They laughed until tears rolled down their faces. I can remember more than once when Cousin Sue or some other grown person in the family had to be shaken or clapped on the back to bring them out of one of those paroxysms. A typical example is the case of the Henty corpse. Uncle Addison, my favorite uncle, was reading aloud from one of the Henty books one weekday evening in the living room before bedtime, while my sister and I sat goggle-eyed in our nightgowns and the grownups listened with wandering attention. Uncle Addison had wonderful manners with children, was fond of jokes, and was the most pious Presbyterian in the whole crowd. Whereas Father and the other uncles and first cousins didn't mind if children whistled on Sundays, Uncle Addison was flatly against it and used to carry on about it. Yet he was gentle and understanding with us in all other respects, and we were devoted to him. We put down his anti-whistling attitude as a quirk. We knew about quirks. All those Presbyterians were

loaded with them. Another quirk of Uncle Addison's was his anti-dog attitude. He despised dogs, on the ground that they were too free and easy in their ways and had no self-control. His attitude made no impression on dogs. They were wild about him. Our own dogs, one after another, demonstrated this time and again, and so did strange dogs. Everywhere Uncle Addison went, dogs would come up and greet him cordially and go along with him. He was incapable of being cruel, even to dogs, and he didn't kick at them or throw stones at them, but he would ask them vehemently to leave him alone. They just wagged their tails and sniffed one another friskily and rubbed up against Uncle Addison's legs. Like us, the dogs sensed that underneath all the quirks lurked a very sweet old Presbyterian. When he was around or when we were visiting him, he used to read to us almost every evening before bedtime a certain set number of pages of whatever book he or we had picked out. When he read anything we didn't understand, we were allowed to interrupt him at will and ask him to explain. He would do so patiently and with great clarity. He had retired from active preaching by that time, and, except when visiting us, he lived in Lexington, Virginia, where he was professor of Greek at Washington and Lee. He loved Greek and he used to read Homer to us a lot. He wanted us to appreciate Homer, but we hadn't learned much Greek, because Mother had us still concentrating on Latin. Uncle Addison didn't care for Pope's translation of Homer, partly because of certain Presbyterian prejudices against the sound of the man's name, so he'd sit with the original Greek text on his knee and rattle off a free translation of his own. I never did learn to read Greek, as things turned out, and the translations of Homer I have gone through always seem pallid, because I can't help comparing them with Uncle Addison's translations. He could rip out the story of Polyphemus, for example, so effectively that my sister and I would toss for weeks with nightmares about the one-eyed ogre who devoured all those sailors and munched up their bones like chinquapins.

On the night of the corpse paroxysm, Uncle Addison read a sentence from Henty that said, "The man was so badly injured that they carried him back to camp almost a corpse." My sister interrupted and asked what a corpse was. Uncle Addison put the book down and

said, "I will explain that, my dear, but first we will see if this young gentleman here knows what a corpse is." He meant me. His nickname for me—I don't know why—was Colonel. He was especially polite to me, because he understood that I felt silly being the youngest Presbyterian in the world. When I protested about not being included, at the age of six, in rabbit-hunting expeditions and cross-country bicycle trips, he would reason with me gently and say, "But, Colonel, you see your legs are too short, that's all." (When I achieved the rank of lieutenant colonel in World War II, the promotion had a curious effect on me, in that when people started calling me Colonel, I always felt as if I weren't there, where I was supposed to be, but was sitting at Uncle Addison's knee in my nightgown, and that my legs were too short.) "Colonel," Uncle Addison asked me, "do you know what a corpse is?" I think now that he was stalling for time, deciding how best to explain the word to us.

I know I was stalling for time, and for a different reason. I hated to admit there was anything I didn't know, and I loved to demonstrate, whenever I could, that I was smarter than my slightly older sister. I asked Uncle Addison to read the sentence again. He picked up the book and read, "The man was so badly injured that they carried him back to camp almost a corpse." I decided to hazard a guess. "I think a corpse must be about three-quarters of a mile," I said, and the corpse paroxysm was on.

Aunt Fanny set off one of these mirth orgies at one of our Sunday dinners, and she did it more or less deliberately. She was one of my mother's older sisters. Her clergyman husband was Uncle John. They had turned out a batch of first cousins, several of whom had already grown up and become Presbyterian clergymen, and one of whom was a certain Cousin Frank, a notorious man. Although Aunt Fanny was as Presbyterian as anybody else, she had a pert disposition and sometimes used to twit Uncle Addison about his excessive religious zeal. On this Sunday, he was telling about a very sick old lady he had visited on his way home from church. It seemed that she was suffering a great deal of pain and yet might live on, the doctors said, almost indefinitely. "I intend to pray to the Lord that he release that poor soul from these mortal coils," said Uncle Addison piously.

"Brother Addison," said Aunt Fanny, "do you mean to say you're

going to pray for her to die right now, directly, when she might easily live on awhile?"

"I do indeed, Sister Fanny," said Uncle Addison, and pressed his lips together until they disappeared.

"Well, just you let me tell you one thing, Brother Addison," said Aunt Fanny. "When I get sick and commence to suffer like that poor soul, don't you pray on me to die!" She shook her finger under his goatee. "Don't you pray on me to die. You hear, Brother Addison? No matter how much I'm suffering, I intend to hang on as long as is humanly possible, and I want no interference from you and your prayers! Why, Brother Addison, if you utter so much as a skimption of that kind of prayer on me, I promise you I'll not so much as speak to you when *you* get to heaven, you hear? I'll turn my back on you and flap my wings spang in your face!"

This set Mother off into a gale, and everybody followed her into it, with the exception of Uncle Addison. He wasn't amused, and kept muttering off and on about Aunt Fanny and her frivolousness for months. Mother told me many years afterward that he had gone so far as to hint to her and some of the other close kin that Aunt Fanny lacked some of the true Presbyterian virtues and that these gaping flaws in her character were probably what had sown the seeds of heresy that had caused the notorious Cousin Frank to make such a disgrace of himself and of the family. What Cousin Frank had done was become an Episcopalian clergyman. All in all, these Presbyterians were not easy to fathom. There was no way of knowing what would make them laugh and what would make them mad.

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The first thing that happened when my sister and I yelled "Spizzerinctum!" after Father had said "Amen!" was that Cousin Sue jumped and her nose glasses fell into her empty dinner plate and broke into smithereens. Letting Cousin Sue take care of her own difficulties, Mother reached out dazedly and put a half-threatening, half-protective hand on the shoulders of her youngest children. Openmouthed and bewildered, she stared down the table at Father, looking for help, and Father stared back at her in exactly the same manner and with the

same hope. The silence was horrifying. In the pit of my stomach, an iron ball with prickly spikes on it began to vibrate and lurch around. Father, whose hands had instinctively clutched the carving knife and fork when he started the last syllable of his "Amen!" now clapped the implements down on the table, looked at us in a groggy way, and said, with a rising inflection, "Children, *what* is the *meaning* of *this*?" Neither of us replied. Then our big brother Bo spoke. "I'm to blame, Father," he said, fairly calmly. "I put them up to it. You mustn't blame them. It's just a game I happened to think of. I just happened to kind of think—that is, I thought it would be fun—liven things up a little, you know. All of us grown people usually start talking pretty fast after the blessing and I thought it would be interesting to let the children get in the first word, you know."

It was obvious to me that Bo was trying to be casual, but his voice, which hadn't been changed very long, cracked now and then while he was saying that, and finally, as the look on Father's face took on a sort of cataclysmic intensity, Bo seemed to run out of words. "You put them up to it?" Father said in a splutter. "A game? Interesting? Young man, don't you realize that this borders on the sacrilegious and may very well *be* sacrilegious?" The ball in my stomach began to bang around every which way when Father said that. Bo defended himself in a manly way, and it must have been tough going for him. It was perhaps the first time he had faced up to Father as an equal adversary in man's estate. He pointed out that we had not uttered a sound until *after* Father had finished saying "Amen!," and that consequently neither we nor he had done anything sacrilegious. Father was not a domineering man, but he was a strong one and a tough one. At the same time, he was chock full of the principles of democracy as well as the principles of Christianity. He believed in free speech, equal justice for all, and so on.

After spluttering for a long time, Father began to cool off. This was almost imperceptible, like the cooling off of a planet, but I began to feel that maybe Bo and my sister and I hadn't been sacrilegious after all. The feeling was not much comfort to me. If we had been sacrilegious, that would be that. I would be hit by a thunderbolt, and shriveled up by lightning, and then my ugly remains would be

flung into the everlasting fire and brimstone down below, where the devils with the pitchforks were. I had heard a great deal about that ever since I was old enough to listen. On the other hand, if we hadn't been sacrilegious, I presumed I would hang around here on earth, but the future didn't seem to hold out anything worth while and I was not looking forward to it. Even if we hadn't been sacrilegious, we had evidently done something awful, or there wouldn't be so much talk about it, and I would get what was coming to me, along with my sister and poor old Bo, as soon as the talking was over and the decision was made. My iron ball continued to gyrate and the talk went on. Miss Annabelle took the roast off the table and put it back in the oven, and Mother, in a distrait way, kept pressing the china covers on the vegetable dishes every now and then, seeming to hope that this would make them airtight. Then she would put her hands back on our shoulders. After a while—various uncles and first cousins and one or two of the visiting clergymen having inserted a short sermon here and there—it seemed to be generally agreed all around the table that what we had done was not sacrilegious.

Father, in time, cooled down so much that if people had touched him they wouldn't have been very badly scorched. I think now that one thing that helped to lower his Presbyterian thermometer was the way Bo stood up to him and argued. Father began to look as if he were almost enjoying the situation. He had a great store of toleration and love, and he looked at Bo in a way he'd not looked at him before —with respect. It may be that he realized for the first time that this up-and-coming son of his was a man. "But tell me this, Bo," he said at last. "What on earth is this word the children shouted?" Bo said it was "spizzerinctum," and explained that it was a slang term meaning vim, or pep. He gave Father some examples of its proper usage.

Miss Annabelle seemed to sense about this time that the ruckus was coming to a close, and she slipped out and brought the roast in again. She had long ago taken the vegetables away from Mother and put them on the back of the stove. She brought them in again after she had set the long-suffering roast down in front of Father. "Spizzerinctum, indeed," said Father, picking up his implements and starting to carve. "It's an interesting word even if it *is* slang," He

abhorred slang and profanity, and frequently remarked with vehemence that their use indicated a poverty of vocabulary. "Spizzerinctum," he said again, ruminatively. "Meaning 'pep' or 'vim,' eh?" Then he laid his implements down again and looked around at the congregation. "It may be," he said, "that Presbyterianism could make effective use of a little spizzerinctum!"

Cousin Sue let out a yelp, and the spizzerinctum paroxysm was on. Regulars and visitors all up and down and around the table cackled and wheezed. "Spizzerinctum!" somebody would gasp from time to time, and the thing would start all over again and would get bigger and louder. Mother had to leave the table after a while to get another handkerchief. My sister and I figured that some kind of miracle had saved us, and we joined in the merriment in a restrained way. Cousin Sue had to be clapped on the back because she had choked on a mirth burst. Uncle Addison, who naturally tried to resist joining in this paroxysm, finally broke down further than almost anybody, and got control of himself only after taking a turn around the back yard.

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Reflecting on all this the other night before I went to sleep—knowing at last that spizzerinctum had been boldly and humorously written by Father that day around the dome of that boss-Presbyterian image of mine, and knowing, too, that I had taken the whole thing in that day but had buried it so deep that it had required nearly half a century for it to rise to the surface of my foolish brain, where it would do me some good—I couldn't help regretting that things have to be that way. Now that I have come to know all those Presbyterians so well, I wish I had understood and sympathized with them more when they were still down around here, for I love them all so dearly.

At any rate, I won the nickel. Bo gave it to me after dinner, consoled my sister with a booby prize of four cents, and, without anybody's having suggested it, took us to the zoo that same afternoon, where we saw all our favorite animals once again and threw our money around like drunken Presbyterians.

F. W. Dupee | **LETTER FROM NEW YORK**

In general the autumn months in New York were spotty and unambitious. In general the winter months were brilliant. A number of adventurers, in the arts and allied fields, sought to plant their flags on the 1954 season and claim it for their own. The winner was probably George Balanchine, whose new version of *The Nutcracker* was performed at the City Center by the New York City Ballet. Highbrow or lowbrow, everyone attended who attends such things at all, and many brought their children. Especially at matinées, the atmosphere was that of a majestic circus. So considerable was the demand for seats that the management finally threw up its hands and substituted *The Nutcracker* for the regular repertory. Yet that repertory was itself notable for ballets new and old. Indeed, considered strictly as a venture in the field of the dance, *The Nutcracker* couldn't compare with several of the standard items, nor perhaps with Balanchine's new *Opus 34*, a weirdly expressionist interpretation of a Schoenberg score, which the choreographer seems to have conceived as a companion piece to the romantic Tchaikovsky creation. In addition, the new *Nutcracker* has to contend with a shapeless story, a score which is in part extremely banal, and a production which requires the joint efforts of inexperienced children and proud professional adults. To see the illustrious Maria Tallchief playing the Sugar Plum Fairy to a plump self-conscious Little Prince was odd in itself. But a certain unpredictableness seemed deliberately to characterize this production—it had the air of a family entertainment commemorating the bond between the New York City Ballet and its ever more devoted local audience. That *The Nutcracker* accomplished this act of piety with dignity and taste was due partly to the designers of scenery and costumes,

respectively Horace Armistead and Mme. Karinska. Their mouse armies and snow forests and floating Christmas trees were lovely dreams, entailing great ingenuity in the making but never becoming mechanical. The dancers, comprising most of the great company, were also in fine form. But the success of *The Nutcracker* was most of all the work of Balanchine, who brought to the production not only his usual genius for style and invention, but also a special fund of sentiment. He had known *The Nutcracker* in its original Ivanov version during his childhood in Russia and, as a student in the school of the Imperial Ballet, he performed in several of the juvenile roles.

Other companies, including Roland Petit's, enjoyed successful seasons in ballet-happy New York. And to everyone's surprise, a Japanese troupe, performing its so un-Western dances, was a sensation. The Azuma Kabuki Dancers and Musicians, as the company is named, includes "the principal contemporary masters of Kabuki Dancing and Music throughout Japan." So declares the program, and goes on to explain the curious system of dynasties and hierarchies that prevails in the world of the Japanese dance. The two chief performers in the present company represent the Azuma and Onoe dynasties and are known respectively as Tokuho Azuma and Kikunojo Onoe. Solemn as all this sounds, the actual performance was devastating in its simplicity, beauty, humor.

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In the theater, too, the season was unusually enterprising. It brought, among other things, a kind of stability to the "off-Broadway stage," which is the name given to productions housed in a variety of small theaters, lecture halls, and remodeled night clubs about the city. These used to attract only the very earnest playgoer; they have now captured a considerable public and get respectful attention from the newspaper critics. In such surroundings one can see almost anything, from Cocteau to Gilbert and Sullivan, from Shakespeare's *Coriolanus* to Marc Blitzstein's adaptation of the Bert Brecht–Kurt Weill *Threepenny Opera*.

On Broadway, Giraudoux's *Ondine*, in an elaborately staged English version, made its star, Audrey Hepburn, the object of a spontaneous and universal cult such as no actress has experienced in years. If Giraudoux was largely ignored in the excitement, he at least came off better than Jean Anouilh, whose *Mademoiselle Colombe*, featuring the remarkable Julie Harris, made a determined stand despite indifferent reviews but eventually took itself off—a playful play of backstage life which somehow lost heart in transit from Paris. Also from the French was *The Immoralist*, which Ruth and Augustus Goetz adapted from André Gide's admirable early novel on the subject of sexual inversion. Consulted by the Goetzes shortly before his death, Gide was at first discouraging. But when he read *The Heiress*, the play they had made from a Henry James novel, he eagerly consented. The Goetzes have turned the novel into a stern tragedy of fate which lacks the Nietzschean ambiguities of the original and so fails to justify the title. Excellently performed, however, the

play was curiously effective, and had the distinction of being the only real tragedy on Broadway. There are, however, two other near-tragedies, both of them astonishing successes. One of them is *The Caine Mutiny Court Martial*, which Herman Wouk made from his best-selling novel about a mutiny in the U.S. Navy. Like the novel, the play exploits questions of authority and military necessity which have rarely been treated with such solemnity on the American stage. Wouk's drama has less substance than it claims for itself but is superbly played by Lloyd Nolan and Henry Fonda, superbly directed by Charles Laughton. As a philosophical dramatist, Herman Wouk must share honors with the preternaturally eminent T. S. Eliot, whose *The Confidential Clerk*, produced last year in Britain, has at last reached New York after much advance discussion, with a cast including Ina Claire, Claude Rains, and Joan Greenwood. The plot is a kind of half-ironic, half-tender recall of very traditional situations: parents seeking their lost children and children seeking their lost parents. And just as these buried motifs are worked into a polite comedy of modern London, so an atmosphere of verse is worked discreetly into the colloquial dialogue:

A man might always misunderstand his father,
And the father always might misunderstand the son;
They might misunderstand each other cruelly—
And yet have the bond of father and son.

As might be guessed from these lines, Eliot's play has religious overtones. But since these too are extremely discreet, and since very little effective invention is applied to either the characters or the action (both are ruthlessly conventional), one is hard put to say wherein the play's appeal is supposed to lie. That it has genuinely appealed to many, and these not among the literary avant-garde, is undoubted. One newspaper reviewer who condemned the play saw his correspondence columns filled with letters of protest for weeks afterward. But a number of other theatergoers found *The Confidential Clerk* intolerably sentimental and boring. This correspondent was among the latter, and greatly preferred, not only to *The Confidential Clerk* but to the entire Broadway offering (or such of it as he saw), a little short-lived play called *In the Summer House*, written by Jane Bowles and acted marvelously by Judith Anderson and Mildred Dunnock. The play went conventionally Freudian at the end but turned up some charming scenes in a rare vein of macabre comedy.

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In the upper reaches of Manhattan, Columbia University is observing its 200th anniversary. Founded in colonial New York as King's College, Columbia acquired its present name after the Revolution. It did not, however, attain to its present greatness until the early years of this century, when its indomitable president Nicholas Murray Butler began to rear among the rocks and goatpastures of Morningside Heights the vast assemblage of neo-Renaissance edifices which now forms a veritable academic city. Butler, who claimed acquaintance with "almost every man

of light and learning" in the world, gave Columbia its distinctive cosmopolitanism. He was succeeded by Dwight Eisenhower, whose incumbency was necessarily brief. The present head, Grayson Kirk, a little-known but exceedingly able man, was chosen from among the University's own administrative staff. The fourth largest among American universities, Columbia is probably second to none in the amount of influence it exerts on the country's culture. This is due partly to its location in the metropolis of culture, partly to the large quota of distinguished and prolific minds among its professors.

The Bicentennial Celebration is a highly organized, much publicized affair. The main part of it consists in a series of lectures, forums, and conferences on topics related to a central theme: "Man's Right to Knowledge and the Free Use Thereof." This "global dialogue," as it has been called, is being participated in by men and women representing some five hundred learned institutions around the world. There are also numerous side shows, ranging from a commemorative U.S. postage stamp (three cents) to an enormous picture book, *The Columbia Historical Portrait of New York*, which John Kouwenhoven has assembled after years of burrowing in libraries, newspaper archives, and other repositories of old prints and photos. This delightful book, along with the newly landscaped campus, will continue to honor Columbia after the global dialogue is stilled.

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Winter was also a time of jubilee at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, whose picture gallery, long closed for repairs, was reopened to the public in January. The events at Columbia and at the Metropolitan were in fact officially "coordinated": our national passion for organization, not to mention "publicity," saw to that. And it is true that both institutions are large-scale examples of private enterprise in the field of culture, as distinguished from New York's several city-owned colleges and museums. The Metropolitan's history, dating from the mid-nineteenth century, is interesting in that respect. Lacking any national heritage of art such as was contributed elsewhere by the Medicis or Francis I or Napoleon, the Metropolitan was for years dependent on the tastes and whims of newlyrich New York worthies. At first their tastes ran to glossy specimens of the Paris Salon school, and some of these ancient favorites may still be seen in a small cubicle adjoining the elevator. In 1889, however, the banker and promoter Henry G. Marquand made the museum a gift of fifty old masters. This created a precedent for lavish giving. It also contributed to the prestige of the museum, which henceforth influenced the taste of collectors. Old masters continued to tempt some of these; others, notably Mrs. H. O. Havemeyer, turned to recent and contemporary European schools and their antecedents. To this happy development the Metropolitan owes one of its show pieces, El Greco's *View of Toledo*, as well as its multitude of first-rate Manets, Monets, Degases, Renoirs, and Cézannes. (The Metropolitan stops at the pre-cubist stage.) The display of nineteenth-century French painting is one of the gallery's

two chief glories. The other consists in pictures of the Flemish and Dutch schools—the fine small Memlings, Bouts, Gerard Davids, the Rogier van der Weyden altarpiece, the great procession of Vermeers and Rembrandts. The Italian rooms, if they are uneven by comparison, have nevertheless their admirable primitives and examples of Bellini, Titian, Veronese, Raphael, and many others. This department is strengthened at present by loans from Robert Lehman, whose extraordinary collection, housed in a huge Park Avenue apartment, includes a perfect small Duccio *Crucifixion* and an incomparable Crivelli *Madonna*.

The Metropolitan's reopening was marked by an International Congress of Art History and Museology, to which numerous experts came from all over. "Museology" being the pretentious affair it sometimes is, one awaited with some anxiety the reopening itself. Would the investment—which amounted to several million dollars—prove to have been spent on "chi-chi" decorations and tiresome educational aids? In the Metropolitan's case, one's fears turned out to be unjustified. Much money was spent on cleaning the paintings themselves. Still more went into structural changes affecting the safety and convenience of the museum building. Nor have those responsible for the decoration tried to do more than relieve the monotony of what is a rather discouraging maze of big unbeautiful rooms. Walls are painted in a variety of standard pastel colors. Some furnishings—ancient chests, tables, brasses, a tapestry or two, a gilded harpsichord—are rather tentatively ranged about. A quite businesslike snack bar and a more elegant restaurant are also new. One of the pleasantest additions is a small smoking room equipped with a couple of homely sofas and lighted by a plate-glass window let into the museum's back walls. Here one may sit smoking and glance from two very great Cézanne landscapes to an imposing panorama of Central Park and the midtown skyscrapers.

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In my previous "Letter from New York" I referred to the Choral Society's rendering of Berlioz's *L'Enfance du Christ* as one of the distinguished happenings of the musical season. At that time I failed to mention that the performance, which has now become an annual event, was given by the Little Orchestra Society under the direction of Thomas Scherman.

CARRUTH ON SHAPIRO

KRIM ON MODERN SCIENCE FICTION

ROSS ON THE RITES OF THE OGLALA SIOUX

Poems, 1940–1953
BY KARL SHAPIRO.
New York, 1953, Random House, $3.00.

Beyond Criticism
BY KARL SHAPIRO.
Lincoln, Nebraska, 1953, University of Nebraska Press, $3.00.

Few American poets have been able to rejoice in so sudden a rise to fame as Karl Shapiro. When his first book appeared, more than a decade ago, the vigor of his style and the immediacy of his perceptions quickly aroused the admiration of poetry readers who were tired of the attitudinizing and abstractedness of poetry in the thirties; and his war poems, which have never been surpassed by any other American poet of World War II, brought into even sharper focus his ability to capture and dramatize the particulars of social existence. He was acclaimed the "poetic spokesman" of his generation. In 1945 he was awarded the Pulitzer Prize in Poetry, and in 1946 he was appointed Consultant in Poetry to the Library of Congress. Today, as editor of *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*, he holds a commanding position in American letters.

Poems, 1940–1953, is a collected edition of Shapiro's work, and incorporates most of the poems from his previous books (*Person, Place and Thing*, 1942; *V-Letter and Other Poems*, 1944; and *Trial of a Poet*, 1947) as well as eighteen new poems, including "Adam and Eve," a poem in seven parts on the fall of man. It does not include any of *Essay on Rime* (1945), Shapiro's remarkable book-length disquisition in verse on the state of modern poetry.

A distance of one decade gives us a curious perspective. Already the

last years of the era which we have come to call pre-atomic begin to assume a certain quaintness. Yet it is our own quaintness—not the sort of thing we marvel at in our grandfathers' daguerreotypes, but the absurd figure in the yellow snapshot who wears his hair too long and doesn't know what to do with his hands. Were we that unaware, that forlorn? Some of Shapiro's war poems—"The Conscientious Objector," "Conscription Camp," "The Leg," "Troop Train"—have this quaintness. We read them, and we can only ask: "What is it all about? Was anybody really that concerned?" Such is the fate of the occasional poem, which is so often the inexperienced poet's true forte. But some of the poems, the statements of personal love or wrath in which the war's details subside to a necessary atmosphere, still reach us with their full power; such poems are "V-Letter" and "Travelogue for Exiles." In Shapiro's later work a more fluent and sensuous style is noticeable, and he has turned away from descriptive and occasional themes: his new work is personal, meditative, and lyrical.

This collected edition of Shapiro's poems, in spite of the few which have not weathered our metastasis, contains a real treasure of good reading. It is the kind of direct, persuasive poetry which leads one to cast aside all one's critical susceptibilities and say simply: "If you are a reader of poetry, here is a book which will give you many hours of enjoyment." I am inclined to add: "If you are not a reader of poetry, here is a book which will perhaps show you the delights and advantages of verse." In any case, the book is an indispensable part of modern writing in America.

But Mr. Shapiro himself will not allow us to overlook the place of criticism in contemporary literature. He has been at some pains to make clear his own position vis-à-vis criticism, and his book, *Beyond Criticism*, is the published version of three lectures which he read at the University of Nebraska last year. They are entitled: "What the Poet Knows," "The True Artificer," and "The Career of the Poem."

After a period of intense critical activity, such as the one which began in the United States in 1930, it is customary to expect a reaction, an outcry against criticism. The ancient accusations will be made: pedantry, dullness, obfuscation, insensibility, juntoism, etc. They will always find their mark because they will always be partially true. In the United States the outcry began after the war, gained momentum from the general collapse of extrinsic values among intellectuals in the postwar quandry, and today is the controlling voice in the popular literary press. The anti-critics are a large and heterogeneous group. Chiefly, they are the disappointed and the untalented; their arguments are disreputable, their methods rude and nonsensical. But there are also a number of distinguished writers who, to one degree or another, have adopted the anti-critical position, and of them Karl Shapiro is the most eminent and the most formidable. The thoughtfulness of his argument and the graciousness of his manner force our attention and respect.

Shapiro's method of dealing with criticism is to pass it by, to look back on

it, in other words, from the vantage ground of aesthetics and declare it irrelevant. In this way he disposes of criticism without engaging it. He achieves this by a division of all knowledge into four forms: scientific, philosophical, religious, and poetic. Science is the pursuit of demonstrable truth, philosophy of absolute truth, religion of moral truth, and poetry of personal truth. These truths may be called rational, ideal, mystical, and creative. They are aspects of knowledge which are "free and independent"; they are absolutely separable and in no way comparable. Hence poetry can be explained only by itself and in its own terms; to introduce any method or attitude from the other three areas of knowledge is a corruption and an impertinence. The endless attempt to do so has created not only the false art of criticism but the two gravest fallacies of poetry: poetry as myth and poetry as history. Among the victims of the first are the formalists and classicists, the symbolic and metaphysical poets who have been corrupted by philosophy and religion. Among the victims of the latter are the exponents of social and political destinies, poets who have been corrupted by science.

This, very briefly and incompletely, is Shapiro's argument. I think it is vulnerable at a number of points, but to attack them in this little space would be an injustice to both the author and the reviewer. What I should like to question here is Mr. Shapiro's motivation.

In his introduction Shapiro gives us a picture of the contemporary world of literature which is distinctly unprepossessing. He speaks of it as a war among opposing cults of literary bigotry, a melee of charge, counter-charge, and counter-counter-charge, in which young poets are drafted by the elders to swell the ranks and carry on the fray. He speaks of the "War of Culture," from which the poet must be "rescued" and "restored to himself." He writes of his own aim in these terms: "I shall try to show that all literary dogmas, whether they are dogmas of popularity and simplicity, or doctrines of classicism and complexity, are ruinous to poetry. And if I can create an atmosphere of neutrality; if I can only suggest a method for avoiding the imaginary and totally unnecessary conflicts of poetics; if I can only provide a psychological device for freeing the poet from the chimeras of cultural war, then I shall have done what I wanted."

The first and most serious objection to Shapiro's aim is that he attempts the impossible. The conflicts of poetics may be unnecessary but they certainly are not imaginary: Shapiro himself is the first to point out that they do actually exist. People talk and dispute about anything they find gratifying and important—food, for instance. Simply because the proof of the pudding is in the eating should we outlaw cookbooks? Because the proof of poetry is in one's own experience of it should we outlaw criticism? We could not do it. The need to communicate our experience in the enjoyment of poetry and our beliefs concerning it is as great as our need to communicate anything else. Disputes, doctrines, schools of thought are bound to arise. Our need to share, which is fundamental to our

humanity, is the motive for criticism, and if we deny it we destroy ourselves.

Beyond that, however, and closer to the point, is Shapiro's argument: is criticism really inimical to poetry or to the writing of poetry? The evidence that it is seems to me very slight. It comes down chiefly to this: there is a lot of bad poetry written nowadays and much of it seems to have been composed under the influence of one or another school of criticism. But isn't it true that in any period when literature flourishes (I speak of cultural vitality, not of distinguishable creative excellences) there will be a lot of bad writing? Young people by the thousands and tens of thousands try their hands; they are imitative, ignorant, and mostly untalented. The rarity of poetic genius, I should think, is pretty well established now. But suppose for a moment that Mr. Shapiro were able to invent a "psychological device" which would "create an atmosphere of neutrality." Wouldn't it, in fact, be anarchy? What would happen to the rare poetic genius arriving on such a scene? Could he, by studying only our anthologies of verse, devise for himself a schema of technique, outlook, purpose, etc., within which to work? Perhaps; but the job would be infinitely more difficult than it actually is in our world of shared ideas. Haven't most periods of high productivity in the arts been accompanied *simultaneously* by the promulgation of new concepts on the methods and uses of art?

In one sentence Shapiro speaks of doctrines and dogmas, which are equally "ruinous" to poetry. Dogmas, yes; but in a democratic society there is no concept of poetry which comes near to being an official, enforceable dogma. Doctrines — concepts which have achieved sufficient integration to be recognized embodiments of principle— are another matter. Poets do not need to be freed from them because they cannot be enslaved by them. The guidance of doctrine is only the obverse of the poet's choice of doctrine: choice implies participation; it implies also growth and development. In a period of vigorously contending doctrines the poet is freer in his work than he could possibly be in an "atmosphere of neutrality," which would more likely be an atmosphere of boredom at one extreme and idolatry at the other.

The poets themselves, I believe, guide criticism and press it toward new goals. They are the first to express dismay when critical doctrines are attenuated by rarefaction or splintered by logomachy. If their contributions to criticism are not *per se* the most cogent elements (though how many supreme criticisms have been made by poets!), they are at least the impetus, the direction.

Karl Shapiro's *Beyond Criticism* may be such an impelling force. If it can bring American critics to admit that they have been playing with aesthetics in their fine dalliance, that it is time to reconsider in more realistic terms the role of the poet and the role of the critic, then it will have achieved, not what its author wanted, but something a good deal more valuable—the beginning of a movement toward a genuine foundation for contemporary poetry, surmounting the august pretenses of the past. —*Hayden Carruth*

Modern Science Fiction: Its Meaning and Its Future

EDITED BY REGINALD BRETNOR.

New York, 1953, Coward-McCann, $3.75.

The publication of this book of essays brings us face to face with a phenomenon which has been growing like Pinocchio's nose and has far-reaching literary and cultural implications. In the formal sense, science fiction is a new branch of imaginative writing, in spite of such famous precursors as Jules Verne, Poe, H. G. Wells, and Aldous Huxley. As a self-aware literary form it is about thirty years old. But to quote Reginald Bretnor, the editor of this book: "Since Hugo Gernsback fathered the first science-fiction magazine in 1926, it has developed independently, owing almost nothing to our main literary streams. It has attracted a wide, intelligent, and active leadership without the benefit of high-pressure publicity or pathological sensationalism. Its presently increasing popularity is a result of its own special merit—its validity for the age in which we live."

Valid in what sense, one may ask? Simply in this: the imagination which conceives almost all contemporary science fiction is inspired by modern technology, American in particular. By projecting our current gadget-mad culture into the future—or by assuming a continuation of spectacular developments in physics, electronics, and similar fields—science fiction reveals certain fundamental tendencies in our way of life which the majority of us, who participate in an increasingly technicalized society out of sheer habit, do not see. We all like to speculate about the future, but science fiction brings that future to us by making both logical and imaginative deductions from the temper of our times.

Since *Modern Science Fiction: Its Meaning and Its Future* is the first book of its kind (a serious symposium on this new medium) to appear, it is perhaps natural that the contributors overstate their case. Almost all of them write or edit science fiction, and consequently they all have an axe to grind, or better, an air taxi to rev up; almost without exception they are enthusiasts who are sold on the new religion of space and supersonics, and they see as the only important direction of prose literature that which follows their own inclinations. More moderate minds will discount this throwing of all caution to the interstellar winds, but it is interesting to see just what the S-F enthusiasts have to say.

Foremost is the conviction of several of the essayists that "realistic" or "naturalistic" literature, the dominant fictional form in this country for about the last forty years, has reached a dead end. They see it as sterile, repeating what has already been done, and putting blinders on the imagination, which keeps it gutterbound and finally condemned to a philosophy of "defeatism."

This point of view has recently popped up in our most sensitive literary magazines often enough to make us listen closely to what the S-F writers have to say: it is true that the realistic forms of literature as we have known them have entered a weak and lifeless period, no longer giving us a fresh and significant picture of reality and no

longer expressing a vision of life commensurate with the capacity of the modern imagination. We have outgrown literary conventions that once seemed to be life itself, put on paper—but is science fiction what we have grown up to? Before attempting to answer this question, we should consider the second strong point that the S-F protagonists make in defense of their medium: that they are pioneers who have discovered a new realm for the modern fictional imagination and that they have also given the scientific method its proper place in the subject matter of modern literature—as the crucial instrument on which, perhaps, the fate of modern life depends.

It was Emile Zola, founder of the great naturalistic movement which now appears to be exhausted, who said that "literature constantly encroaches on life; if it has been lived or thought, it will one day become literature." Zola's comment is especially pertinent here. The majority of our serious writers came to their maturity by working out of a particular tradition which had nothing to do, specifically, with science; they were familiar with literature and philosophy, with art and its values, but they were and are almost totally ignorant of the "engineering" aspects of the modern sciences. Yet these fields and the tremendous accomplishments made within them in the last two decades are responsible for the way all of us must live on one important level; and every indication is that, technologically, we face a period of rapid change and development for as long as we can envision.

Unarguably then, the scientific is a prime factor in modern existence—but by training, tradition, and interest it is beyond the scope of the majority of our serious writers, who were weaned on "sensibility" and "ideas." The S-F writers have thus in an important sense substantiated Zola's comment. They are putting into imaginative form an aspect of contemporary life—it "has been lived or thought"—which before them was left to the daydreams of the scientists themselves.

Almost all the interesting S-F writers have had some legitimate training in the sciences, and several, like Isaac Asimov, actually teach one or another of the sciences in accredited universities. (Asimov, one of the most prolific of the younger science fiction writers, is Assistant Professor of Biochemistry at the Boston University of Medicine.) In other words, the S-F writers are a different breed from both their brothers in the detective and Western pulp magazines and their snooty relations who inhabit the big literary houses on the hill. They have brought something fresh to fiction which is particularly their own—the outlook of the imaginative mind which has been inspired by the modern sciences—and by so doing they have enlarged the genre of fantasy and speculative storytelling in a distinctive way. But at the same time (and it is here that the contributors to *Modern Science Fiction: Its Meaning and Its Future* do not tell us the whole truth), very few of their works will endure because few of them reach the level of literature on literature's own terms.

Just what—some science fiction zealot might ask—do we mean by that?

Certainly not "pretty" writing; or abstruse meanings for their own sake; or a parade of any of the traditional literary finery. But simply a union of thought and feeling on the most mature and imaginative level, written by a human being at the top of his bent.

These qualities are not to be found in even the most ingenious science fiction stories. As Philip Wylie, one of the few contributors to the symposium who has a connection with legitimate literature, points out, the major portion of science fiction falls down badly in such areas as adult characterization, the quality of expression, or a sense of the dense complexity of existence that one receives from the best serious writers. Too often, apart from the strictly scientific content, the average S-F story is juvenile and mechanical in its treatment of people, even though not quite as childish as it was in its earlier days.

We are thus presented with an interesting paradox: when sticking to technology and its possible effects upon our future the S-F writers can be read with interest and fascination because this is when they speak with conviction and, on occasion, prophetic logic; but when they deal with individual human beings they show a shoddiness, thinness, and incompleteness which, put up against our traditional literature, makes one embarrassed for the pretensions of this new sect. It is precisely this split that the contributors of *Modern Science Fiction: Its Meanings and Its Future* do not acknowledge, perhaps because they are unaware of it. We, however, with a certain perspective at our command, should be able to see why the S-F writers should be interesting in one realm and more than deficient in another. The reason lies in what might best be called their sense of reality.

To the S-F writers, the sense of reality is strongest when they are writing about what they love: the technological future. Here their imaginations take wings, their situations are inventive and occasionally inspired, and illusion, the very backbone of fiction, is not only sustained but gathers the reader up into itself. In the human realm, however, they are often commonplace and trite because their minds do not respond unusually or profoundly to the common moral and psychological necessities of human nature.

This is not to say that occasional stories by Ray Bradbury or Fritz Leiber do not raise the point of view behind science fiction to something like literature. This occurs every once in a while; but when it happens it is the result of the individual writer's having given all that he is capable of, and, more important, owning the capacity to experience life on many levels. The majority of S-F writing does not contain this quality; it rarely rises above the entertainment level, even though it is often more provocative entertainment than will be found in the ordinary detective story or "slick" fiction.

We can thus discount much of the call to arms that is to be found in *Modern Science Fiction: Its Meaning and Its Future*. But we cannot dismiss its implications. It is axiomatic that writing which grasps our attention is that which has its "finger on the pulse of contemporaneity"—and although average science fiction is literarily mostly thumbs, it has brought to light and

dramatized aspects of the contemporary world which our better-equipped writers, qua *writers*, have left untouched. Even in its crude outlines, we see in much S-F writing the realization of fantasies which we all, at varying times, share: world government, the habitation of the moon and other planets, the moral and political consequences of such monsterish phenomena as cybernetics and quicker-than-sound transportation. Here is the modern world, in its non-human or technological aspects, thrust into the future and held up to us as the mirror of what our children's children will see. For us not to be intrigued by this sight would be unfeeling.

It is difficult to imagine one of the heroic characters of Hemingway or Malraux extending the very implications of heroism, and the significance of great action, by the added dimension of traveling through space or time and having the fate of others depend upon the outcome. But, bizarre as this may seem on first thought, I believe its reasonableness should become apparent.

Essentially it comes to this: our finest writers can enlarge the significance of their imaginative journeys by adapting some of the symbols already crudely posed by the science fiction cultists; instead of the boyish and melodramatic excursions into the future which the S-F writers give us, our best artists can, and I believe ultimately will, use this "third dimension" of fiction for the highest adult and literary purposes. If there is drama in the fate of a battalion holding out against strong odds—a military situation which, for example, recurs in the work of both Hemingway and Malraux—the dramatic implications of a similar group of embattled men attempting to hold a position on the moon or one of the planets is infinitely greater. The significance of either their victory or defeat is at once enhanced by the inherent meaning of where they are fighting; moral purpose is given a symbol, no longer beyond actuality, which is equal to itself.

My illustration could be drawn not only from the moon but from any of the spectacular geography that science fiction has mapped for our imaginations. For it is a fact that, skeptical as we may be of science fiction as the savior of imaginative writing, we cannot allow ourselves to forget that it has popularized something which is truly awesome and which has only occurred in our time. And that is that men are beginning to invade the domain of the poets. The moon, stars, planets, and the infinite spaces that made Pascal shudder, are falling under the sway of the human race for the first time in history, and the possibilities that this new horizon offers to the imagination, and to the literary imagination in particular, are not to be taken lightly.

For a tragedy to be genuine, Aristotle said, the victim has to be of noble family; the difference between falling from a footstool and a high scaffold is self-evident. In somewhat the same way the phenomena of space, time, the future, and the very heavens to which science fiction has given expression offer themselves to serious writers and artists as perhaps the most sublime and potentially tragic symbols to which modern men and women are capable of responding.

To fall from a star is certainly different from being pushed out of a third-story window; from the first we make myths and from the second a three-sentence paragraph buried in the back of a newspaper. It is quite possible that our most serious authors will soon begin using this extension of the real and hence the imaginatively meaningful world which the science fiction writers, at two cents a word, have pioneered for them.

—*Seymour Krim*

The Sacred Pipe, Black Elk's Account of the Seven Rites of the Oglala Sioux

RECORDED AND EDITED BY JOSEPH EPES BROWN.

Norman, Oklahoma, 1953, University of Oklahoma Press, $3.00.

The latest in the admirable series of thirty-six volumes on *The Civilization of the American Indian* published by the Oklahoma University Press has now appeared. This volume concerns itself with hitherto closely guarded mystical ceremonies of the Oglala Sioux, as described by Black Elk, the last qualified priest of his people, to Joseph Epes Brown, acting as recorder and editor. The book is called *The Sacred Pipe, Black Elk's Account of the Seven Rites of the Oglala Sioux*. Its—perhaps unavoidably—clumsy title may well keep away readers who might find both wonder and hope in the precepts of brotherhood and universality expressed by the "primitive" mind of the Plains Indians. As Mr. Brown remarks in his introduction, this record—like other similar records of Amer-Indian religious belief—contains "great qualities for want of which the modern world is becoming impoverished in spite of its material wealth."

The present volume is but one more example of that respectful eagerness on the part of certain white observers—both trained and amateur—to record something of disappearing Indian cultures "before it is too late." There has been published in America in the last thirty years a notable, though small, list of semi-popular books in this field—books intended for the layman as well as for the specialist. To name a few: Frank Linderman's *American*, the story of Plenty-Coups, Chief of the Crows; *The Son of Old Man Hat*, Walter Dyk's Navajo autobiography; Paul Radin's Winnebago story, *Crashing Thunder*; Mari Sandoz's semi-fictionized account of the life of *Crazy Horse*, *The Strange Man of the Oglalas*; John Neihardt's *Black Elk Speaks*, the biography of the same warrior-priest who has given his ritual secrets to John Epes Brown in the account of the sacred pipe. In fiction there have been books like Oliver La Farge's *Laughing Boy* and Willa Cather's neglected *The Professor's House*. Ruth Benedict's important *Patterns of Culture* brought a new interpretation of the pueblo dwellers of the Southwest in whom she found a type of "Apollonian culture"—as exemplified most completely in the life of the Zuñis—the extreme opposite of the fiercely individualistic Kwakiutl of Vancouver Island in the Pacific Northwest, whom Miss Benedict studied comparatively. Farther back we had Mary Austin's suggestive classic, *The American Rhythm*.

More recently, devoted women like Franc Newcomb, Maud Oakes, Gladys Reichard, Mary Cabot Wheelwright have painstakingly made records of the mystical ceremonies of Navajo sand and pollen paintings, done to the accompaniment of prolonged recitation, or chanting, of myths. D. H. Lawrence came and dwelt in New Mexico and wrote wonderingly of the still existing seasonal rites of the first Americans. Carl Jung, the psychologist, claimed to find the Indian rooted deep in the American "collective unconscious." There is a mine of rich material contributed by devoted students and field workers who publish their findings in bulletins from museums and bureaus of ethnology and anthropology. Each year more and more tourists visit the American Southwest to gaze at the implausibly spectacular landscapes in which the prehistoric *Hohokam*, "the people who have gone," as modern Indians call them, built their ancient cliff dwellings, marvels of modern design, repeated in the tiered communal apartments of more recent pueblos like Taos—all prototypes of New York's skyscraper architecture. These same tourists attend the Gallup Indian Ceremonial and the dances given on the rim of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, at which certain tribes present their immemorial festivities. Hardier souls climb mesas, like that at Acoma, where a blending of Christian and pagan rites may be viewed, or make their way across deserts to the remote hilltop villages of the Hopis to watch the painted Snake Priests dancing with living rattlesnakes as they bring rain for the corn to end the summer's drought.

To this impetus to seek out and observe the vestigial remains of the red man's civilization and to help in the preservation of some record while the oldest and wisest practitioners remain to give assistance, there has been added, in the instance of the recording of the Seven Sacred Rites of the Oglala Sioux, the compelling wish of an Indian priest himself to share his knowledge. In explanation of his desire to spend eight months before his death in the exacting and wearisome task of handing on, with complete descriptive accuracy, the details of the Sioux religion, Black Elk said, "It is my prayer that through our sacred pipe, and through this book in which I shall explain what our pipe really is, peace may come to those peoples who can understand, an understanding which must be of the heart and not of the head alone."

Not the least remarkable statement in this altogether remarkable little book is Joseph Epes Brown's paraphrase of Black Elk's somewhat more extended explanation of this act by which he not only shared his most valued possession with a white man, but also divested himself of a responsibility which had "haunted him all his life"—the responsibility to serve and save his own people. Implicit in this symbolic act both the Indian and the white man find revealed a widened view of the necessary "relatedness" of all men—one of the precepts of the Sioux religion. . . . "It is now said by those few old wise men of the Sioux who are still living that when we are nearing the end of a cycle, when men everywhere are falling away from an understanding of, and participation in, the truths which had

been revealed to them in the beginning, and when, as a result of this, disorder and chaos reign in every sphere of life—then it is permissible and even desirable to give out this knowledge. For they believe that the truth, by its very nature, will protect itself against profanation, and it may even be that it will reach those who are qualified to understand it deeply, so that they may then be able to strengthen the bridge which must be built, leading out of this dark age."

Part of what makes this singular act of sharing so poignant and dramatic on the part of the old Indian are the facts of Black Elk's personal life—facts only briefly touched on by Joseph Epes Brown, but fully developed in *Black Elk Speaks*, Neihardt's biography published in 1932. To dwell on Black Elk's life story may have been considered by Mr. Brown to be a possible trespass on Mr. Neihardt's work, but it does seem unfortunate, in view of the fact that the former book is out of print and virtually impossible to find, except in large libraries, that *The Sacred Pipe* could not have included a somewhat more enlarged background of introductory material. This would have heightened not alone the drama but the significance of the old Indian's last living act—that of sharing his tribe's most sacred esoteric wisdom with the former "enemy."

Black Elk's life spanned a long and important period of American history. Born in the 1860's and living until 1950, he had known not only the happy free-roving days of his tribe over the buffalo-covered plains, but also the tragic days of decline following the coming of the white men. He fought in defense of his people at the famous battle of the Little Big Horn, and in the shameful massacre at Wounded Knee Creek. All his life he had been a visionary. He had first "heard voices" at the age of four and had his first great vision at the age of nine—a not unusual age for Indian "medicine men" and priests to learn that they were marked to render special service. Of his visions Black Elk, like another visionary, Joan of Arc, told no one until at the age of seventeen he became so disturbed by voices speaking to him out of Nature—"crows by day, coyotes by night"—saying, "Make haste, it is time," that he took his troubled mind to two wise old men of the tribe. These two priests sat up with young Black Elk until morning, memorizing from him all the accompanying songs and images of the—hitherto unmentioned—vision of his childhood, the great illumination which had come to him while lying unconscious and given up for dead by his parents.

The numerous poetic passages of Black Elk's account of the series of sacred events witnessed by him when he was "taken up into a cloud and spoken to by the Powers that rule the World," as given in Neihardt's book, are too many to quote here. One must serve as an example of the general manner of expression: "Now there was a wooden cup in His hand and it was full of water and in the water was the sky. Take this, He said, it is the power to make live, and it is yours. . . . Now He had a bow in His hands. Take this, He said, it is the power to destroy and it is yours."

Among other symbolic images of Black Elk's great vision were the Horses of the Four Directions, a sacred blossoming tree at the center of the "hoop of the nation," a five-pointed healing herb, the daybreak star. To comprehend fully the meaning conveyed by these and other symbols, and to make proper use of them, was to be Black Elk's life task. The wise men of the Sioux organized a special ceremony, a Horse Dance, to honor the young man and to help him accept the responsibility of the remarkable vision which had been vouchsafed him by *Wakan-Tanka*, the Supreme Spirit. After the Horse Dance, during which Black Elk was made a qualified priest, permitted henceforth to use his healing powers and to direct and guide others, he was no longer afraid of his vision, but only fearful that he might not properly employ the gifts he had been granted.

In time when the red man's fate grew darker, as the white man inexorably took over the American continent, Black Elk strove in all ways to keep his people from the "black road." At great physical discomfort, to the point of severe illness and profound psychological disturbance (and with no knowledge of the English language), Black Elk even agreed to go abroad with Buffalo Bill's famed troupe of Indians to dance before Queen Victoria at her Jubilee—"Grandmother England" as he called her—and to travel to France and Italy. Nothing was more fearful to a "Plains Indian" than thought of the trackless oceans, yet Black Elk was willing to brave even the extreme perils of a slow crossing of the Atlantic for he believed that if he really came to know all about the white man, his ways and his world, he might still save his people from their impending fate. "Maybe if I could see the great world of the *Wasichus* (whites) I could understand how to bring the sacred hoop together and make the tree to bloom again at the center of it."

But in spite of all Black Elk's personal efforts, the great change continued. After his return to the plains he saw even bloodier battles between whites and Indians. In one of them he took part, carrying only the sacred bow of his youthful vision thrust out straight before him, wearing his sacred buckskin shirt painted with the symbols of this vision. Bullets rained around him as he rode his horse straight at the guns, but he was unharmed. Then there came the massacre at Wounded Knee Creek: "The snow drifted deep in the crooked gulch, and it was one long grave of butchered women and children and babies who had never done any harm and were only trying to run away." Black Elk was himself terribly wounded at a battle in which he carried a gun. As he convalesced he knew the Indians would fight no more. They would—they must—resign themselves to their fate.

Later: "All our people were now settling down in gray houses, scattered here and there across the hungry land, and around them the *Wasichus* had drawn a line to keep them in. The nation's hoop was broken and there was no center any longer for the flowering tree. The people were in despair. They seemed heavy to me, heavy and dark; so heavy it seemed they could not be

lifted, so dark they could not be made to see any more."

In 1932 Black Elk told all these stories and more to John Neihardt. At the end of many days of giving the chronicle of his life he asked Neihardt to climb with him to the top of a nearby mountain where he would address the Great Powers once again. It was a bright day in summer. Lifting his withered face to the cloudless sky the old man spoke, "I to whom so great a vision was given in my youth—you see me now a pitiful old man who has done nothing, for the nation's hoop is broken and scattered. There is no center any longer, and the sacred tree is dead." Neihardt relates how a cloud—a phenomenon which had always accompanied Black Elk's visions—suddenly, mysteriously formed and rain fell from the summer sky onto the lifted face of the praying Indian. Tears fell also from the old man's closed eyes as he cried "In sorrow I am sending a feeble voice, O Six Powers of the world. Hear me in my sorrow, for I may never call again. O make my people live!"

I have felt it necessary to refer at this length to Neihardt's earlier document about Black Elk in order to increase the reader's awareness of the importance of this old priest's final act, the sharing of his tribe's holiest secrets with a white man —the material described in *The Sacred Pipe*.

Joseph Epes Brown traveled and lived for some time in recent years among the remnants of the Indian "nations of the prairies," convinced, as he says, that they were the "aristocrats" among all the Indians of this continent and that their old men, in spite of their lives of extreme poverty, still possessed "degrees of spirituality rarely found in the world today." While residing with the Sioux of the Pine Ridge Reservation in the winter of 1947–48 he came to know Black Elk, the old man who, twenty years before, had talked to John Neihardt. At his invitation, Brown took up residence with him and acquired, with the help of his interpreter-son, Benjamin Black Elk, the material of this unique book.

The thing that particularly struck Mr. Brown was the emphasis in the Sioux religion on ideas of Divine Unity and Divine Transcendence. He was also struck again and again—as his illuminating footnotes indicate—with parallels of thought and symbolism among other world faiths practiced by much larger segments of humanity: Hinduism, Buddhism, Christianity. It is perhaps unfortunate for the average reader that more of this footnote material could not have been woven integrally into the body of the book, for many laymen, unfamiliar with the symbols of the Amer-Indian—taken largely from the world of nature in which the Indian was enmeshed, and of which modern man knows so little—might well be put off by images dealing with bison, thunderbirds, and the milky way, sweet grass, cottonwood, *kinnikinnik*, and eagle bones, rituals of sweatbath and sun dance. Suggestive interpretations of the kind Joseph Campbell added to the Navajo myth material of the Bollingen publication, *Where the Two Came to Their Father*, seem to me particularly helpful and pertinent in these documentary

presentations. But the maintenance of that invisible, yet highly charged, line of demarcation between "experts" in the fields of anthropology and ethnology and those who merely know and care, or *want* to know, has always presented difficulties in the Indian field. Accurate dullness has won out in most cases over the will to enliven by comparison or interpretation.

According to Black Elk's account, the Seven Sacred Rites of the Oglala Sioux which center around the sacred pipe were given long ago to the Sioux nation by a holy apparition called White Buffalo Woman. The seven rites are: The Keeping of the Soul, The Rite of Purification, Crying for a Vision, The Sun Dance, The Making of Relatives, Preparing a Girl for Womanhood, and The Throwing of the Ball. The elaborate ceremony of the smoking of the sacred pipe accompanied all the seven ritual forms of the Sioux. It is necessary, above all, to understand the symbolic importance of the pipe itself to the participants in these ceremonies. "In filling a pipe all space (represented by the offerings to the Powers of the Six Directions) and all things (represented by the grains of tobacco) are contracted within a single point (the bowl or heart of the pipe), so that the pipe contains, or really *is*, the universe. But since the pipe is the universe, it is also man, and the one who fills a pipe should identify himself with it, thus not only establishing the center of the universe, but also his own center; he so 'expands' that the six directions of space are actually brought within himself. It is by this 'expansion' that a man ceases to be a part, a fragment, and becomes whole, or holy; he shatters the illusion of separateness."

The ceremony of Keeping (and later releasing) the Soul of one who had died was a particularly holy rite to the Sioux. The detained soul was to serve for a time as a sort of purified go-between, an emissary from earth to Heaven. At one time, according to Black Elk, only the great souls of the tribe had been retained in death, but later all the souls were held, even if for a brief period only. One of the amazing references in this book is to an order of the United States Government in 1890, formally "prohibiting any further holding of souls by the Sioux Indians." It was even required that on a certain day, established by law, all souls kept by the Sioux must be released. It is interesting to speculate as to what occult powers government agents attributed to these captive souls, or what messages they were presumed to be carrying from man to the gods. (It was about this time also that the government began to frown on the dancing of the Ghost Dances by which, all over America, Indians were attempting to invoke the shades of their ancestors for help in their plight.)

The Rite of Purification which degenerated, according to Black Elk, into a mere identification with the sweat bath was at one time a far more occult and esoteric matter. The use of water was part of a meditative process by which the Indian in the sweat lodge thought of *Wakan-Tanka*, the Supreme Spirit, in the guise of water "always flowing, giving His Power and life to everything." It was required of the participant that he meditate on the quality of water which is "lower than

all things, yet stronger even than the rocks."

The Ritual of Crying for a Vision or "lamenting" has to do with the procedures for helping a suppliant attain to special wisdom by the invocation of higher powers. In olden times, said Black Elk, everyone cried for a vision, even though only specially qualified aspirants received the "great visions" which were interpreted by holy men and which gave "strength and health" to the whole Sioux nation. In the prayers of this ritualistic "lament" the very important trait of "relatedness" of the aspirant to all living things was especially stressed. "Relatedness" was an important goal of the Sioux religion; relatedness not only with the powers of the universe and all growing things but with other human beings and animals as well. (One thinks here of the *jataka* legends of Buddhism, describing the Buddha's various animal existences.) The goal of relatedness was emphasized by the tribal custom of members calling one another not by their individual names but by titles such as "mother," "son," "father," "nephew," based not on blood bonds but on age relationships. The highest aim of Crying for a Vision was the establishing of a relationship between *Wakan-Tanka*, the Supreme Spirit himself, and the participant who would, by this communion, be enabled to bring strength and wisdom to all people.

In Crying for a Vision there is also expressed the further message, or warning, "Be attentive." This suggestion is made not in the sense of being "on guard" but in the sense of becoming, and remaining, *aware* at each moment, not only of one's thoughts and actions but of the presence and sacredness of all surrounding things, and in particular of the Divine Presence. It is not dissimilar to the Christian "living in the moment" or the "eternal now," Mr. Brown points out. And there is, indeed, within this Sioux religion, which finds the macrocosm reflected within the microcosm, the possiblity—as in both Christianity and Buddhism—that through perfect illumination the individual ego, or ignorance, will die, and there will be possible a continuous existence in the Spirit itself.

The fourth of the Seven Rites is the Sun Dance, one of the "greatest of all," according to Black Elk. This rite was held annually during the Moon of Fattening (June) or the Moon of Cherries Blackening (July), and always "when the moon is full, for the growing and dying of the moon reminds us of our ignorance which comes and goes; but when the moon is full it is as if the eternal light of the Great Spirit were upon the whole world." In this dance the drum has special significance, its round form symbolizing the whole universe, its steady strong beat the pulse or heart which throbs at the heart of the universe and in man also. It involves a ceremonial felling of a sacred tree, the holy cottonwood, particularly venerated by the Sioux because the design of their *tipis* (dwelling tents) was an exact pattern of its leaf—something learned long ago by old men watching children making play houses from these leaves. Said Black Elk, "This is a good example of how much grown men may learn from very little children, for the hearts of little children are pure, and therefore

the Great Spirit may show to them many things which older people miss." Also it had been discovered that a perfect five-rayed star, a symbol of the Great Spirit, could be plainly seen in the grain of a cottonwood limb when sawed crosswise.

The setting up of the Sun Dance lodge involved mystical numerology. There must always be twenty-eight poles with one tree at the center upon which all the others rested, this representing *Wakan-Tanka*, the center of everything. The numbers four and seven were sacred to the Sioux and their multiplication gave the esoteric number twenty-eight, which was also the time of the lunar month. (Moreover the buffalo, the center of Siouan tribal economy and thus holy, had twenty-eight ribs.) The Sun Dance itself was performed by consecrated dancers who danced around the sacred tree with rawhide thongs tied into the flesh of their bodies at given points, these attached in turn to the center post. Dancers honored by selection for this holy, and painful, ceremony must dance until the thongs had broken from their flesh. "And as the dancers chanted, all the other people cried, for they were the people—the nation—for whom the dancers were to suffer." The sacred cottonwood, felled ritualistically and made to serve as the center post, stretched from Earth to Heaven and only the purified dared dance to its "center." The crucifixion elements in this rite are too apparent to need comment. There are other interesting aspects such as the drawing of a black circle around a dancer's face, a further symbol of *Wakan-Tanka* who is without end or beginning; a reminder also of the wisdom of birds who build in circles, as coyotes dig their holes. The entire ritual emphasized the oneness of all life, and the possibility of one man enduring suffering to help in the purification of the many.

In the ceremony of Making Relatives there are certain elements of a fertility ritual. Ears of corn and cornstalks were used during the chanting. The highest aim of this rite was to teach a "threefold" peace, originating from the peace within each man coming to him upon his realization of his oneness with *Wakan-Tanka* who dwells at the center of the universe and "that this center is really everywhere and is within each of us." From such a realization universal peace might flow, said Black Elk.

The Sixth Rite had to do with preparing a girl for womanhood. Before these particular rites were received by the Sioux they had made it incumbent upon all menstruating women to retire to a place apart from the camping circle, in strictest isolation; but after the new rites were learned and performed, the girl-subject of the rites was seen to have "much holiness" in her and "people rushed up to her and placed their hands upon her for now she was a woman."

The final rite is called The Throwing of the Ball. This rite too, said Black Elk, had tended to degenerate into a mere game, but there still remained among the Sioux those who knew what it meant when it was first played, and how sacred it was. The rite represents the course of a man's life, spent in trying to get the ball, which represents *Wakan-Tanka*. Formerly the rules were such

that it was possible for all participants in the rite to get the ball. Now, said Black Elk, the game had become so surrounded with competitive rules that hardly anyone ever managed to get the ball. In the original game it was a little girl who stood at the center and threw the ball. "This is as it should be, for just as *Wakan-Tanka* is eternally youthful and pure, so is this little one who had just come from *Wakan-Tanka* pure and without any darkness." (One thinks inevitably of the words of Jesus: "Suffer little children . . . to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of Heaven.")

The book ends with some solemn words of Black Elk's about this seventh and last of the Seven Sacred Rites of the Oglala Sioux: "At this sad time among our people, we are scrambling for the ball and some of us are not even trying to catch it, which makes me cry when I think of it. But soon I know it will be caught, for the end is rapidly approaching, and then it will be returned to the center, and our people will be with it. It is my prayer that this be so, and it is in order to aid in this 'recovery of the ball' that I have wished to make this book." —*Nancy Wilson Ross*

A SELECTIVE LISTING OF NEW BOOKS

Aswell, Mary Louise (editor): NEW SHORT NOVELS. New York, Ballantine Books, paperbound: $.30; hardbound: $2.75.

The *nouvelle*, which for a time was eclipsed in American fiction, is again attracting the attention of serious writers, who find the form which is shorter than a novel but longer than a short story ideal for the penetrating psychological analysis of a restricted action. This volume contains four: *Ride Out*, by Shelby Foote; *The Willow*, by Elizabeth Etnier; *The Gentle Season*, by Clyde Miller; *A Winter's Tale*, by Jean Stafford.

Collins, James: THE MIND OF KIERKEGAARD. Chicago, Henry Regnery, $4.50.

This study of Kierkegaard by a Catholic scholar is an attempt to isolate the Danish thinker, so far as he is isolable, in his own transphilosophical borderland, to pin down his singular dialectic without reference to the later rigidities of the doctrinaire existentialisms. Further, the author invests some of Kierkegaard's detached insights with a Thomistic provenance which reconstitutes them philosophically in a connected framework. The result betrays a certain bias, of course, but also a seriousness and a depth of understanding seldom present in previous considerations of Kierkegaard in English.

Dos Passos, John: THE HEAD AND HEART OF THOMAS JEFFERSON. New York, Doubleday, $5.00.

Without question, Thomas Jefferson was one of the two or three most intelligent Americans to emerge from the enlightenment and the revolution of the eighteenth century. In this biography, a distinguished contemporary novelist demonstrates that he was also

one of the warmest and most humane. Mr. Dos Passos has assembled a convincing, and entertaining, series of excerpts from Jefferson's letters, diaries, and public papers to document the point.

Edman, Irwin (editor): THE PHILOSOPHY OF SANTAYANA. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, $6.50.

A new and enlarged edition of a collection, originally published in 1936, which contains a complete sampling from all the works of George Santayana. Selection has been made by the editor on the basis of philosophical rather than literary considerations, in an effort to represent, in one volume, the total movement of the philosopher's thought. Dr. Edman, considered by Santayana to be one of his most perceptive American readers, has written a well-reasoned introductory essay synthesizing the characteristic ideas underlying the philosophy, particularly as revealed in *The Life of Reason* and *The Realms of Being*.

Engle, Paul and Martin, Hansford (editors): PRIZE STORIES 1954. New York, Doubleday, $3.95.

This is the thirty-fourth volume in the O. Henry Prize Stories Series, but the first edited by Mr. Engle and Mr. Martin. Their choices represent a more unconventional taste than has dominated the series in the past. The three chief awards went to Thomas Mabry, Clay Putnam, and Richard Wilbur; twenty other writers are included. These are first-rate stories, higher in average quality than one has seen for a number of years.

Hutchins, Robert M.: THE UNIVERSITY OF UTOPIA. Chicago, University of Chicago Press, $2.50.

"This book is about the hazards to education in the United States. The principal ones seem to be those associated with industrialization, specialization, philosophical diversity, and social and political conformity. I shall hope to indicate methods by which these hazards can be overcome." In these words Dr. Hutchins, whose tenure as Chancellor of the University of Chicago produced some of the most controversial movements in American education, begins his new book, which is a short but pointed summary of all his educational theories.

Jeffers, Robinson: HUNGERFIELD AND OTHER POEMS. New York, Random House, $3.00.

"Hungerfield," a long narrative poem; "The Cretan Woman," a one-act verse drama based on a theme from Euripides; and fifteen shorter lyrics make up this collection of Mr. Jeffers' recent work. The fire and passion of his earlier years is here, but a new meditative strain as well, an acceptance of patience beyond ardor.

Link, Arthur S.: WOODROW WILSON AND THE PROGRESSIVE ERA. New York, Harper & Brothers, $5.00.

A leading Wilson scholar, on the basis of a large body of new evidence,

examines in great detail the dilemma which faced the progressives in the first Wilson administration and evaluates the President's achievements on both the domestic and international scene from 1910 to 1917. Of particular interest is the well-documented exposition of the formation of the Progressive party, enactment of the comprehensive reform program begun in 1913, and the events which led to America's entrance into World War I.

McCurdy, Harold Grier: THE PERSONALITY OF SHAKESPEARE. New Haven, Yale University Press, $3.00.

Subtitled "A Venture in Psychological Method," this study is admittedly by way of experiment: a psychologist applies modern psychological tests to the themes, characters, and situations in Shakespeare's dramas to determine some of the aspects of Shakespeare's own personality. The results seem tame enough, and the methods cautiously employed. But critics will quickly need a point of view toward this addition to the instruments of traditional scholarship.

O'Connor, William Van: THE TANGLED FIRE OF WILLIAM FAULKNER. Minneapolis, University of Minnesota Press, $4.00.

No other living American writer has received so much critical attention as William Faulkner; there have been dozens of books about him, hundreds of essays; there is now a journal, *Faulkner Studies*, devoted entirely to his work. In this new volume, Mr. O'Connor reviews the previous critical tendencies and finds them too schematized, lacking in depth. His own view, which he presents through an analysis of all the chief works, is of a contradictory writer whose responses to the history and society of his region have been varied, personal, and sometimes devious.

Pound, Ezra: THE LITERARY ESSAYS OF EZRA POUND. Edited with an introduction by T. S. Eliot. New York, New Directions, $6.00.

Most of Ezra Pound's essays were assembled first in such volumes as *Pavannes and Divisions*, *Instigations*, *Make it New*, etc.—books which have been long out of print and which were not circulated widely when they first were published. In this new volume, Mr. Eliot has collected thirty-three of the most important essays, and he has provided them with a forthright introduction, defining the permanent values in Pound's often hasty and eminently contemporary observations.

Puma, Fernando (editor): 7 ARTS, Volume II. New York, Permabooks (Doubleday), $.50.

The second number of this paperbound, mass-circulated compendium of contemporary criticism extends Mr. Puma's belief that people can best learn about the arts by listening to the artists themselves. This volume includes essays by Sean O'Casey, Jacques Villon, Leonard Bernstein, Herbert Read, Walter Gropius, Bertrand Russell, Darius Milhaud, and eleven others. Illustrated with forty-eight black-and-white reproductions.

Schneider, Elisabeth: COLERIDGE, OPIUM, AND KUBLA KHAN. Chicago, University of Chicago Press, $5.00.

Coleridge's singular poem, "Kubla Khan," has generally been understood as a dream, a vision induced by its author's addiction to opium, and hence also, because of its equal beauty and obscurity, as a symbol of the failure of romantic genius. Professor Schneider presents in this volume a counter view; bringing together the results of modern research on opium addiction and careful investigations into the early Romantic theories of dream poetry, she shows that "Kubla Khan" is a conscious product of the romantic imagination, a parable of the aesthetic dilemma.

West, Jessamyn: CRESS DELAHANTY. New York, Harcourt, Brace, $3.75.

A new novel by one of America's most sensitive stylists, this is the story of an adolescent girl and her struggles to overcome the burdens of her own precocity and the isolation of her life on a California ranch. Miss West's touch is feminine, precise, and intelligent; she manages what is in fact the melodrama of adolescent experience with tact and genuine depth of feeling.

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AMERICAN PERIODICALS

THE AMERICAN SCENE

Morgan, Marshall: TENNESSEE PREACHERS AND THE DEMON RUM. *Harper's Magazine*, February, 1954.

While prohibition is again becoming a burning issue in many states, *Harper's* presents here the story—brilliantly written and painstakingly documented—of what happened in one community when a number of clergymen tried to dry it up and a group of less doctrinaire citizens decided to fight back.

Riesman, David: SOME OBSERVATIONS ON INTELLECTUAL FREEDOM. *The American Scholar*, Winter, 1953–54.

In the last issue of *Perspectives* attention was drawn to Archibald MacLeish's "Loyalty and Freedom," published in the preceding issue of *The American Scholar*. In the present article, Mr. Riesman reproaches MacLeish for being overconcerned with the current wave of attacks on the liberty of the individual mind and conscience. This debate, between two of America's most brilliant writers, on a topic which is of the greatest interest to intellectuals everywhere, closes with a quiet but incisive rebuttal by Mr. MacLeish.

ANTHROPOLOGY

Stegner, Wallace: ADDING THE STONE AGE TO HUMAN HISTORY. *The Pacific Spectator*, Winter, 1954.

In this chapter of his forthcoming book *Beyond the Hundredth Meridian*, Mr. Stegner deals with the cultural disintegration of the American Indians and its causes—"not primarily political greed, land hunger, or military power, not the white man's germs or the white man's rum, though all of these helped. What really destroyed the Indians was the

manufactured products of white industry, iron, steel, guns, needles, woolen cloth. Once possessed they were forever indispensable." The article then summarizes the most important studies on Indian civilization, with particular emphasis on the work of John Wesley Powell and the Bureau of Ethnology, founded by him in 1879.

ART

Lansner, Kermit I.: THE MODERN CONQUEST OF PERU. *Art News*, February, 1954.

A review article, occasioned by the recent exhibition, "The Ancient Arts of the Andes," at the Museum of Modern Art in New York. "Prehistory and modernity are married in this dramatization of civilization," Mr. Lansner comments, "and we can enter a world, roughly continuous for over two thousand years, which has long since disappeared." The article is illustrated with impressive reproductions of Peruvian pottery, sculpture, and textile designs.

BUSINESS

JUNIOR EXECUTIVE, ITALIAN MODEL. *Fortune*, March, 1954.

Fortune surveys and appraises the history of Italy's "little Harvard business school" in Turin (Istituto Post-Universitario per lo Studio dell' Organizzazione Aziendale) and comes to the conclusion that "perhaps the school at Turin . . . will supply Italy with the best business leadership . . . If so, the thanks must go to [Adriano] Olivetti [of Olivetti typewriters] and [Vittorio] Valletta [of Fiat] who believed that the best way to start was to begin."

Niebuhr, Reinhold: THE CULTURAL CRISIS OF OUR AGE. *Harvard Business Review*, January–February, 1954.

In the leading article of this issue, Professor Niebuhr examines the problems that businessmen face as individuals, employers, and citizens, and argues that the Christian diagnosis of today's human problems offers a sounder and more practical key to their solution than the "methods of science." His analysis includes such immediate problems of business as competition, personnel management, and the arbitration of conflicting interests.

CRITICISM

Beach, Joseph Warren: ROBERT FROST. *The Yale Review*, Winter, 1954.

A portrait of "the great old man of American poetry," disclosing his biography, his way of life, and his views on criticism, on religion, on politics and world affairs, and, above all, on poetry.

Kernan, Joseph: OPERA À LA MODE. *The Hudson Review*, Winter, 1954.

Eighteen pages of penetrating analysis and acute comment on the Stravinsky-Auden opera *The Rake's Progress*. Mr. Kernan is most competent to deal with both the poetic and the musical aspects of this work, in which he finds the first example, in the English language, of "the mystic wedding of words and music."

Tindall, William York: JAMES JOYCE AND THE HERMETIC TRADITION. *Journal of the History of Ideas*, January, 1954.

The author briefly re-evokes the meaning of Hermeticism, from its origin in Hermes-Thoth down to Baudelaire, Yeats, and Joyce. The life of this latter, his background, sources, and, in particular, his work (with special reference to *Ulysses*, *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, and *Finnegans Wake*) are scanned for allusions to the occult, to Hermes, the Zodiac, etc., a search which leads to the conclusion that "it is not unlikely that Hermes, the 'god of writers' and the creative Logos, gave Joyce not only hints of method but lessons in composition which proved useful when, as he expresses it in *Finnegans Wake*, he 'made mundballs of the ephemerids'."

ECONOMICS

Galbraith, John Kenneth: MR. RANDALL'S HEAD AND THE STONE WALL. *The Reporter*, March 2, 1954.

A detailed analysis of the recent *Report of the Commission on Foreign Economic Policy* (The Randall Committee)—its purpose and its conclusions. Mr. Galbraith is perplexed about the reasons that prompted the President to appoint the Commission in the first place, and pessimistic as to the work it achieved.

EDUCATION

Gannon, Robert I., S.J.: THE LIBERAL ARTS. *Vital Speeches of the Day*, January 1, 1954.

A plea for re-examination of our educational principles. The authors of the Declaration of Independence, and their world, were firmly anchored in an education based on the liberal arts. It is only a return to the educational principles which triumphed then that can save our freedom, more threatened now than it was in the days of Jefferson. "The best educators in the country saw at once the connection between Freedom and the Arts of the Free—that free men's minds so that they can think straight; so that they can know what is good and beautiful and true when they see it; so that they can know how they came to be free and how they should use their freedom."

HISTORY

Nevins, Allan, and Josephson, Matthew: SHOULD AMERICAN HISTORY BE REWRITTEN? *The Saturday Review*, February 6, 1954.

Professor Nevins' thesis is that history can never be so well written that it does not need rewriting. For it never can ascertain exact truth. It is time, he suggests, to take another look at the last half century, which has added a new dimension to American history: its entry into the world arena of the great powers. In the light of this development the role played by the great industrialists of former years needs re-evaluation. Mr. Josephson challenges this view, expressing the fear that it fits all too well into the familiar pattern of "revisionism," proscribing all views dear to the New Deal era and trying to sell us a "fairly *simpliste*, big-business version of the American Century."

MUSIC

Palisca, Claude V.: GIROLAMO MEI: MENTOR TO THE FLORENTINE CAMERATA. *The Musical Quarterly*, January, 1954.

One of America's most authoritative musicological publications opens the first number of its fortieth year with an essay on an important though little-known figure of sixteenth-century musical history. Mei "entered music unencumbered by the bags of tricks of the number mystics or the heavy tomes of the theologians. In his humanized and secularized frame of thinking there was more kinship between the expressive arts of rhetoric, poetry, or oratory, and music, than between music and mathematics or cosmology. The shift of emphasis was characteristic of this generation."

PHILOSOPHY

Santayana, George: ON IMMORTALITY. *The Virginia Quarterly Review*, Winter, 1954.

This is the first publication of one of the "Dialogues in Limbo," written in 1912. A conversation between a departed soul and Charon, the great oarsman, this brief fragment bears the author's unmistakable imprint of stylistic perfection and philosophic depth.

RELIGION

Miltner, Seward, and Niebuhr, Reinhold: NIEBUHR ON KINSEY. *Christianity and Crisis*, January 11, 1954.

In this issue the "Bi-weekly Journal of Christian Opinion" continues a relevant debate on the Kinsey Report, initiated by Dr. Niebuhr in a preceding issue. The three main topics under consideration here are: the presuppositions on which Kinsey bases his Report and which are expounded in his Introduction; some of Kinsey's findings; and an exposition of the Christian view of sex.

SCIENCE

Condon, E. U.: THE DUTY OF DISSENT. *Science*, February 19, 1954.

Conformity, in the sense of uncritical adherence to some established doctrine, is deadening to the scientific and intellectual growth on which progress depends. In an address which has aroused considerable agitation, one of America's leading physicists reminds us that "we have not merely the freedom and privilege of critical examination of the ideas and facts and interpretations put before us for our acceptance; we have a positive duty to exercise that privilege by active use of our critical faculties, a duty without the exercise of which we cannot be said to have discharged the responsibilities of democratic citizenship."

THEATER

Becker, William: THE NEW AMERICAN PLAY. *The Hudson Review*, Winter, 1954.

Mr. Becker reviews five plays which with greater or lesser success, have recently seen the light of Broadway: Horton Foote's *The Trip to Bountiful*; *End as a Man*, by Calder Willingham; Louis Peterson's *Take a Giant Step*; *The Frogs of Spring*, by Nathaniel Benchley; and Robert Anderson's *Tea*

and Sympathy. On the whole, the reviewer's conclusions are rather dark. In all of these new dramas, he sees the emergence of the "mood play," which emphasizes "atmosphere" at the expense of "plot." "The mood play is the first really identifiable new genre to emerge on Broadway since the demise of what used to be called 'agit prop' toward the end of the thirties."—But, according to Mr. Becker, the mood chiefly evoked by the mood play is ennui.

WORLD AFFAIRS

Bretton, Henry L.: THE GERMAN SOCIALIST PARTY AND THE INTERNATIONAL SITUATION. *The American Political Science Review*, December, 1953.

A thoroughly documented analysis of the recent history of Germany's Socialist party which leads the author to the conclusion that the party "lacks unified direction and competent policy guidance to enable it to assert itself against the two super-powers in the sphere of ideological combat: the Communist and the free enterprise internationals. Attempting to present itself to the voters as being anti-Communist but not entirely pro-Western, i.e. attempting to resist one ideological force without accepting the other, the SPD became the butt of both."

Dean, Gordon: ATOMIC ENERGY FOR PEACE. *The Atlantic Monthly*, February, 1954.

The author, who served on the Atomic Energy Commission from 1949 to 1953 and for three years was its chairman, explains some of the implications of President Eisenhower's recent message to the General Assembly of the United Nations.

Dean, Vera Micheles: NEW PATTERNS OF DEMOCRACY IN INDIA. *The Yale Review*, Winter, 1954.

The author recently returned from India, where she studied current problems under the auspices of The Ford Foundation. In this essay she explores the basic difficulties Indian democracy has to face, in the cultural, social, and economic fields. On the whole, her conclusions are optimistic. "Partly because of its own century-old tradition," which favors democratic processes and abstinence from violence, "partly because of the heritage of British ideas and practices, India has a far greater chance to avoid totalitarianism than any other of the new nations emerging from the colonial era." What seems to be developing—barring involvement in a new war—is a most original pattern which might become the model for other countries as well: Western democracy adapted to Eastern needs and modified by a socialism which, however, transcends Marxist materialism and centralization and is grafted on an indigenous spirituality and community sense.

Gross, Ernest A.: REVISING THE CHARTER: IS IT POSSIBLE? IS IT WISE? *Foreign Affairs*, January, 1954.

Mr. Gross, who for some years has been Deputy United States Representative to

the United Nations, issues an unqualified warning against any attempt to reform the UN Charter, be it through a "punctuation" Conference, aiming at "technical improvements in the language of the Charter"—which would not be worthwhile, or a "show-down" Conference—which would serve no purpose, or a "propaganda" conference —which might boomerang. Trying to separate "real issues" from false ones and going over the whole field of disarmament, membership, interference in domestic jurisdiction, and the veto problem, Mr. Gross reaches the conclusion that "flexibility is the life blood that sustains and perpetuates constitutions. Concepts of the nature and foundations of peace and freedom change. This underlines the advisability of letting the UN Charter evolve, little by little, case by case."

ADDRESSES

The American Scholar, Phi Beta Kappa Hall, Williamsburg, Virginia ($1.00 per copy)

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The Virginia Quarterly Review, 1 West Range, Charlottesville, Virginia ($1.00 per copy)

Vital Speeches of the Day, 33 West 42nd Street, New York 36, New York ($0.30 per copy)

The Yale Review, Drawer 1729, New Haven 7, Connecticut ($1.00 per copy)

NOTES ON THE CONTRIBUTORS

WILLIAM ALEX is a member of the staff in the Department of Circulating Exhibitions of the Museum of Modern Art in New York. His essay in this issue of *Perspectives* is based on an exhibition, "The Skyscraper: USA," which he organized last year; his other exhibitions include "Olivetti: Design in Industry" and "The Architecture of Japan." He studied at the Institute of Design in Chicago and is a graduate of Columbia University, where he specialized in architectural history.

F. W. DUPEE has been closely associated with avant-garde publications in the United States since 1937, when he joined the staff of *Partisan Review*. As editor and writer, he has proven himself one of the liveliest personalities in American literature, and one of the most astute critics. His chief interest has been in Henry James, and his study of the novelist, *Henry James* (1951), is now a standard work . . . Mr. Dupee was born in Chicago in 1904. He has taught at Bowdoin College and at Columbia University, where he is now Associate Professor of English.

ROBERT FITZGERALD, who was born in 1910 and spent his childhood in Illinois, studied at Harvard University and Trinity College, Cambridge. From 1936 to 1949 he worked as a staff writer for *Time*, the American weekly news magazine. He has taught at Sarah Lawrence College, Princeton University, and the Indiana University School of Letters. His first book was *Poems* (1935), which was followed by a number of translations in collaboration with Dudley Fitts: Euripides' *Alcestis* (1935), Sophocles' *Antigone* (1939), and Sophocles' *Oedipus Rex* (1949). In 1944 he published his second book of original

poems, *A Wreath for the Sea*. He is now living in Italy, where he is at work on a translation of the *Odyssey*.

SEYMOUR KRIM was born in New York in 1922. He has worked chiefly as an editor and reviewer for a wide variety of American periodicals, including a pulp magazine of "Western" fiction; *The New Yorker*; *Commonweal*; and a number of the literary quarterlies. He has also edited a collection of short stories about New York City, *Manhattan*, which was published earlier this year.

ST. CLAIR MCKELWAY, who was brought up in Washington, D.C., went to work at the age of seventeen as a copy boy for the old Washington *Herald* and has been an active journalist ever since. Later, when he was a top reporter for the New York *Herald Tribune*, he was called "one of the twelve best reporters in New York" by Stanley Walker, dean of American newspapermen. Still later, he began contributing articles and profiles to *The New Yorker*, and before World War II he became managing editor of that magazine. He is still a member of *The New Yorker* staff . . . McKelway's books include *Gossip: The Life and Times of Walter Winchell* (1940) and *True Tales from the Annals of Crime and Rascality* (1953).

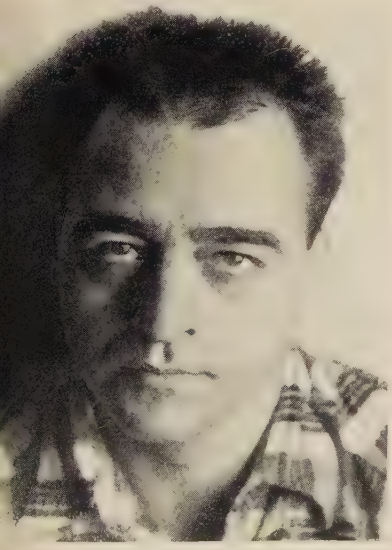
CLEMENS L. MIRMONT, who designed the cover for this number of *Perspectives*, was born in Bressanone, Italy, in 1915. He studied at the Universities of Vienna and Zurich, where he specialized in the history of art, and at the Kunstgewerbeschule in Zurich, where he studied painting and design. At present he is engaged in industrial and typographical design in New York.

SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON, who is Jonathan Trumbull Professor of American History at Harvard University, is one of the most distinguished of American historians. He is a graduate of Harvard and Oxford Universities, and holds honorary degrees from Yale, Harvard, Oxford, and Columbia. He was the first to teach American history at Oxford. His publications include more than eighteen books, among them nine volumes of his projected fourteen-volume *History of United States Naval Operations in World War II* (1947–), *The Oxford History of the United States 1783–1917* (1927) [Oxford], *Three Centuries of Harvard 1636–1936* (1936), *Admiral of the Ocean Sea: A Life of Christopher Columbus* (1942), and *The Growth of the American Republic* (with H. S. Commager, 1930; fourth edition, 1950) [Oxford] . . . Dr. Morison was born in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1887. He was awarded the Pulitzer Prize in 1943 for his biography of Columbus.

KENNETH PATCHEN was born in Niles, Ohio, in 1911, the son of a steel worker. When he was forced to discontinue his education for lack of funds, he took employment first as a gardener, then as a factory worker. His first book of poetry, *Before the Brave*, was published in 1936, and soon thereafter he was awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship. In spite of a spinal disorder which has

ST. CLAIR McKELWAY
Atelier Von Behr

SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON
Boris, Boston



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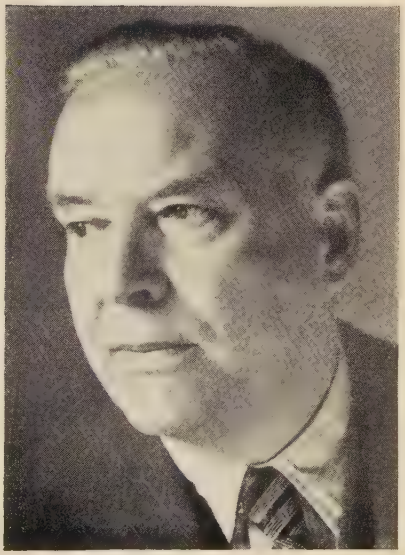

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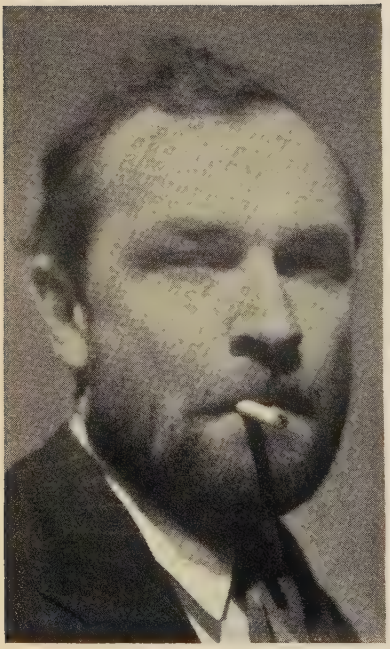

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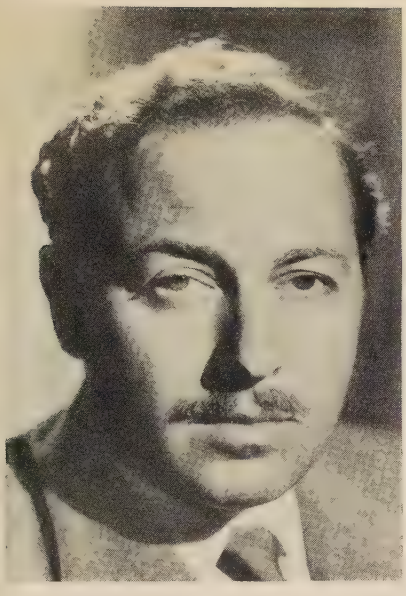

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS

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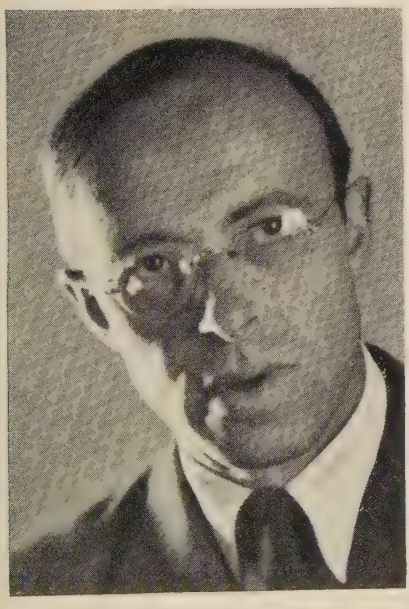

VICTOR ZUCKERKANDL

SEYMOUR KRIM

NANCY WILSON ROSS
Angus McBean

F. W. DUPEE
Erich Hartmann

crippled him since 1937, Patchen has maintained a high level of production in his writing, and his published volumes include: *First Will and Testament* (1939), *The Journal of Albion Moonlight* (1941), *The Dark Kingdom* and *The Teeth of the Lion* (1942), *Cloth of the Tempest* (1943), *Memoirs of a Shy Pornographer* (1945) [Grey Walls], *Selected Poems* (1947), the novel *See You in the Morning* (1948) [Grey Walls], *Red Wine and Yellow Hair* (1949), *Fables and Other Tales* (1953), and *The Famous Boating Party and Other Prose Poems* (1954).

NANCY WILSON ROSS, novelist, historian, and art critic, was born and grew up in the Pacific Northwest, a region which she has used in several of her novels. Her interest in the art and religion of American Indians was shown especially in *I, My Ancestor* (1951) [Allen], a novel in which an Indian is a principal character and Indian myth provides the background parable. Among her other writings are a monograph on the painter Paul Klee; *Westward the Women* (1944), a historical work on pioneer women; *Farthest Reach* (1949), a socio-historical study of Washington and Oregon; *The Left Hand Is the Dreamer* (1947) [Hamish Hamilton]; and *Time's Corner* (1952) [Collins]. Miss Ross in now writing *A Primer on Buddhism for the Western World.*

JEAN STAFFORD was born in Covina, California, in 1915, but was reared and educated in Colorado. After graduating from college she lived for a year in Germany, and then was a teacher in Missouri for a year. Her first novel, *Boston Adventure* (1944) [Faber], was acclaimed for its mordant wit and sensibility. It was followed by two other novels, *The Mountain Lion* (1947) [Faber] and *The Catherine Wheel* (1952) [Eyre & Spottiswoode]. Her most recent book, *Children Are Bored on Sunday* (1953) [Gollancz], is a collection of short stories which originally appeared in such magazines as *The New Yorker*, *Partisan Review*, and *Harper's Magazine*. In recognition of her literary merit, Miss Stafford was granted a Guggenheim Fellowship in 1945 and in 1948; in 1945 she received an award from the American Academy of Arts and Letters.

Since 1916, WALLACE STEVENS, who is a graduate of New York Law School, has been associated with the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company, of which he became vice-president in 1934. His first poems were published in *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse* in 1914. Thus his careers as lawyer and poet have been coextensive; but in time only: his poetry has always reflected a rigorously aesthetic view . . . Stevens was born in Reading, Pennsylvania, in 1879. His books include: *Harmonium* (1923), *Ideas of Order* (1936), *The Man with the Blue Guitar* (1937), *Parts of a World* (1942), *Transport to Summer* (1947), *Auroras of Autumn* (1950), *Selected Poems* (1953) [Faber], and *The Necessary Angel* (1951)—all poetry except the last, which is a collection of prose essays. *The Whole of Harmonium: The Collected Poems of Wallace Stevens* will be published in October in honor of Mr. Stevens' seventy-fifth birthday.

An internationally distinguished theologian and philosopher, PAUL J. TILLICH now holds the Charles A. Briggs Chair of Philosophical Theology at Union Theological Seminary in New York. He was born in Starzeddel, Prussia, in 1886, and studied at the Universities of Berlin, Tübingen, Halle, and Breslau. He has since been awarded honorary degrees by the Universities of Halle, Yale, Glasgow, and Princeton. He was ordained a minister of the Evangelical and Reformed Church in 1912. He came to the United States in 1933 and became a naturalized citizen of this country in 1940. . . . Dr. Tillich is the author of a number of books, including *The Interpretation of History* (1948), *The Protestant Era* (1948), *Love, Power, and Justice* (1945) [Oxford]. His most comprehensive work, *Systematic Theology I*, was published in 1951 [Nisbet]; *Systematic Theology II* will appear in a year or two.

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS, one of the most important playwrights in the American theater, was born in Mississippi in 1914. While a university undergraduate, he wrote plays for collegiate and little theater groups. With the aid of a Rockefeller Fellowship granted in 1940 he completed his first important play, *Battle of Angels*, which, however, failed commercially. Success and artistic recognition came in 1945 with *The Glass Menagerie* [Lehmann], followed by *A Streetcar Named Desire* (which won the 1946 Pulitzer Prize) [Lehman], *Summer and Smoke* (1949) [Lehmann], *The Rose Tattoo* (1950), and, most recently, *Camino Real* (1952). He is also the author of two volumes of short plays, *27 Wagons Full of Cotton* (1946) [Lehmann] and *American Blues* (1948), many stories, poems, and a novel, *The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone* (1950) [Lehmann]. *Hard Candy and Other Stories* is to be published this summer. In recent years Mr. Williams has divided his time between Europe and Key West, Florida.

VICTOR ZUCKERKANDL was born in Vienna in 1896. After serving in World War I, he conducted operas and concerts in Austria and Germany for several years, but interrupted this activity to return to musical studies, receiving his Ph.D. at the University of Vienna in 1927. The same year he moved to Berlin and, until Hitler came to power, acted as music critic for the Ullstein newspapers. His first book was *Die musikalische Gestaltung der grossen Opernpartien* (1933). In 1934 Dr. Zuckerkandl returned to his native city, where he taught music theory and served as editor and literary advisor to Bermann Fischer Verlag. Emigrating to America in 1939, he accepted the post of Lecturer in Music at Wellesley College. Since 1948 Professor Zuckerkandl, now an American citizen, has been on the music faculty of St. John's College in Annapolis, where, through the aid of a series of fellowships from the Bollingen Foundation, he has been working on a study of the philosophical foundation of music entitled *Sound and Symbol*. The first volume, *Music and the External World*, is to be published in the near future.

AGENTS FOR PERSPECTIVES

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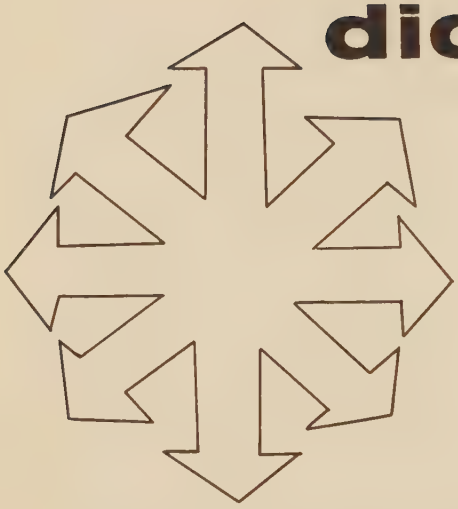

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